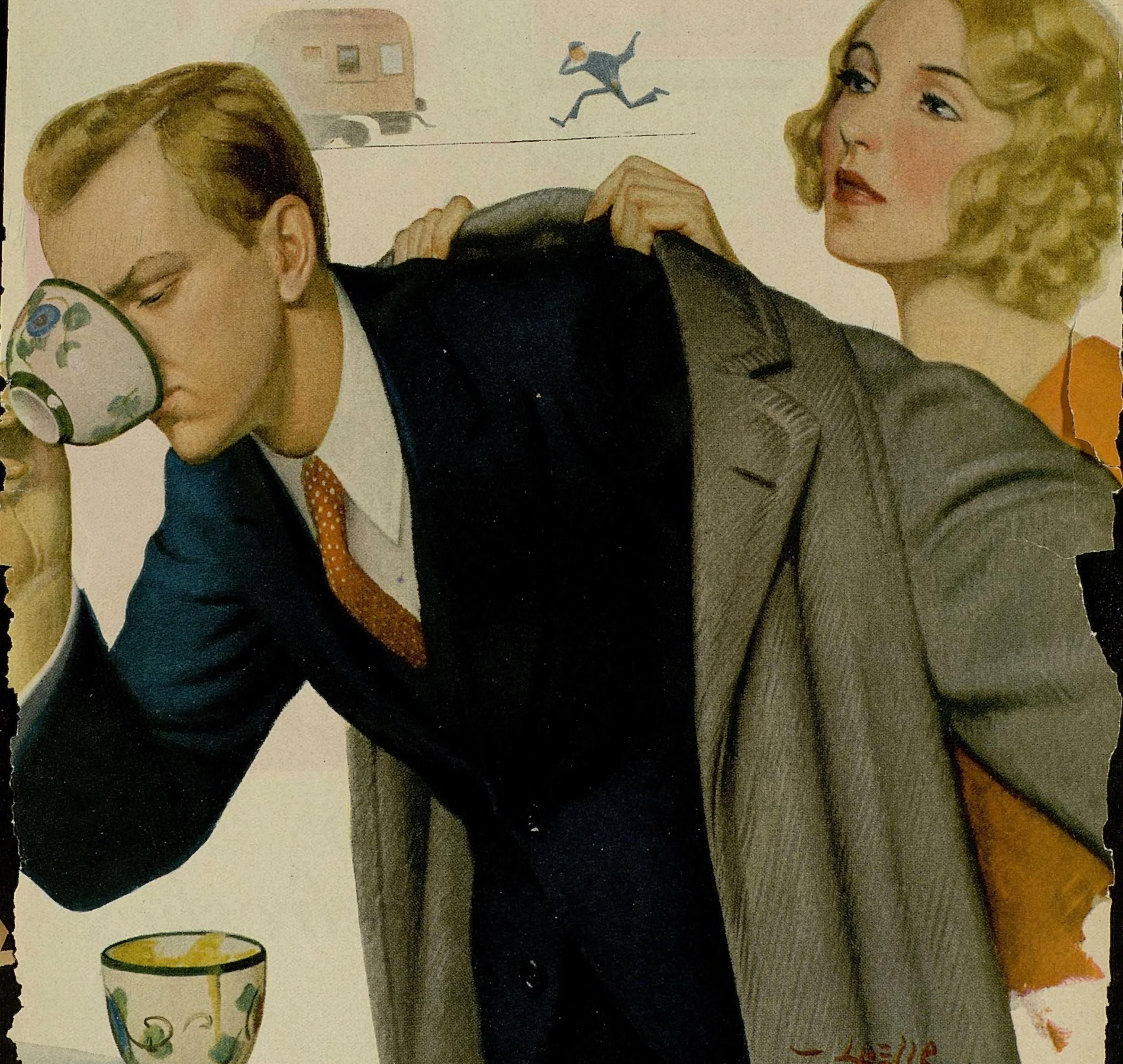
WEEK
ENDING
DEC. 12, 1931

5c

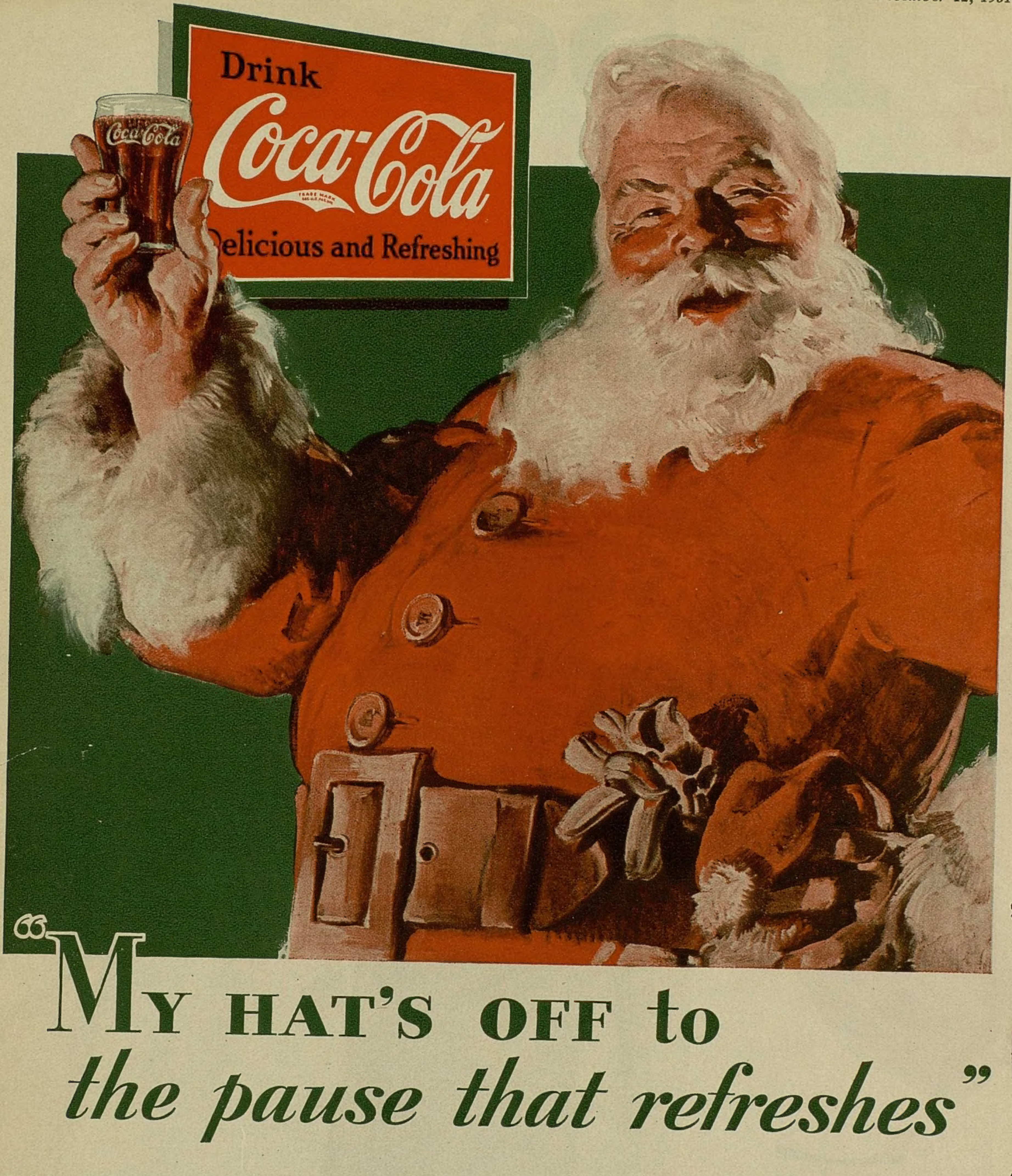
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

LARGEST
SINGLE COPY
SALE
OF ANY
MAGAZINE



BEATRICE **GRIMSHAW** ~ FRANKLIN D. **ROOSEVELT** ~ RUPERT **HUGHES** ~ GRAND DUCHESS **MARIE** ~ ROBERT W. **CHAMBERS**



"MY HAT'S OFF to *the pause that refreshes*"

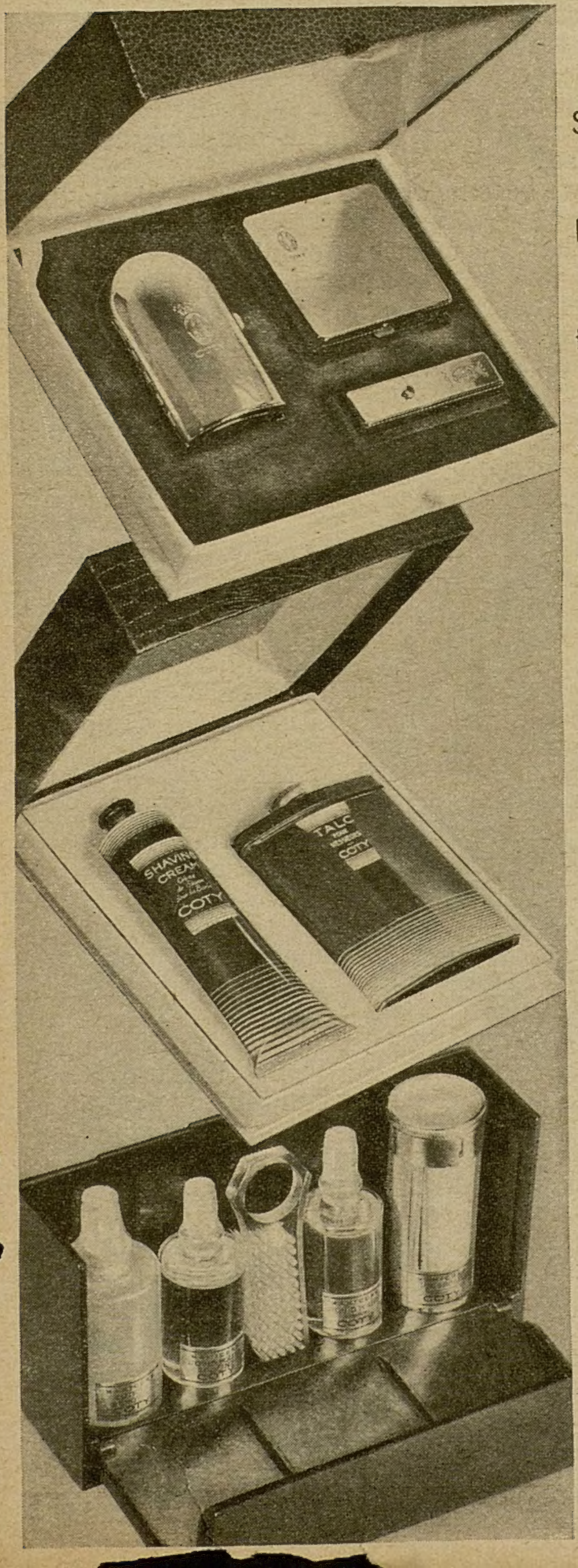
Old Santa, busiest man in the world, takes time out for *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola. He even knows how to be good to himself. And so he always comes up smiling. So can you. Wherever you go shopping, you find a cheerful soda fountain with ice-cold Coca-Cola ready. You relax and enjoy that tingling, delicious taste and its wholesome, cool after-sense of refreshment . . . That rests you. Thus shopping does not tire you out. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

LISTEN IN
Grantland Rice — Famous Sports Champions — Coca-Cola Orchestra
Every Wed. 10:30 p.m.
Eastern Standard Time
— Coast-to-Coast
NBC Network

OVER NINE MILLION A DAY , , , IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

Bright New Answers TO THE OLD GIFT PROBLEM

PARIS
L'AIMANT
COTY
EMERAUDE
COTY



Send Gifts that add glamor to life! Send luxurious Coty Gifts, because their world-famous quality is a gracious tribute to your friends; because heart-stirring, memory-haunting Coty *odeurs* are what every woman secretly hopes for, when gift time rolls around. Men, too, are enthusiastic about the fine Coty Sets for Men. Ask any smart shop or druggist to show you the scores and scores of fascinating new Coty creations—so easy to choose—$1. to $25.

Coty

If she loves Paris—she'll adore Coty's Parfum "Paris"—French glamor in crystal—$6,75. *If she's a golden girl* — send her amber-toned "L'Aimant"—$5. *If she's very chic*—"L'Origan" beloved of smart women—$5. *If she's a lady of mystery*—Coty's "Emeraude"—the precious jewel-fragrance, is for her. $7.25. Many others! *If you want her to think of you often*—a platinum-toned Purse Ensemble—compact, lipstick, purse-size extract—$4.50. *If she's smart to her finger-tips*—send the new Coty Travel Manicure Kit—every dainty aid to the perfumed manicure—$3.50. *To make a man happy*—Coty Shaving Cream and Talc—smartly boxed—$1.

DEC. 12, 1931

Liberty

VOL. 8
No. 50

A Weekly for Everybody

Editorial and Executive Offices:
Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue.
Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.; Lee Ellmaker, Publisher; Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by postage); but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

In the United States and possessions, 5¢ a copy, $2.50 a year.

Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, $4.50 a year in U. S. funds (including tax).

Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $4.00 a year.

In Continental Europe and British Isles, $6.00 a year. In all other countries, $10.00 a year.

No subscription less than one year. Allow 4 weeks for change of address.

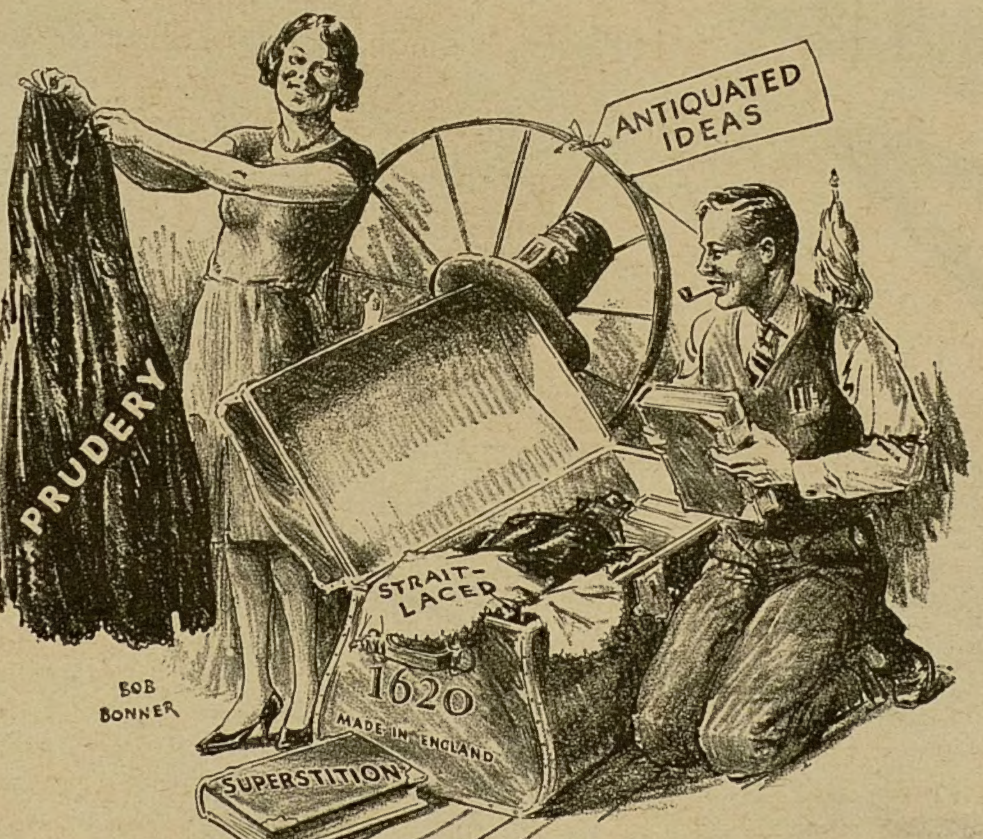
☞ **Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.**

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

OUR VANISHING MORAL STANDARDS

The moral standards of our Puritan ancestors have been smashed beyond repair. They were somewhat unsteady even before the war; but that mighty world-wide conflict brought us revolutionary ideas.

The dogmatic certainty as to the path of rectitude has largely disappeared. To be sure, some of our moral teachers shout with the old-time emphasis. They believe in the bygone standards with the same vehemence.



But the World War unsettled the minds of people everywhere. It created to a certain extent what might be called a moral revolution—an inclination to resist the rigidity of old-time demands. This change was in evidence not only in the relation of the sexes, but in all other phases of life. Our moral standards in all our relationships—in business, society, and elsewhere—have been materially affected by the revolutionary thought of the world-wide upheaval following the war.

Whenever there is a great change in public sentiment in any phase of life there is chaos for a time. There is an element of uncertainty in our beliefs. We do not know where to turn or what to do, in many instances.

Religion has been a great aid to many people. The spiritual phase of life helps them to solve the great problems they are now facing.

But the revolutionary change in public sentiment generally is everywhere noticed. The old-time prurient prudery has largely disappeared. When we visit the bathing beaches and see the scanty attire of both sexes, and compare it with what they had to wear twenty years ago, the comparison is astonishing.

The women then wore long skirts, stockings, shoes, corsets when they went in bathing in the "good old days." We can well imagine how much benefit they secured from swimming in such a restrictive costume.

And at that time any woman who would appear on the stage barelegged was considered a brazen hussy. For a time even tights were taboo. It was the height of immorality to expose the lower extremities. But this restriction gradually lost caste with the appearance of the ballet dancer.

Since the war women of the stage have gradually discarded their clothing. They waste but little money on tights in these days. Bare legs are seen everywhere—at the seashore, on the stage, and even on the street during the summer time.

And can we say that we have entirely lost our moral sense?

Have we become obtuse to such a feminine display?

Well, that is a matter of opinion.

It is a well known fact admitted by explorers that the sex morals of savages are far higher than those found in civilized life, and some tribes wear little or no clothing. Therefore clothing, or the lack of clothing, apparently has but little effect upon this phase of human life.

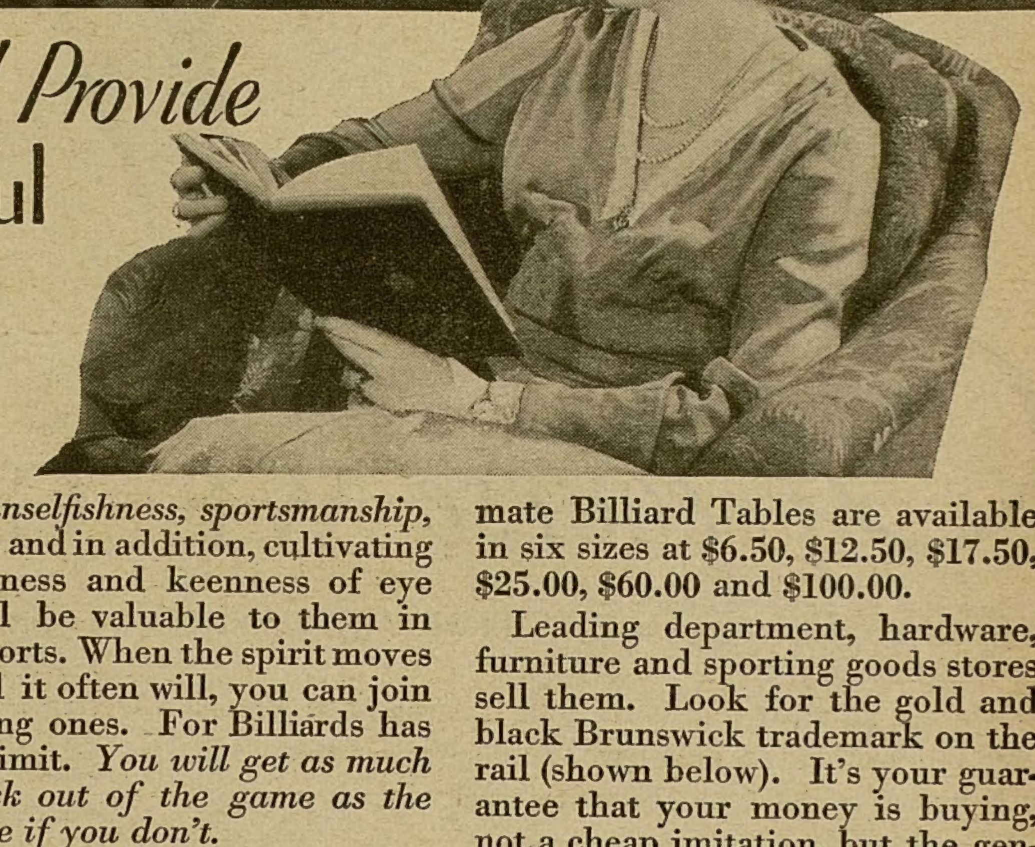
The Turkish women in bygone days were so modest that they hid their faces. And we can hardly say that they furnished us with a high standard of morality.

And there is the companionate marriage that has been given so much publicity by Judge Lindsey. There are the college marriages that are now discussed everywhere.

Where are we going? What are we coming to? are questions that are everywhere asked when these subjects are discussed. And the answers to these queries vary greatly.

But as a race we are simply trying to find ourselves. We are making new standards which we all hope will be better than those of the past. Between the old-time puritanical rigidity and the entire abandonment of moral restriction, we will doubtless erect new standards, new codes of morals, that should guide the race to a higher type of civilization; and if along with these we could efface some of the greed and selfishness that destroy individuals and nations, we should indeed be thankful.

priced from $6.50 up



BILLIARDS *will Provide* Enjoyable and Peaceful Evenings *for Both the Children and You!*

EVERY normal child wants to move about—to be on his feet—whether he is in the house or out in the yard. It's real punishment for him when he's kept pinned to a seat. Nature, too, knows it's better for any child to exercise his arms and legs. "The home," you say, "is not a place for running, jumping and tumbling about. It's hard on floors, rugs and furniture, and even more severe on one's nerves."

But the desire for movement and action on the part of children is a natural, physiological craving. We must make some allowance for it. The easy solution to the whole problem is a game that keeps children on their feet without turning the whole house into a playground. BILLIARDS DOES JUST THIS WITH AMAZING PERFECTION.

During the long winter evenings, especially, Billiards will transform your home. Children will play *quietly, contentedly, happily, eagerly, enthusiastically.* While they are playing they will be developing *character—unselfishness, sportsmanship, fairness,* and in addition, cultivating a quickness and keenness of eye that will be valuable to them in other sports. When the spirit moves *you,* and it often will, you can join the young ones. For Billiards has no age limit. *You will get as much of a kick out of the game as the kids. See if you don't.*

Brunswick has developed a number of juvenile models—strong, sturdy, lasting Tables, built to the same rigid specification as the regular Brunswick Home and Championship Tables. Each item of playing equipment is built with the utmost care and with the same regard for quality as the Table itself. *Not toys, but real Billiard Tables reduced in size, they possess accurate playing qualities and are built to give years of service.* Brunswick Junior Playmate Billiard Tables are available in six sizes at $6.50, $12.50, $17.50, $25.00, $60.00 and $100.00.

Leading department, hardware, furniture and sporting goods stores sell them. Look for the gold and black Brunswick trademark on the rail (shown below). It's your guarantee that your money is buying, not a cheap imitation, but the genuine Brunswick JUNIOR PLAYMATE Billiard Table, built and backed by Brunswick, the world's oldest and largest manufacturers of Billiard Tables for children and grown-ups.

Mail the coupon for "The Home Magnet," a book with complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick Tables. *Also the name and address of the nearest authorized Brunswick dealer.*

Brunswick
JUNIOR PLAYMATE
MF'D BY
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 8-D, Chicago, Ill.

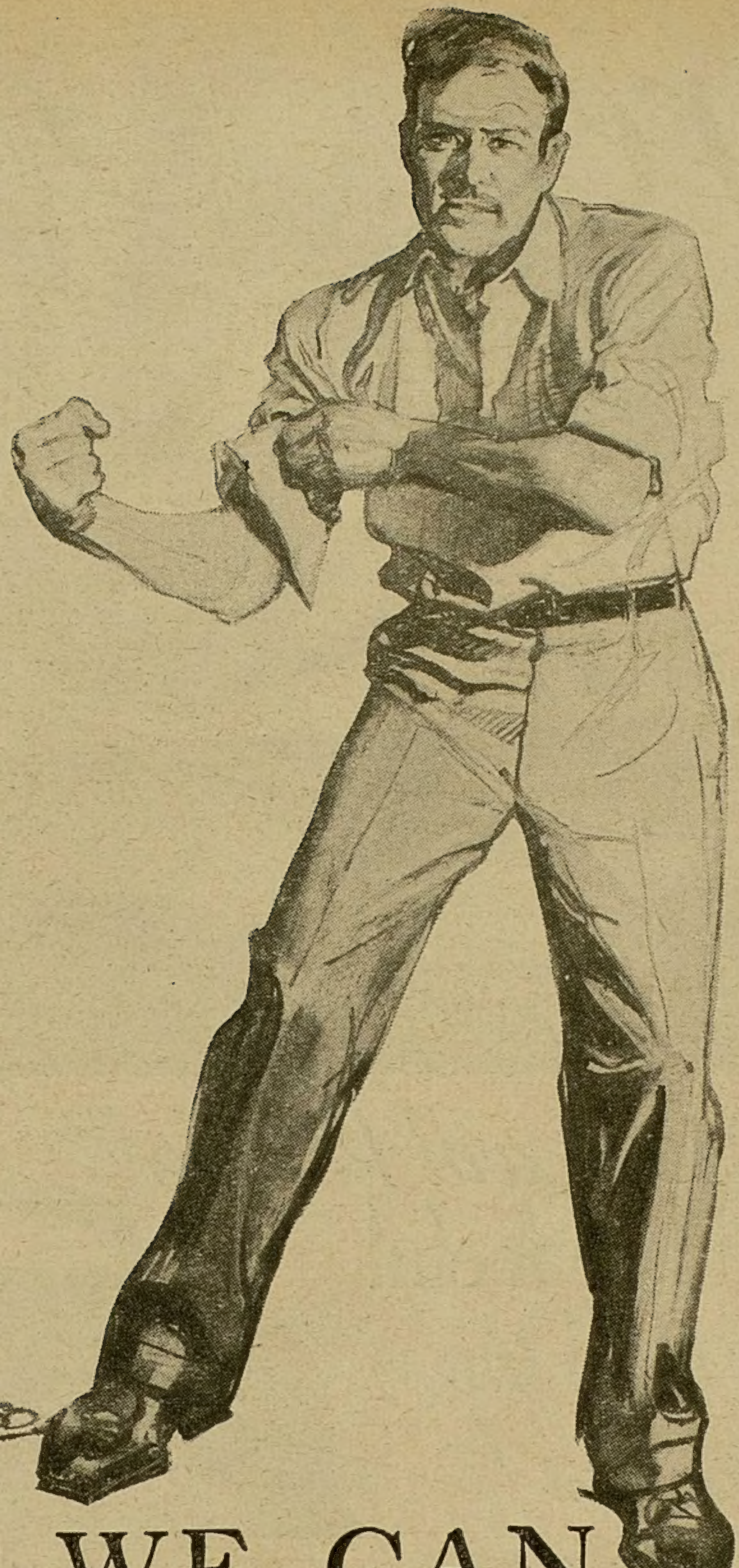
Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your "Home Magnet," a booklet giving descriptions, sizes, prices and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________ State ________

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., 623-633 So. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL



Of course WE CAN DO IT!

- We dug the Panama Canal, didn't we? And they said we couldn't do that.
- We put an army in France four months after we entered the World War, didn't we? And surprised the world.
- Now we've got a tough one to crack right here in our own back yard.

Men are out of work. Our men. Our neighbors. Our citizens. Honest, hard-working folk.

They want jobs. They're eager to work. But there aren't jobs enough to go 'round. Somebody's got to tide them over.

Who's going to do it? The people who dug that ditch. The people who went to France, or bought Liberty Bonds, or went without sugar—Mr. and Mrs. John K. American.

That means you—and *you*—and YOU!—every one of us who is lucky enough to have a job.

We're going to share our luck with the folks out of work, aren't we? Remember—there's no National fund they can turn to for relief. It's up to us! And we've got to dig deeper than we did last winter.

But if we all dig deep enough, we can keep a roof over every head, food in every pantry, fuel on every fire, and warm clothing on every needy man, woman and child in America.

That will beat Old Man Depression and lead the way to better days. Can we do it? Of course we can do it. Give . . . and give generously.

WHERE TO GIVE: There is no National Agency through which you may contribute. The way for you to give is through your *local* welfare and relief organizations, through your Community Chest or through your emergency unemployment committee if you have one.

THE PRESIDENT'S ORGANIZATION ON UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF

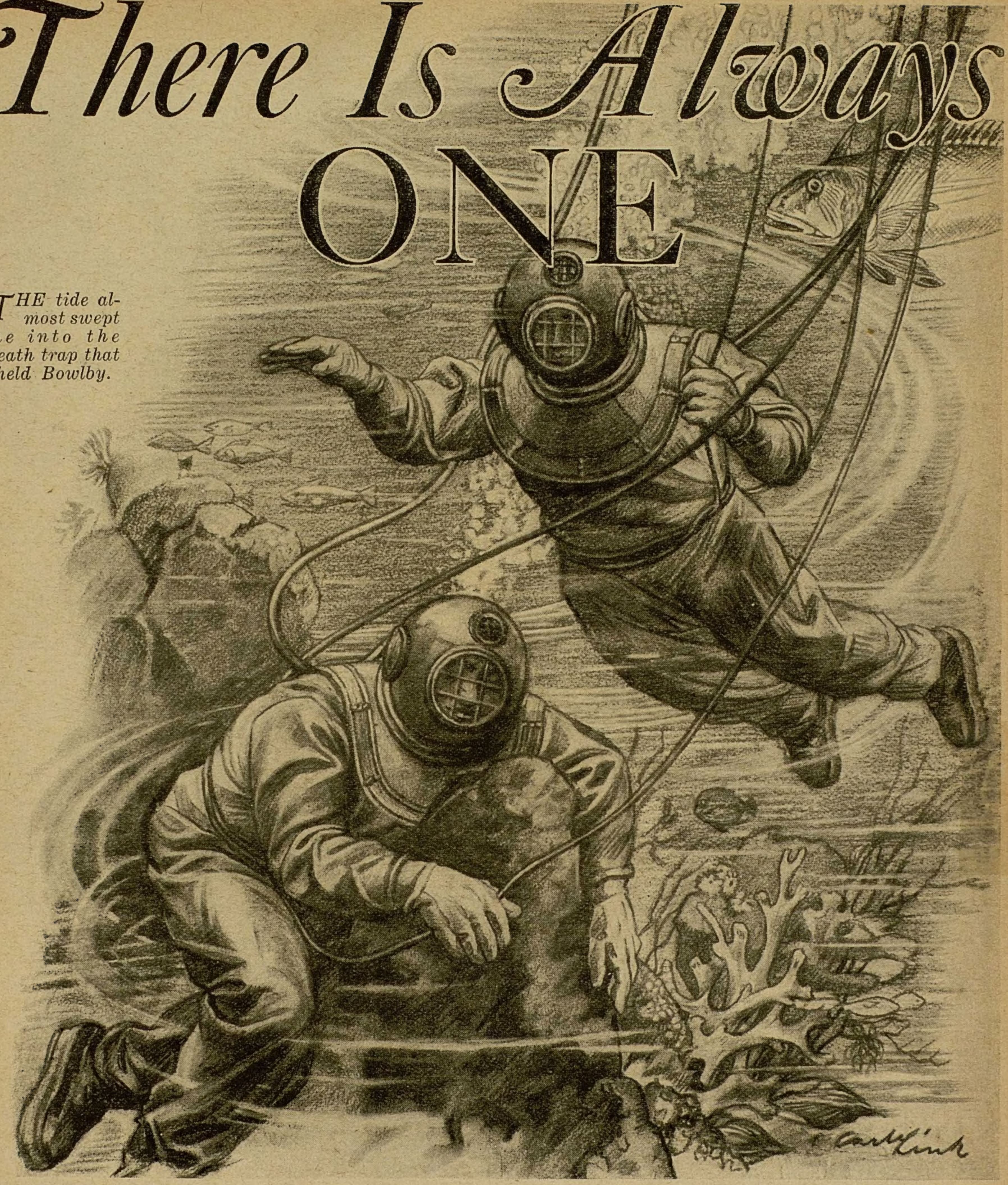
Walter S. Gifford *Director*
(WALTER S. GIFFORD)

COMMITTEE ON MOBILIZATION OF RELIEF RESOURCES

Chairman
(OWEN D. YOUNG)

● The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political, and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nation-wide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.

There Is Always ONE



THE tide almost swept me into the death trap that held Bowlby.

And Some Women Will Follow a Man Anywhere

(Reading time: 22 min. 25 sec.)

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

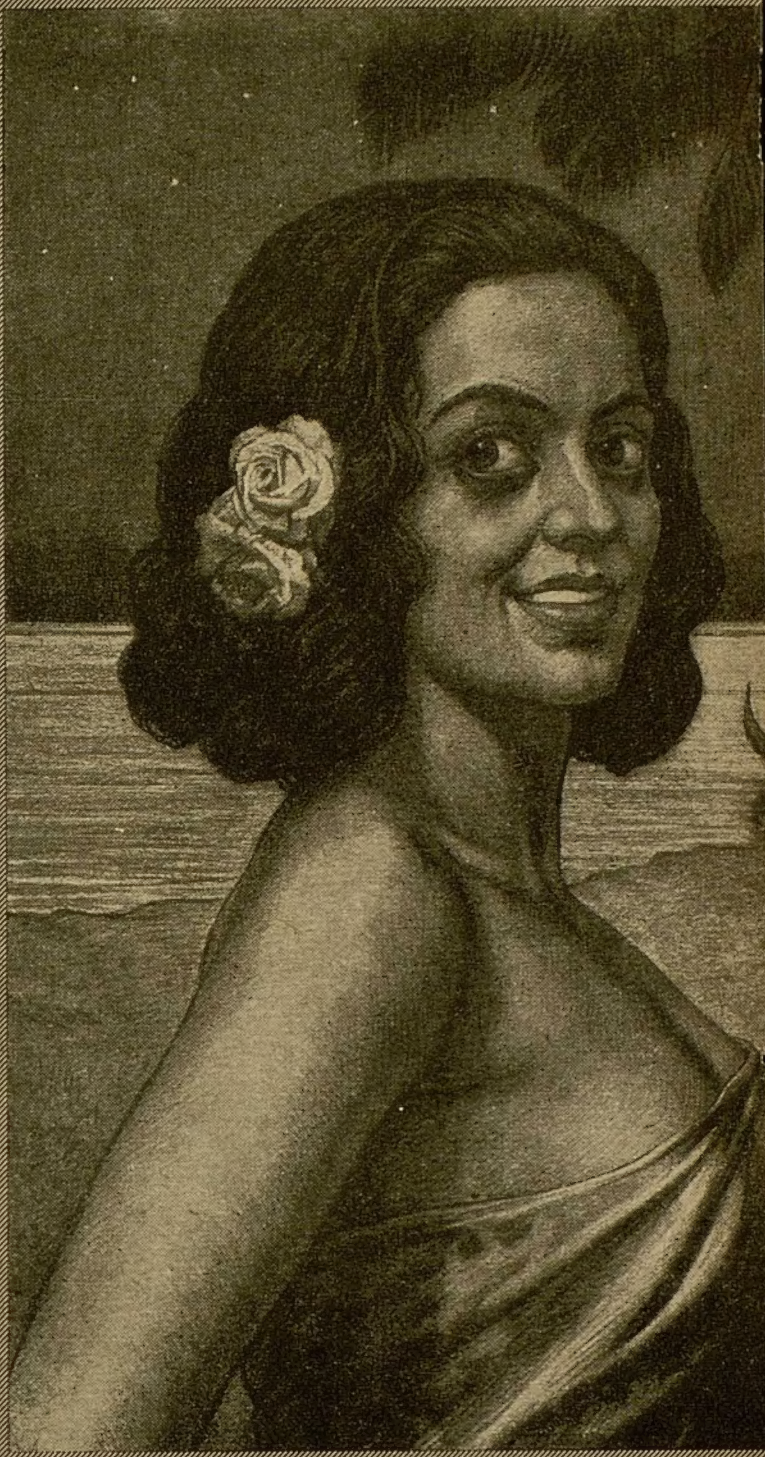
Pictures by CARL LINK

HALIOTIS ISLAND lies off the coast of New Gaboon, that huge dark island-continent, murderer of men. It is lovely, reasonably healthful, and nowadays quite safe. Unless you die of fever brought from the mainland, unless you drink yourself to death (which some do), or are gossiped to death (which has also happened), you have a fair chance of ending your days at the proper time on Haliotis.

The island is like a green velvet toy stand, upon which stands a gay little red-and-white toy town. There are palms. There are white beaches. There are flowers climbing up the houses. There are peacock-and-parrot-colored seas all round, and mountains far away, on New Gaboon, fading from violet to dim ice-blue.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THERE IS ALWAYS ONE
Continued from page seven



ON steamer nights, Charlotte's garden and verandas, commonly quiet, roared like old Vauxhall. The island girls danced.

It is beautiful, but most of the sixty-eight people on Haliotis grow very tired of it after a while. You cannot live on scenery, and there is nothing to interest anyone on Haliotis but the films in a fourth-rate picture theater and the doings of seven-and-sixty neighbors.

I had come to Haliotis (among other reasons) to get away from Lammie Spangler, who thought she was going to marry me. I had changed my name to Robson Jones from something more remarkable, better (and worse) known in the papers. I was at odds with life; it had caught me where it lets a thousand go, pinched me in iron claws, and loosed me, marked forever.

Lammie's people raised Cain and broke the engagement. Lammie said that nothing mattered except love. I could not explain that I did not want her under the circumstances, so I went to keep store in Haliotis, with a trading station on Bull, a little island a couple of hours away.

Exercise in Haliotis consists of walks around the island late in the afternoon; and one day I, who walked alone, met two couples rather late, when it was dinner-time in the hotels and almost all the sixty-eight were feeding.

Conway Blackwood was walking with his fiancée, arrived that day by steamer and to be married the next day.

Another couple, walking a little crookedly, since they were both somewhat drunk, were Charlotte Grew and Bowlby—Captain Bowlby he was sometimes called; he owned and ran a trading schooner and did a little pearling, when it paid.

CHARLOTTE, everybody said, was the worst woman in the Western Pacific. Years ago she had been turned out of Queensland by an indignant government. Laws being different in New Gaboon, she was allowed to stay there, and did stay.

Charlotte conducted, more or less, a laundry business. The girls from New Gaboon whom she employed as laundresses were too good-looking for their job, which may have been the reason why they did it badly. On steamer nights, when a score of sailors and firemen from the ship were let loose about Haliotis, Charlotte's garden and verandas, commonly quiet, shady, sweet with climbing stephanotis and rose, roared like old Vauxhall. The island girls danced. Bowlby, as often as not, was there; it was said he had an interest in the place, and being a big, muscular man not much past forty, he was useful, at times, in throwing people out. But you had to go very far to be thrown out of Charlotte's.

She was not a handsome woman; she was short and powerful, with an amazingly loud voice and an overflowing figure; small, very bright eyes, full of shrewdness and mischief, a sallow skin, unrouged, and an enormous mass of dark-brown hair, which she always tore down when she fell into one of her furies. It was said—and all the island laughed over the joke—that she was " in love " with Bowlby.

I thought it a good joke myself. There they were, walking along in front of me, staggering a little from time to time, and urging each other, in a comradely way, to hold up. There they were, elderly, both of them, battered, uncomely, rough, making love like—like Lammie and me, which was manifestly absurd.

In love!

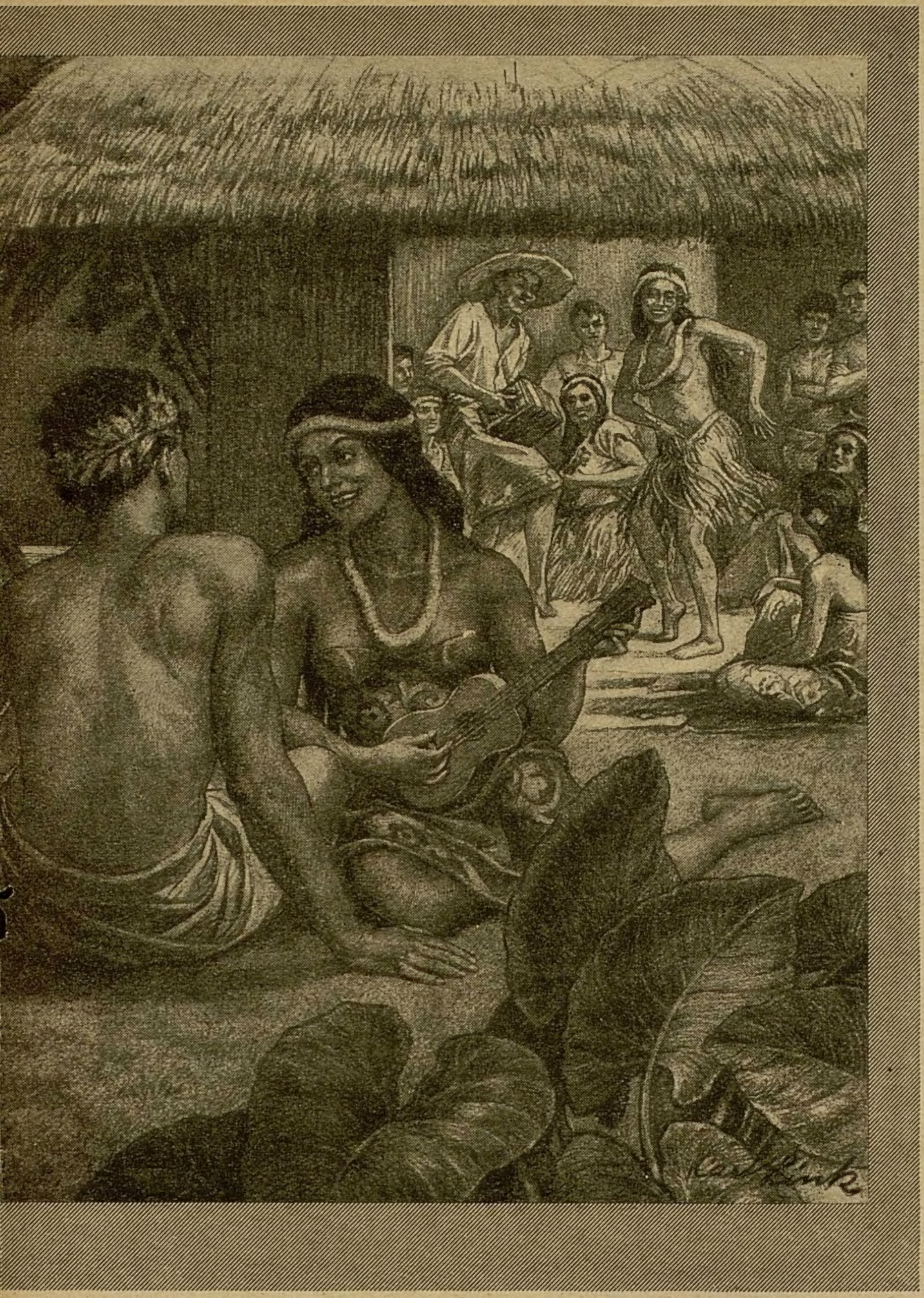
I thought of Lammie, with her fair curly hair (that was why they called her Lammie; her real name was Margaret) and her gray-blue, innocent eyes; she had a soft determination about her, a gentle persistence, but really she was weak as water in the hands of anyone she cared about; a man likes that kind of girl. And then I thought of Charlotte and Bat Bowlby. And I broke out into a great roar of laughter.

You can't account for what women will understand; they are cunning, always surprising you. Charlotte Grew turned round, and what she said to me would have set the grass on fire if it hadn't been raining. I did not want a fight with Bowlby, who was a noted bruiser, so I turned back toward the town. A long way off I could hear Charlotte still scolding and swearing, and Bowlby, in his deep grumbling tones, telling her to stop. He called her his " little girl." Charlotte!

Next day was the wedding, and the whole sixty-eight townsfolk went to it. It was private, but nobody minded that. The church was crowded; that little tin shack down by the sea, with the pinky clusters of *cadena d'amor* growing up its porch pillars, and the scarlet hibiscus looking in at every window, and in the rare silences, when the parson's voice broke off, the fronds of the coconut palms outside beating hands together, as if they wanted to applaud.

Toward the end, when the bride and groom were kneeling together, she in her gray gown and he in his clean white suit, and when most of us were feeling for our packets of confetti and the women were beginning to snivel, as women will, I caught sight of Charlotte Grew.

She was kneeling—actually kneeling—right at the back of the church; she who hadn't been seen in a church since she came to New Gaboon. She had her best dress on: shiny satin with trimmings of all kinds. She had a hat and a veil, and behind the veil she was crying like a baby.



"Been drinking again, I suppose," was my thought. And then I turned my attention to the wedding. It was over and the bridal pair were coming down the aisle. "And if ever I marry," thought I, "may the bride have a light on her face like the light that I see there." I could see Lammie in my mind; the vision was so clear that her fair curling hair seemed to shine out above the dark hair and ivory face of the bride. "Yes, she would look like that," I thought. I had an ache in my throat.

Then it was as if I had spoken without speaking, for I could hear somebody saying behind me indistinctly, "It ought to have been us."

The people crowded out; I went with them, and we threw rice and confetti, and peas, when everything else was finished, and we chased the happy pair down to their launch and cheered them as they sailed away for the honeymoon island. So that was done.

"WAS Charlotte ever married?" I asked one of the fellows that evening in the bar. It was a gorgeous night; every one of the wide-open doorways was an oblong of silver slashed across by swaying shadows of palms; the tin roofs looked like snowy houses on a Christmas card; the coral road was as white as if the sun were shining. There was open sea beyond all: a line of level darkness, sparkling where the moon fell on it, and over it all, coming slowly up from the rim of the world, two yellow mast headlights. This was our great evening, the gayest of all the month: tonight the boat came in.

"No end," was the answer I got. "One of 'm died, and one got knifed in a barroom row, and she married another, and he ran away and left her, and a fourth, and I dono what became of him. You should hear her on the subject when she gets going. She's the only woman on this island who's really witty; pity is that her wit isn't of the drawing-room kind."

"What about Bowlby?"

He laughed. We all laughed when that affair was mentioned.

"Why, Bowlby's been a sailor before the mast, and I suppose he has a wife in every port. What do you want to know for? Bowlby'll knock the stuffing out of you if you look at her nowadays."

Bowlby and Charlotte, and everything on Haliotis, went out of my mind like the contents of last year's almanac as soon as my launch began to putter on its way back to my trading station at Bull. The general trade depression was cutting profits down to vanishing point, and that gave me something to think about. I could have pulled through, I thought, if I had not been burdened with debt; the place was still unpaid for and the owner pressing me hard.

IF I owned Bull out and out, I could always live; one could grow almost all one's food, and there was a bit of shelling to be done now and again, trochas and snails. And the place was lovely enough to tear your heart when you thought of leaving it. I needn't describe it, for it was just every man's island dream—had been mine till I began to realize that I was not going to be able to hold it.

"If Lammie had been here," I thought, as I'd thought many times, running the launch into the tiny wharf, and looking at the brown house on the hill, where no light waited to welcome me, no voice called as I came.

"But if she had, I'd be worrying twice as much," I finished. "Thank heaven she's safe with her people in Melbourne."

Soft as water Lammie was, and as persistent; as certain to find her level and her way. I wondered that I had not heard from her; she had told me that she would not give me up. Then I remembered that I had changed my name; Lammie did not know that. If she wrote, I should never get the letter. . . . Well, best so in the end. She had money of her own. I couldn't ask her to join a man who was next to a beggar.

I had a newspaper from the ship and I read it as the launch ran to the island.

Pearl shell on the up grade. That was interesting. I wondered whether it would be worth while to start lifting; there was not much to be had about Bull. I decided not. All the shell had been pretty well fished about Haliotis and the neighboring islands; there was only the Haliotis Passage left, twenty-five fathom, and dangerous at that. They said the shell was mighty good there, but I wasn't taking any. Life was still sweet, and who knew whether things might not come right for me and Lammie, after all? We were young; not like that comic couple, Bowlby and Charlotte Grew.

The thought of it tickled me; again I broke out laughing. It was the last time I was to laugh at thought of Bowlby or his love.

A day or two passed; I was busy with one thing and another and did not have time to worry. You know how it is: how the smart gets seared over; throbs just once

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THERE IS ALWAYS ONE
Continued from page nine

in a while. You can bear that; there's always something that has to be borne while you're alive, and it may as well be that as anything else. . . .

The fellow who had been drinking at the bar with me that night, Gibbs his name was, called in about the middle of the week.

He was on his way to the mainland and had run out of benzine. I lent him a tin, and while we were pouring it in he began to gossip.

Gibbs was a sort of human newspaper; I have always thought he ought to have been on the press somewhere; maybe he had—you never know in the islands, and you don't ask questions.

"I suppose you haven't heard," he said, tilting the empty tin and setting it down on the sand, "about the girl who disappeared."

"No. Who? Has Chileno been at it again?"

George Chileno was a planter—a darkish man with a touch of what he called Spanish blood; wealthy, as wealth went in New Gaboon; and a man of notoriously bad character. The stories told about the doings on his plantation would have raised the hair of a Hollywood director.

"That's right. At least we think so. She came up by the steamer; some chap or other was to have met her and didn't, and she was crying fit to swamp the island. Charlotte came across her and made friends—"

"What was the magistrate about, to allow—"

"He didn't know, and nobody knew. Charlotte and Bowlby made it up between them, we think; he's been in debt to Chileno for some time, and times are hard, and all anybody knows is that she disappeared, and Bowlby's boat went out that night and came back again next day. He knew nothing and Charlotte knew nothing, but the girl's gone. Charlotte says she reckons the kid jumped off the island; others have done that."

"She might have," I said. "Poor kid. I'm sorry, anyhow. Don't forget to pay me back this tin, as you did the last; times are too hard to make presents."

"I won't. I'll be on my way. Let you have it next week."

"Right. Who was the chap who turned her down? There's not many I know of engaged." The engine was champing its teeth, ready to get away.

"Nobody anyone knows. It must have been a mistake. Name was Wilbraham. I never heard of the fellow."

He had thrown in the clutch, and the boat was moving, a yard or two from shore, when I leaped on board.

"Turn back to Haliotis!"

"What for?" he asked, staring.

"Turn back!"

"All right. Do you know him?"

"I KNOW him—and her—and if you don't want to be thrown overboard, shake up your engine, and don't talk!"

"All right. She was a bonzer kid, this girl; blue eyes and hair as fair and curly as—"

"Hold your tongue!"

He looked at me and was silent. . . .

Long before we got to Haliotis, we could see the crowd assembled on the wharf; it looked as if the whole town were there. My heart began battering at my ribs. "They found her, and she did jump off the island," was the thought that held me.

We ran to the steps, and I was out before Gibbs had the painter in his hand. Everybody was on the wharf. Half the men were swearing and nearly all the women crying, and everyone was asking questions of everyone else, and in the middle of all I saw the parson, down from the rectory, with his dark clothes on and a face such as he wears at funerals.

I heard his voice rising high in prayer above all the chattering and crying and cursing of the crowd.

Then I saw, and knew. There was a schooner close to the wharf, right in Haliotis Passage, and on the deck of it there was a diving outfit, engine for pumping air, tender standing by, and, snaking away down the schooner into the blue-green depths of the passage, the two black streaks of the air tube and the life line.

"Who is it?" I asked. The sight of Charlotte Grew lying insensible on the wharf, with all her wild black hair strewn about her, might have answered the question for me, but somehow I did not guess until Gibbs, who had been running about asking questions, came up and told me.

"It's Bowlby. He'd gone down just before I left for Bullock. I took Blacksand Island on the way, so I was some hours. And he's never come up since; he's signaled that he's fast. And he can't get loose, and he's been dying for hours and hours. He went down to lift that shell at the twenty-five fathom; the price's up, and he might have made a bit, but what's that to a man's life? They didn't ought to've let him; no one ought to be let go down when there isn't another dress or another diver nearer than Thursday Island, and that's a week away. But he would go, poor coot, and now he's dying."

Cold shivers went down my back. I had heard of this thing before—the diver fast down below, a hundred feet and more beyond hope of help; his tender working steadily, as Bowlby's tender was working, to keep the pump going and the supply of air trickling into the tortured, oppressed lungs; his heart beating ever more and more slowly, under the huge pressure of the incumbent sea, until at long last it failed, and the feeble, jerky signals came up the line no more.

BOWLBY was dying; had been dying for hours; and all the town of Haliotis was at his deathbed. Bowlby would die—unless—

I hope I may be believed when I say that I did not hesitate for the reason that may have occurred to you. It was sheer funk that stopped me. I could not, for quite a minute, find words and pluck to say what at last I did say, almost choking:

"I've got a dress I took for debt from that Malay diver who died."

"He's got a dress!" "Jones has got a dress!" "Oh, glory be to God!" This from the parson. He hadn't got to go down; he could afford to sing praises. He went on: "Can anyone—does anyone here—"

I interrupted him: "I can. Or, anyhow, I can try, though I haven't done the depth. The dress is in a case in Byles Philipson's store."

Charlotte had recovered; she was sitting up, looking as wild and queer as a witch in a fairy tale. And yet—there was something in her eyes that made me think of Lammie. Lammie! O God!

There was no time to think or talk of that. Two men had got the case out of the store before you could believe they had time to go and come; another was pulling the dress out, unscrewing the collar, shaking and stretching the legs.

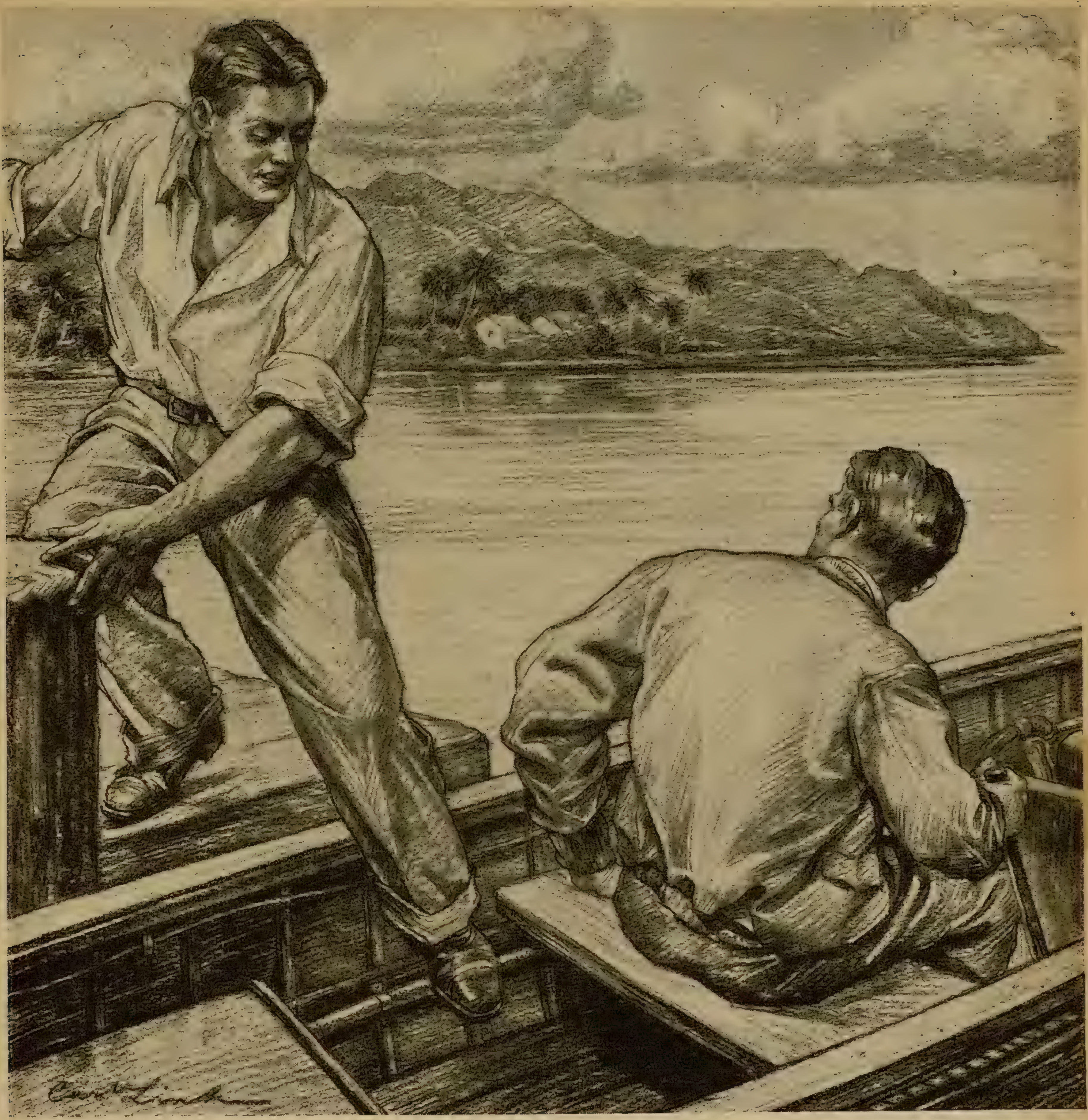
They had me into it inside of ten minutes, pushing and kicking and shoving, and they ran me on to the schooner, and put the helmet on my shoulders, and screwed the nuts tight, and slung the forty pounds of lead round my neck as if it had been a girl's necklace. And before they screwed in the glass and cut me off from sound of the world I was leaving, they spoke to the tender, who, white and exhausted, was steadily watching his pumps, and asked him, "Still signaling?"

"Aye, but getting weaker every time," he said. Charlotte heard them; she screamed as they were making fast the glass. Her voice was the last thing that came to me before the world died out:

"Oh, oh, oh, and our wedding day tomorrow!"

Then they slung me over the side, without waiting for a ladder, and I went down.

They lowered me carefully; I resisted, with all my might, the wild impulse to signal as the pressure of the sea became greater and ever greater—to give the pull that means "Haul-up," when my ears began to stab and my chest to feel as if the lead weights that helped me in the descent were lying right on the surface of my lungs.



He had thrown in the clutch, and the boat was moving, a yard or two from shore, when I leaped on board.

It grew darker; the sun was pale green, gray green, reddish faint. Dark shapes went past me; I wasn't much afraid of sharks, but I did pray that no tiger-mouthed barracuda would come along, no diamond fish with flapping enveloping wings. And I went down and down. And I kept my breath and my head, though my breathing was short and shallow and didn't seem to do me much good, and my mind felt as if I were thinking through a pad of cotton wool. And at last my leaden boots touched sand, a schooner's length from the place where Bowlby was dying.

I HAD no torch, but I could see faintly, ahead of me, the tube and the life line, seemingly clear; the dark shape of the man, standing half bent, with hands on a rock. He saw me, too, and began feebly signaling with one hand. I could not make out what was wrong at first. Then almost immediately I knew, for the tide snatched at me with a giant hand, and in a moment it had almost swept me into the death trap that held Bowlby gripped.

I knew the straits. I knew that nothing could be done while the tide still ran—the cruel tide that sweeps drowned men out to sea at seven knots an hour; that raises a " rip " round the point of Bullock and Blacksand islands, in which no small boat, no swimmer, can live. That tide had got Bowlby while he was shelling; twisted him in among the rocks, and held him fast. From what I could see, there was no use trying to haul him loose at the moment. It was near ebb—at the dead point when the sea pauses, almost still, as the heart of a sick man pauses in the crisis hour. Then there might be a chance.

But if the rise of the tide got him, I could see, by the lie of the rocks and the look of Bowlby himself, a cringing shadow in the lurid twilight, that he would be forced farther into the tangle of rough coral, and all hope would be gone. I could not come near enough to touch his hand; I could hardly keep my place as it was, with the tide tearing at me and swinging my legs off the ground like blown ribbons, while I held on for life to the nearest point of rock. I could only hope that the dying man saw me and understood.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THERE IS ALWAYS ONE
Continued from page eleven

Up on the wharf, a hundred and fifty feet above us, in the sun and the blessed air, the people were praying for Bowlby. I thought, as the deadly minutes went by, that they must now be praying for me.

"Pray away," I thought, with my ears bursting and my lungs beating up and down like the gills of a fish held out of water. "Pray away; if there's any good in it, I need all I can get."

And I signaled to the tender: "All right. Stand by." It was not all right, but, somehow, I couldn't bear them to know it. "If I'm dying, I'm dying," I thought confusedly; "no damn' business of theirs."

After that it got worse every minute. I could not think connectedly; I seemed to be living in a nightmare of suffocation and pain. "I shall wake up," I thought confusedly. Then, sharply, followed the conviction, "Yes, but on the other side of death."

And with it these words, dimly remembered through the mists of years:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

A fish, big, luminous with green fire in the dusk, went roaring past me. "Not a shark," I thought, and in the same breath: "I ought to be all right, according to the sailing directions in the Bible. I wonder if that damned tide is going to turn?"

As if the unspoken words had been a spell, I felt my feet touch ground, and knew that the ebb had come.

I worked myself up to Bowlby, cursing and praying all the time inside my helmet; I was so afraid that the tide would start to run. It was a job getting him loose, but I did it. He couldn't help me; he never moved when I touched him. He was just a loose mass of black rubber and faintly glimmering metal when I got him free; the water held him up, but he waved about like a leaf in the wind, and I thought he must be dead. I signaled, "Pull up, slow," and left him to the tender. My tender, on the other side of the schooner, had been waiting; he started hauling as soon as I signaled him, and in a quarter of an hour—too fast, but everybody up there had more or less lost their heads, I reckoned—he got me out, and up on deck.

THE feel of that first mouthful of warm, sweet air, when they unscrewed the helmet glass! I'll never taste a drink like that as long as I live.

Bowlby was gone; they had carried him up to the hospital. He was alive, and that was all you could say. Charlotte was having more hysterics; but she stopped laughing and crying as soon as she saw me, and flung her arms round me before I was half out of the dress.

I don't think she knew how often she kissed me. I pulled away at last. "Where's Lammie Spangler?" I asked her furiously.

I have always said that Charlotte was as clever as daylight; in her class, cleverness mostly goes to badness, and it must have been so with her, but she'd plenty of brains still left. She understood in a flash what it would have taken ten minutes to explain to Bowlby.

"She's locked into a room at the back of my house, and she was going out to Chileno's tonight. But I don't care if he promised a hundred or a thousand, he won't get her if she's your girl, and God bless you, whatever your name is or whatever you done. God bless you for saving my man!"

I think she was the worse for liquor; she could not keep from chattering. She went on telling everything that she ought to have kept to herself, and blessing me, and crying, and talking about her wedding day—Charlotte!

Gibbs had shaken hands with me, along with all the rest. They made an absurd fuss over me, and the parson quoted Scripture, and said I ought to have a medal. But I said I didn't hold with medals; I'd been at the war. Gibbs, I say, came along, as usual brimful of news.

"He got word by this boat that his wife is dead," said Gibbs. "He left her, but she wouldn't ever divorce him, and he couldn't get free of her, and Charlotte had been divorced all right, but that was no good; but now they can get married—if he gets well. Isn't it a scream?"

BOWLBY did get well, and he and Charlotte were married in the little tin church with the pink love-chain flowers growing up the porch and the scarlet-hearted hibiscus looking in at the windowpanes. I don't know that I thought it much of a "scream," after all. Lammie and I had been married there a week earlier, and the look in Charlotte's eyes was just like the look I'd seen in the eyes of my own eighteen-year-old girl.

It's a puzzle to me; I'm not clever. That is all years ago, and Charlotte is dead, and Bowlby not likely to last much longer. They say he fought with her, and she with him, most of the time, but he doesn't seem to be able to do without her now she's gone.

No, they did not reform; they were not the kind that becomes suddenly and violently good in last chapters. But Charlotte went to live on Blacksand Island with Bowlby, and the dancing place was shut up. She used to come to church sometimes, for the sake of showing off her black satin frock, and looking, as she said, like any other respectable married woman. She went on drinking, and her language, as before, was hot enough to set the magistrate's lawns afire when she got into trouble with the government, as both she and Bowlby sometimes did.

She said she was as happy as the day was long, and maybe it was true. When she was dying (Gibbs told me; I don't know how he heard), she held on to Bowlby's hand to the last, though she wouldn't have the parson in to pray, and she said to him—Bowlby, I mean—"You was the one."

Then she asked him for a drink, and he lifted her head, but before she could touch the glass she died.

Lammie cried when she heard about it.

Lammie is soft-hearted. I am not, but we get on well: as well as—it sounds absurd—Charlotte and her man, who was "the one."

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Are We Giving Away Our State Secrets?

A cipher expert's view of the methods used by the government in its diplomatic correspondence.

By

Herbert O. Yardley

also

stories and articles by

Lawrence Saunders—Albert Payson Terhune—Eve Garrette Grady—B. L. Jacot—Capt. William Outerson—Bert Green.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Colorado?

2—Who was the founder of the Boy Scouts?

3—What is a mustang?

4—What is the largest province in the Dominion of Canada?

5—Who are *hoi polloi?*

6—What is an abattoir?

7—What American statesman was called the Plumed Knight?

8—Who wrote Tales of a Wayside Inn?

9—What is a milliard?

10—What is an amanuensis?

11—How many rods in a mile?

12—In what year was the Panama Canal opened for traffic?

13—What is a lee tide?

14—Who discovered the principle of the lever?

15—What is the common name for calcium oxide?

16—What is the source of "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"?

17—With whom is the phrase "innocuous desuetude" associated?

18—What kind of creature is a flying fox?

19—What does *recherché* mean?

20—What is an apostate?

(Answers will be found on page sixty-three)

There *IS* a Way to Get Instant Sleep

ENTIRELY WITHOUT DRUGS!

A Swiss Food-Drink Not Only Brings Sound Sleep Without Drugs . . . *It Rebuilds "Played-Out" Nerves While You Sleep*

NEXT time overtaxed nerves rob you of sleep—next time the "wee small hours" find you tossing and still awake—remember this:—*There IS a way to get instant sleep,* entirely without drugs.

It is simplicity itself. Here's all you do:—Stir a few teaspoons of Ovaltine into a cup of warm milk. Drink it just before you get into bed. You'll fall asleep a few minutes after you touch the pillow. And sleep 8 hours as soundly as a child.

In the morning you waken refreshed, clear-eyed. Filled with the bounding energy that only restful sleep can bring. Ready to tackle the day with a smile—alive and "on your toes."

For, while you sleep, the peculiar dietetic properties found in Ovaltine resupply your system with the energy lost the previous day. And promote the *kind of sleep that rebuilds and rejuvenates.*

Too—you can take Ovaltine night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but actually *build up* your health! So you teem with energy every day.

What It Is—How It Acts

Ovaltine is a scientific food concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world fame. Not a medicine in any sense of the word. But a super-delicious food-drink.

During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. They found that it does 3 things no other food in the world will do.

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

Second, it aids digestion, since it contains in high proportion a remarkable food property known as diastase. This is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs.

Third, it rebuilds worn-out nerve and body cells. In addition to other valuable food elements, Ovaltine contains in concentrated form a natural vital property called "lecithin," which is the important part of nerve and brain tissue. And these special food properties rebuild nerve, brain and body tissues as you sleep.

Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. You'll be amazed how quickly you fall asleep. See how different you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will show the result of this restful sleep and new vitality. Due to its high content of diastase—Ovaltine relieves distress and in this way combats one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

For, through stimulating and aiding digestive processes, Ovaltine tends to draw blood away from the head. And reduces the congestion that is present in brain capillaries when a person lies awake thinking and worrying instead of sleeping.

Thus the mind is not disposed to unusual activity. On the contrary, a state of mental calm is induced. And normal sleep follows quickly.

Start tonight! 'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed. You'll sleep more soundly, probably, than you have in weeks.

But don't judge Ovaltine merely by what is claimed for it. Even disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is endorsed by 20,000 doctors . . . Try it and *see for yourself.* You'll be delighted with the sound refreshing sleep you get and the redoubled energy that's yours next day.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also widely recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children, nursing mothers, convalescents and the aged.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY
(If unable to obtain locally)

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. J-31 S
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name..
(Print name and address clearly)
Address..
City..............................*State*..............
(One package to a person)

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula 840-R

Why Not Open th
to the POOR

A Challenge to the Clergy of the United States

(Reading time: 19 minutes 20 seconds.)

A MAN from New York said to a man from Los Angeles the other day:

"You people out here don't know what this depression means. In New York we're wondering what to do this winter with the thousands of homeless people who have been sleeping in the parks. Cold and rainy nights caused immense suffering even before winter came; but now—where on earth are we going to put the people?"

Nobody seems to know. There have been other depressions when the bitter sufferings of the homeless have been cruel; but those who had roofs over them and walls about them managed to endure somehow, regretting the woes of the homeless but bravely leaving them to their own devices.

This winter, though, finds a universal depression: the rich in despair, the middle class in a state of coma, and the poor—who can say?

Yet all the while there was then, as there is now, a perfect answer to the housing problem—an answer so obvious, so sane, so comprehensive that of course it has, except in certain cases, been overlooked.

In New York, as in every other American community, there exist great buildings ideally suited for the entertainment and comfort of the poor—well lighted, heated, ventilated, and filled with benches, some of which would make excellent beds, well mattressed.

In most cases these buildings, though they are the largest and most expensive in the community, are empty nearly all the time and are never occupied at night. They could be used as sleeping quarters for vast multitudes without interfering with the purposes for which they were erected.

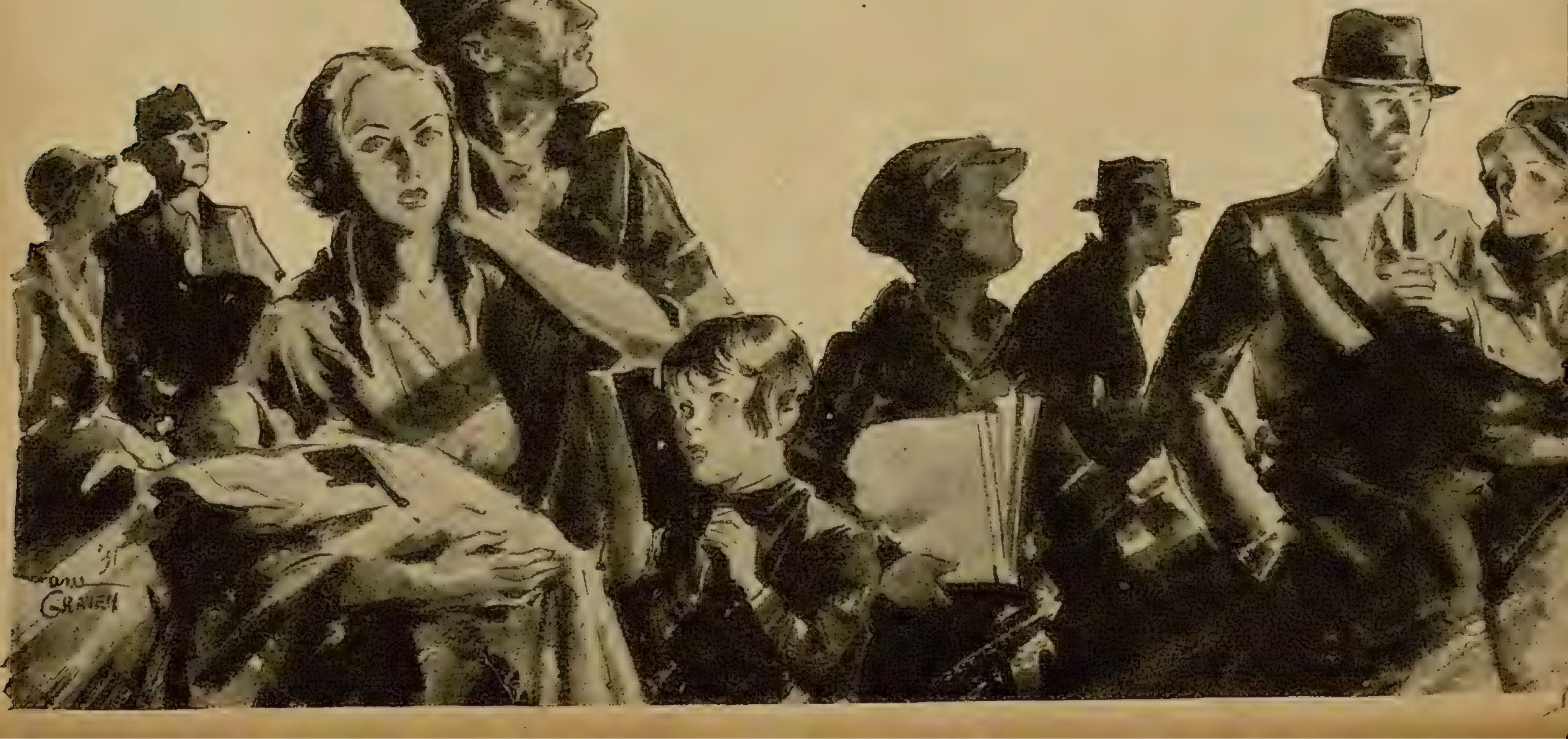
These buildings are known as churches.

For the sake of those who have not been in one for a great while, I may describe an example, if not typical, at least frequent. A handsome structure with high ceiling, its great air spaces bathed with sunlight during the day, has at one end a more or less elaborate platform and a built-in pipe organ.

All but a little of the huge floor space is filled with what are called pews—that is to say, long benches with good cushions upon them. Generally there are balconies, also filled with pews.

Though used altogether for people who are expected to sit up, these pews are famous for encouraging sleep, and are long enough, most of them, to permit two people to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTEEN]

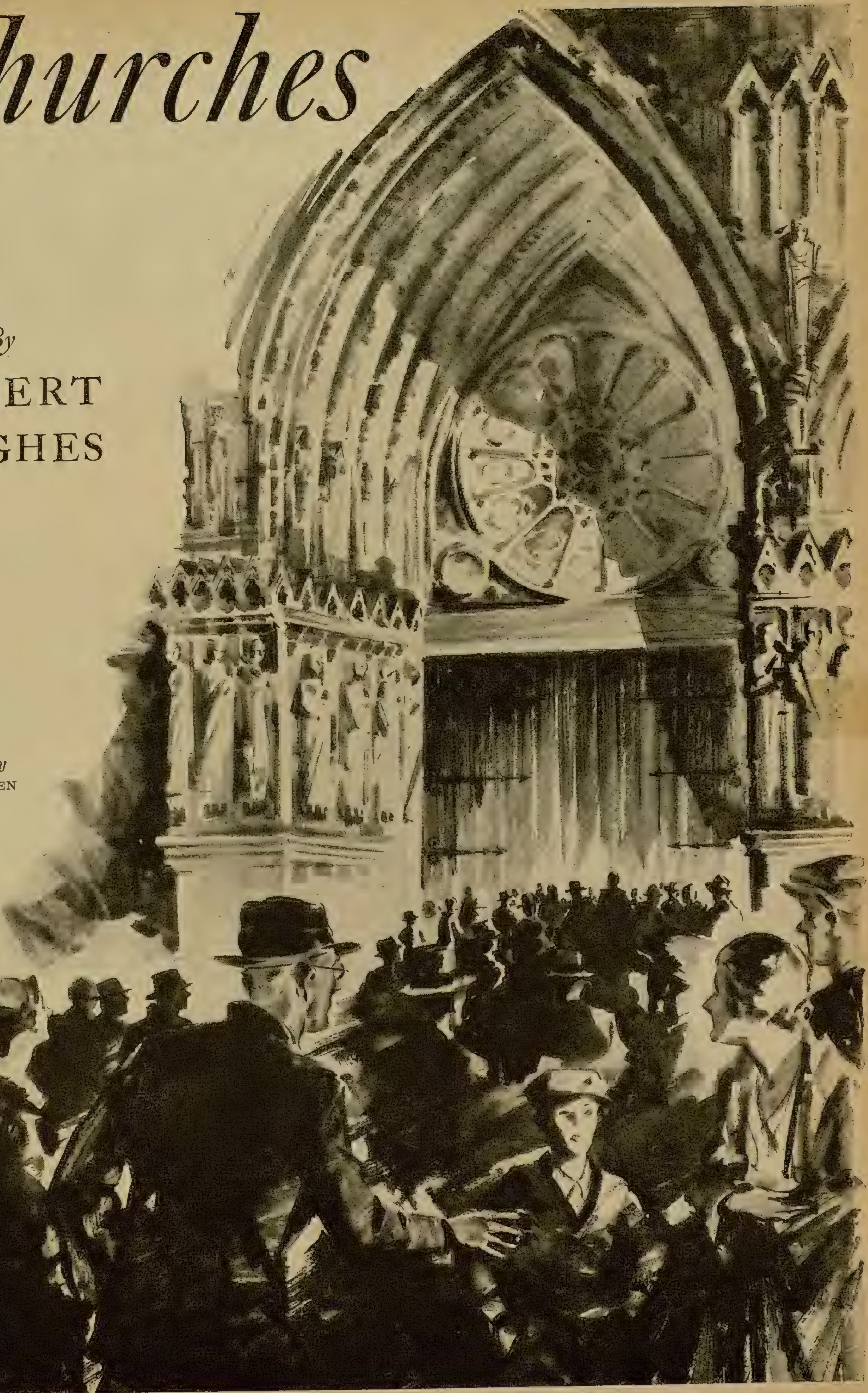


Churches

By

RUPERT
HUGHES

Pictures by
WILL GRAVEN



WHY NOT OPEN THE CHURCHES TO THE POOR?
Continued from page fourteen

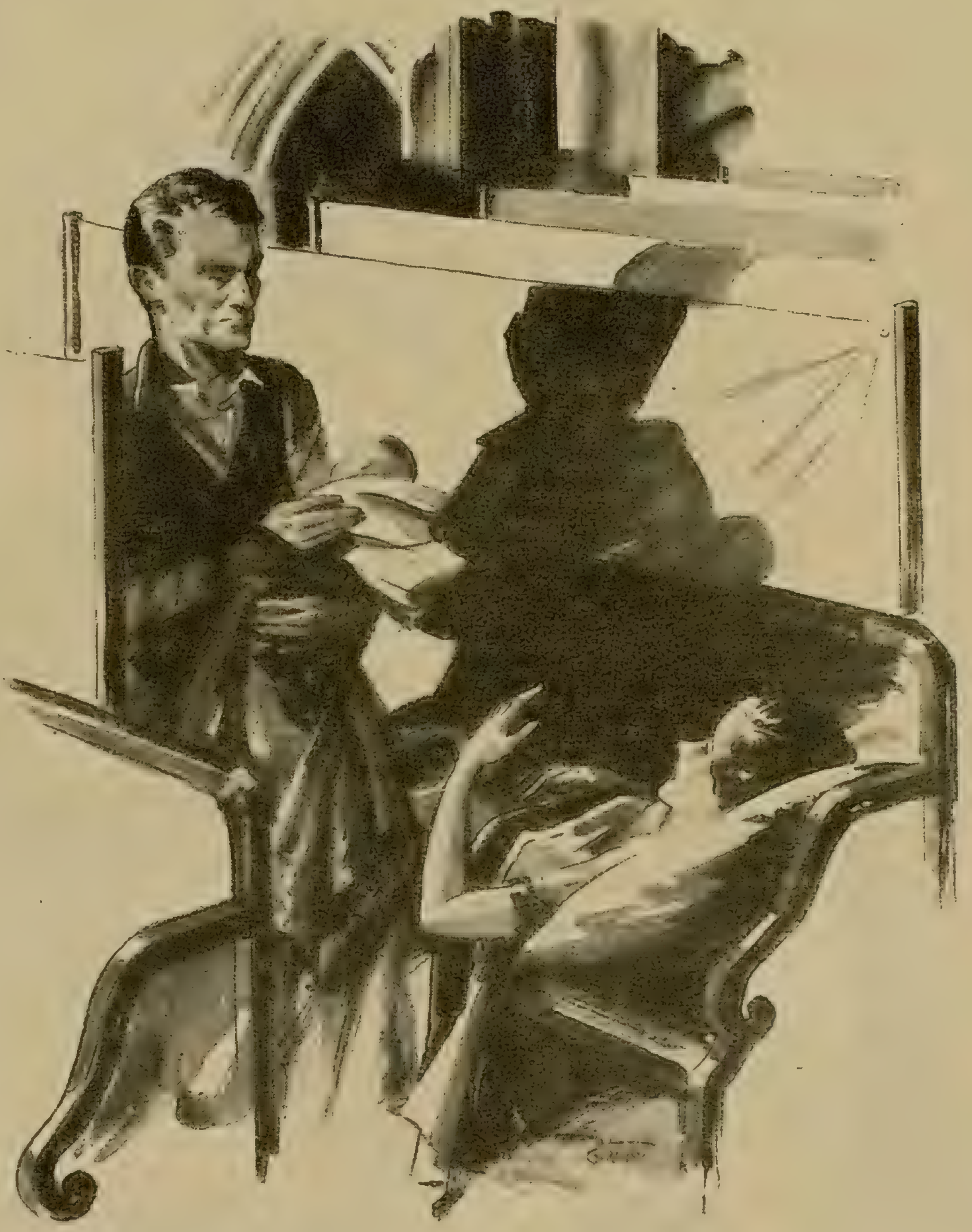
stretch out at full length. They are not so wide as the average single bed, narrower, indeed, than a sleeping-car berth; but they will hold an average man without discomfort.

Furthermore, unused cushions could be spread on floor spaces to take care of those who are too wide for the pews, and for babies that might fall out.

In all of these buildings there are furnaces for heating the edifices. There are, in practically all of them, toilet facilities—limited, it is true, but capable of easy expansion for such a frightful emergency as this winter guarantees.

These churches were not built for dormitories, but they were built in the name of mercy and helpfulness. The pews were not intended to be used as beds—but, how much better they would be than the rough ground, the harsh wooden or concrete floors of hallways, the filthy crannies where this winter's wretched ones must lay down their ill-fed frames! They will not demand a bath with every room.

PRIVACY could be secured at little cost by the erection of frames carrying sheets or canvas curtains. These frames could be removed with ease when the space is required for the regular religious services.



The pews were not intended to be used as beds—but . . .

The first objection might well be that the neat and respectable people who rent the pews by the year, or—that practice being on the wane—who worship in these pews, would object to sitting on the cushions after they had been slept on by paupers. One answer to this might be that enough pews could be reserved from such use to accommodate the neat and respectable, and only that portion of the pews which is usually allotted to the poor and to chance visitors need be devoted to sleeping purposes. Another answer might be that the churchgoers who would, for such a selfish motive, leave the poor to shift for themselves in winter weather have no right to go to a church or to pretend that their hearts are soft enough to be admitted to pious society.

The total amount of time spent in his or her pew by any pew owner in America would doubtless not total five hours a week. The total amount of time spent in utter misery by a shelterless pauper must total seven nights a week, as well as most of the daytime spent in vain search for work and food.

Against this hundred hours of icy hell each week set five hours a week of religious comfort, and note the difference.

It might be assumed that Heaven would be inclined to forgive any timid soul that stayed away from church altogether during the worst of the winter in order that his or her pew might be lent to a man, woman, or child in dire need of warmth and rest. The situation this winter is going to be hideous for millions of fellow citizens; for armies of honest, willing toilers who can find nothing to do; for hosts of heart-wrung wives and mothers who have no refuge whatsoever; and for a horde of children whose little fingers and toes will be bitten by the frost as their hollow little bellies will be gnawed by hunger.

How can the members, the governors, the clergymen, who maintain these enormous empty temples bear the thought of locking their high portals against the poor?

It is like barring one's door against wayfarers whom the wolves pursue.

IF there are persons of power in the institutions owning and directing these vast waste spaces who are capable of preferring their vacancy to their occupancy by the forlorn outcasts, then let those grim landlords be reminded that these buildings were all erected by voluntary contributions made in the name of human betterment.

There is hardly any need to emphasize the commodiousness and convenience of many of the churches for housing the houseless during the nights at least. Everybody knows how big and how numerous the churches are. According to the knowledge of everybody, many churches are rarely used by anybody for any purpose (except, of course, occasional individuals who enter for brief private prayer) for more than twelve hours a week.

For about 156 hours a week a great many churches are tenantless.

Occasional weddings, funerals, special services, choir rehearsals, and other occasions need not be interfered with in the slightest by their use as dormitories during these viciously hard times.

While it is easy for anyone to see at once how perfectly the churches could accommodate any probable number of the poor, the statistics will show the magnificence of the opportunity, and therefore of the responsibility.

The figures for this year are not accessible and there are doubtless inaccuracies in such figures as are available, but they are too slight to be of importance in the grand total. The statistics I quote are of 1926.

The amount of money then invested in church property in the United States was $3,839,500,610—nearly four billion dollars then; surely more than that by now, five years later.

Though the amount of indebtedness totaled $432,459,158, there was no liability to taxation, or to sale for taxes; and mortgagees of church property are lenient for many reasons.

In 1926 the churches in the United States spent $817,214,528 in their various ways for their various purposes, including salaries, charities, and missionary work.

The churches have been criticized. One way of disarming criticism, however, and of paying a part of its debt to the outside portion of its community would be for each church to open its doors to the community poor.

Of course, all churches achieve a great deal of work for charity, though it is often objected that the great sums contributed to charity dwindle remarkably by the time they reach the actual poor. There could be no complaint of extravagant and wasteful overhead if the churches were turned into inns of welcome. If this is not done, the churches must stand throughout the winter as dismal monuments of wasted opportunity and of inhospitable inhumanity.

The pyramids of Egypt are woeful to see because of the toil and suffering of the poor who built them. The great cathedrals, temples, churches, chapels of America ought not to be left dark and empty this winter. They will serve as eyesores, inescapable advertisements of indifference—dangerously like what the founder of their religion called "whited sepulchers."

Even now from these churches are issuing stirring appeals to mercy and generosity in the name of the Christ who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

THE newspapers are publishing their lists of the neediest cases and the names of all who contribute to their relief. This winter will see scant response to these appeals, for a great fear is upon all hearts.

Those who have a little to spare are looking forward, and wondering if they may not have to live on it themselves.

Think of the incalculable saving in money offered by the use of the churches as shelters for those who cannot pay their rent, their taxes, their mortgage interests, or keep warm the shelters they may own!

There is already an ominous tightening of the public purse, and a silent but universal feeling that generosity to others now is a spendthrift waste, since it may bring oneself to future beggary. "Charity begins at home" is becoming a glacial national slogan. Numberless hearts that are not often hardened against cries for help are closing tight for very honorable reasons. The country is getting into a shipwreck mood of "Everybody for himself! God help the hindmost!"

Well, if the churches represent God, let them take care of the hindmost. They have room enough and to spare. And when this panic is over and a panic of good times reigns, they can ask for funds to rehabilitate and redecorate their damaged properties, and they can say:

"Remember what we did in the winter of 1931."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

4 Rising Cheers
for the Saline Cocktail

IF you feel "like nothing at all" in the morning—dull, dispirited, logy—there's nothing that will brace you quicker than a Saline Cocktail!

Just pour a teaspoonful or so of Sal Hepatica into a glass of fresh, cool water—and drink it down! Half an hour is plenty of time for it to complete its gentle, thorough, pleasant action, to purify your system and send you singing on your way.

All sorts of fruit juice cocktails, tomato juice cocktails, sauerkraut and clam juice cocktails are playing their part in keeping this country hearty and healthy. But when you drink a Saline Cocktail, you're downing the very best cocktail of them all!

For Sal Hepatica sweeps your whole system clean—and sweeps it promptly and completely. It stops constipation. It neutralizes harmful acids and purifies the bloodstream. Colds, headaches, rheumatism and many digestive disorders—all yield to the saline treatment.

Long have physicians sent their patients to "take the saline cure" at continental watering-places. And the salines of Sal Hepatica offer you the same benefits as the famous spas of Europe—the same health-giving qualities that have made Aix and Carlsbad and Wiesbaden modern-day "Fountains of Youth."

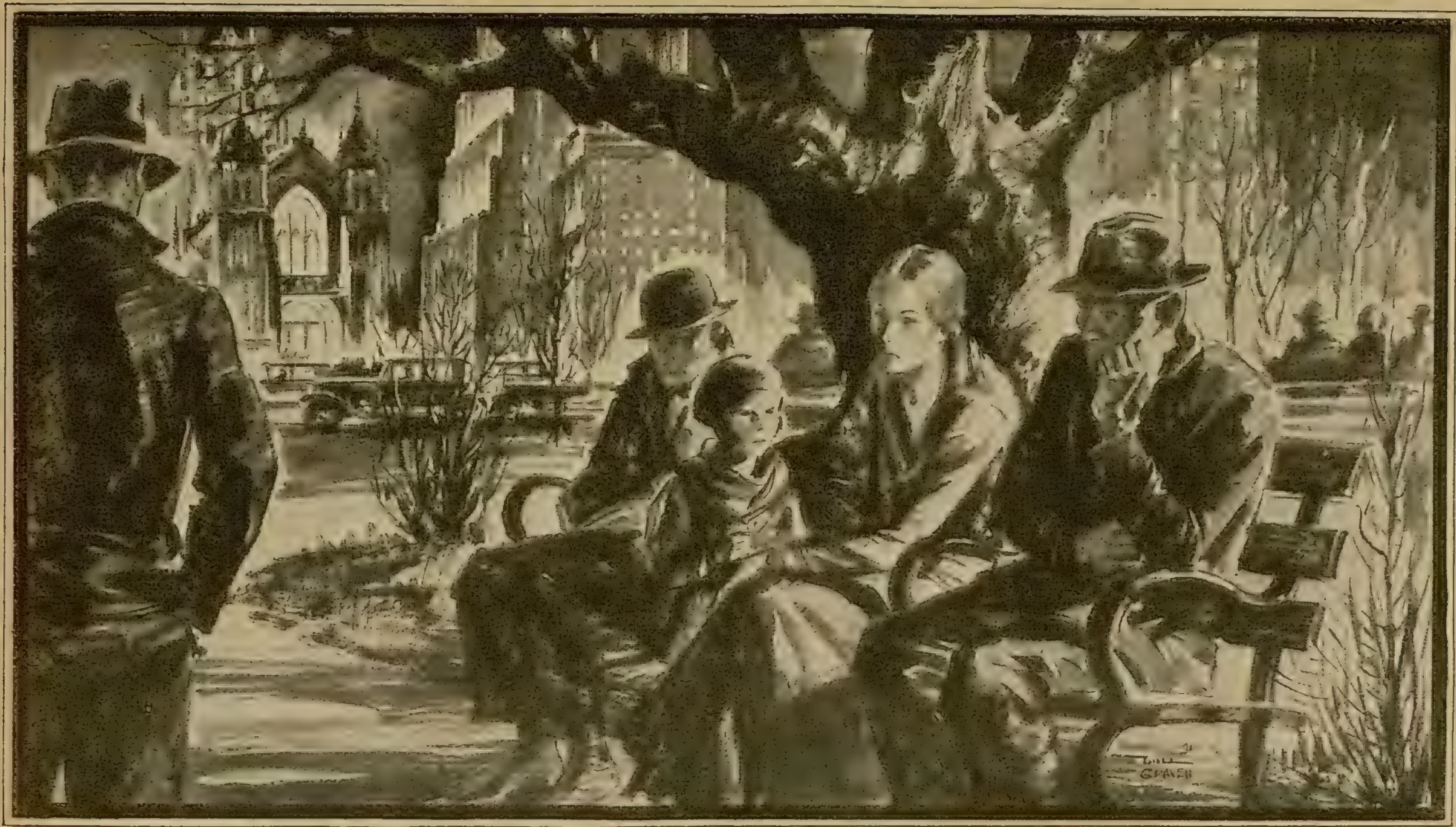
Your doctor will tell you about the saline method with Sal Hepatica. Get a bottle today! And every morning that you wake up gloomy and dispirited, try a Saline Cocktail! Your spirits will soar to a new high, as gloom disappears in its sparkling bubbles!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's *30¢, 60¢, and $1.20*

© 1931

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. A-121, 71 West St., New York
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.
Name
Street
City *State*



The time spent in utter misery by the shelterless this winter must total seven icy nights a week.

WHY NOT OPEN THE CHURCHES TO THE POOR?
Continued from page seventeen

Woe unto them if, when prosperity returns and they ask for more billions and no taxes, the people close their own doors and say:

"We remember how you closed your doors in the winter of 1931."

There were in the United States, in 1926, 232,154 churches. Though there has been loud complaint from the pastors of nonattendance and nonsupport and the decay of religious feeling, and though there have been a good many churches closed through mergers with other churches, there are unquestionably over 200,000 available churches today in the United States.

If the statistics exist as to their capacity I have not found them; but in Douglas' study of One Thousand City Churches of various types an appendix gives them a total seating capacity of 445,192.

If a thousand city churches seat nearly half a million people, and there are 200,000 churches, it would seem that the churches all together could seat nearly 90,000,000.

Of course these figures are very rough, but there can be no question that if all the homeless people in this country were stretched end to end, foot to head, they would not fill half the pews of the churches.

IN New York City, where the problem is peculiarly acute owing to the great density of population, the extremely severe depression, and the immense amount of poverty, there are (according to the World Almanac for 1931) 2,809 churches, including 1,044 Jewish, 430 Roman Catholic, 194 Protestant Episcopal, 138 Methodist Episcopal, 124 Presbyterian, 96 United Lutheran, 89 Baptist, 73 Reformed Church, 32 Church of Christ Scientist, and many others.

The figures as to the seating capacity of these churches are not within my reach, but if each church took in fifty people, filling the equivalent of twenty-five pews, they could take care of no fewer than 140,450 poor souls.

Think of the scenes in those churches lighted and murmurous with throngs making bivouac before the altars, and gradually falling asleep under the benign smiles of the saints and the benefactors in statuary and translucent glass!

Think how susceptible these people invited in from the highways and the byways would be to the eloquence of the "fishers of men"! Think how ardently their voices would join in the hymns, how many hearts would be melted and convinced!

All of the churches endeavor to bring in listeners and to spread the gospel, as they are bound to do. Some of them resort to extreme measures to lure the hostile or the indifferent within reach of their messages.

They put on moving pictures, they give entertainments, Greek dances, try to compete with the showmen and outdo them.

SOME of them arouse the disgust of their more sober colleagues by their sensational endeavors to gather the mobs. Nearly all of them advertise in one way or another.

What advertisement could equal the sudden and majestic advertisement of saying:

"No one need hunt in vain for shelter and slumber, warmth and friendship, while there is space in the churches. Let the organs thunder forth the invitation to our unbounded hospitality."

In many of the churches faith healing is preached and practiced and the crippled and diseased are invited to enter and be healed.

Multitudes now are crippled financially and infected with the vile disease of poverty. The estimates of the unemployed grow constantly toward the 10,000,000 mark—and that means millions more of women and children and dependent men.

In the churches it is incessantly preached that faith works miracles. Suppose the beautiful buildings were soiled and defaced somewhat. Could not faith cleanse those churches of the noble litter of a great victory over a great tragedy?

Might not a miracle be vouchsafed as in the case of so many thousands of saints whose good works were divinely approved? Even for those who are lacking in mountain-moving faith, have not science and invention provided vacuum-cleaning, fumigation, disinfectants?

Are there no dry-cleaners, upholsterers, decorators eager for work?

Even in the face of the appalling pitifulness of the situation and in the face of the munificent splendor of the opportunity, there will doubtless be pewholders and haughty pulpiteers who will cry out against the profanation of God's temples by the invasion of the poor.

But the churches surely cannot be proud of members on whom the parable of the Good Samaritan has had so little effect as this would indicate.

Back in 1777 George Washington was forced to spread his blanketless army out on the bleak hills of Valley Forge because the Assemblymen of Pennsylvania issued a Remonstrance against his taking them into a milder region where they could be housed. The remonstrants insisted that he should camp where he could watch the British cozily ensconced in Philadelphia. Even the patient George, ever the meek and obedient servant of the Congress and the people, could cry out in wrathful agony, as he did at Valley Forge two days before Christmas.

NEXT WEEK—

Opening the Churches to the Poor

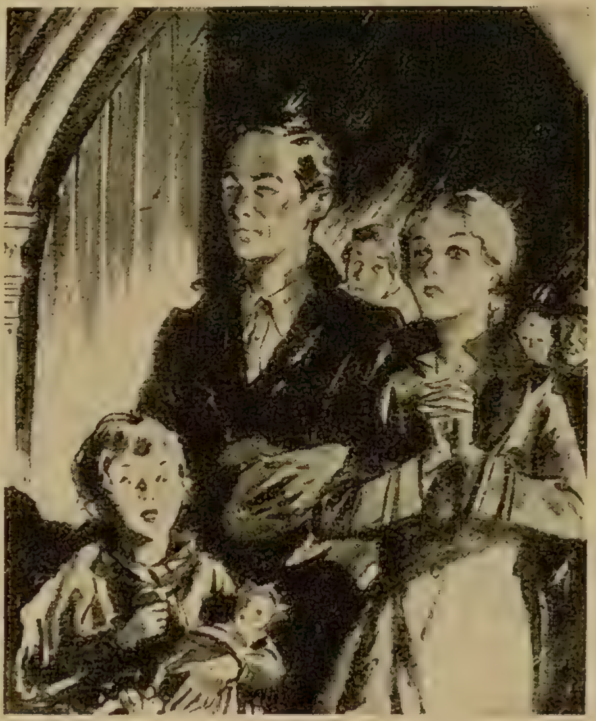
as proposed by Rupert Hughes, will be discussed from another point of view in Liberty next week by

The Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman

Pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn; former president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

Read his letter to Congress, substituting for his word "army" today's word "the army of unemployed" and multiplying his little brigade of ten thousand men by hundreds:

"I am now convinced beyond a doubt, that, unless some great and capital change suddenly takes place, . . . this army must inevitably be reduced to one or other of these three things. —Starve—dissolve—disperse, in order to obtain subsistence, in the best manner they can. . . . Yesterday afternoon . . . behold! to my great mortification . . . a dangerous mutiny . . . with difficulty was suppressed. . . .



"NO, Sir; three or four days of bad weather would prove our destruction. What then is to become of the army this winter . . . What is to become of us in the spring?

"We have, by a field-return this day made, no less than two thousand eight hundred and ninety eight men now in camp unfit for duty, because they are barefoot and otherwise naked. . . .

"Our numbers fit for duty, from the hardships and exposures they have undergone, particularly on account of blankets (numbers having been obliged, and still ar[illegible] sit up all night by fires, i[illegible]king comfortable rest in a natural and common way), have decreased near two thousand men.

"We find gentlemen, without knowing whether the army was really going into winter-quarters or not, . . . reprobating the measure as much as if they thought the soldiers were made of stocks or stones, and equally insensible of frost and snow. . . .

"I CAN assure those gentlemen, that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets.

"However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and, from my soul, I pity those miseries, which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent."

It is in the power of the churches to relieve and prevent incalculable agony this winter.

How can they resist the glorious chance, the infinite need?

What a "great," what a "capital change" would take place if the churches were crowded every day and night of this winter with the homeless poor! Every night would be Christmas Eve.

Even the most persistent political shouters that prosperity has not departed have been silenced and the cry is all for heroic wisdom and economic readjustment. Surely the churchmen are the last people in the world who can hesitate or quibble.

Let them fling wide their doors, open their hearts and their churches, and make it their pride to wash the feet of the beggars, offer them beds and blankets, warmth and music, and do something in an effort to glorify one who complained:

"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

THE END

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist interviews *Granny White*

"THE first hundred years are the hardest," sez Granny White, as she hopped in her yellow roadster to go to the miniature golf course. "After that you are kept smilin' an' happy fer another fifty by folks askin' how you lived a hundred.

"Yesterday I had my picture made usin' an automatic churn an' today I'm to test some roller skates. Tomorrow I'll be tryin' out the steerin' wheel on a new threshin' machine or showin' how easy a portable duck huntin' canoe or a collapsible music rack unfolds.

"All these things add to the length of life, but I wouldn't be here to enjoy 'em if it wasn't fer those little chocolate tablets."

An' she stepped on the gas an' down the road she went.

"Chic" Sale

MILLIONS like "those little chocolate tablets" not only for their delightful flavor—but for the important part they play in keeping them well.

Ex-Lax is simply delicious chocolate combined with the scientific laxative ingredient, phenolphthalein, of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

Ex-Lax is safe, gentle, effective—for every age. At druggists—10c, 25c, 50c.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

The Chocolated Laxative

FREE SAMPLE of Ex-Lax and "CHIC" SALE'S WELLS CORNERS GAZETTE

Name ....

Street and Number ....

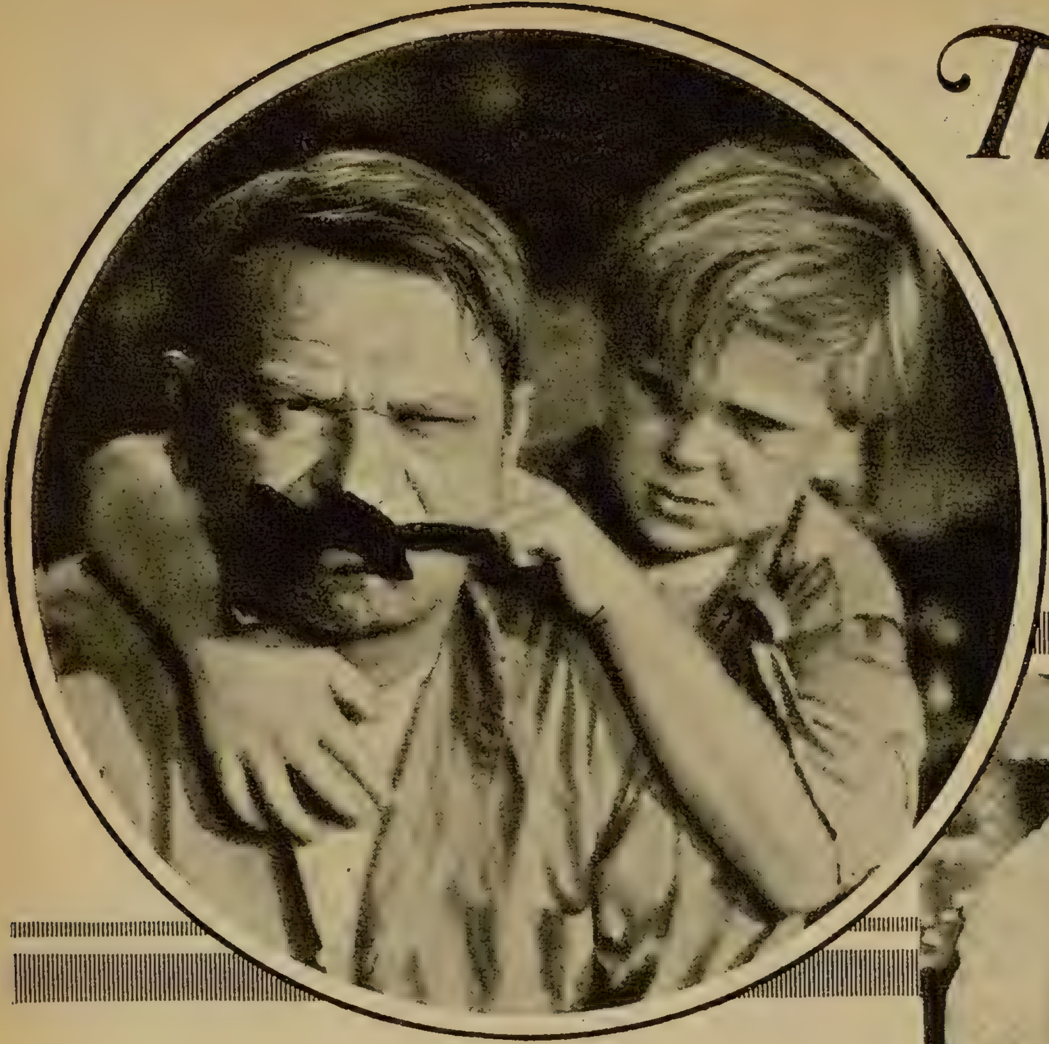
City .... *State* ....

Mail this coupon to Ex-Lax Inc., P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N Y. L-1221

The Cham

Wallace Beery's N
Shines as a St

By FREDERIC



Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, who score another hit in The Champ.

James Cagney and Joan Blondell, the hotel help on a career of crime in Blonde Crazy.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

WALLACE BEERY is back again with one of the best screen performances of years.

Beery is a Kansas City boy who made good. He was born there forty-odd years ago. His father was a policeman.

At sixteen Beery had charge of a herd of circus elephants. At twenty he was singing in musical comedy. As understudy for Raymond Hitchcock he went on one night and was the sensation of Broadway.

In 1913 he joined the old Essanay Company in Chicago, making comedies. Beery did an eccentric female character named Sweedy. At this time he met and married Gloria Swanson, an extra girl.

Beery joined Mack Sennett in 1918, and later went on to heavy and character rôles.

His two big hits were Richard the Lion-Hearted in Doug Fairbanks' Robin Hood, and Butch, the cheerful killer, in The Big House.

But his work in the new film, The Champ, tops both those unforgettable performances.

Beery owns a big Beverly Hills estate, but he likes best to spend weekends in his cabin on a lake in the high Sierras.

He flies there in his own plane. In fact, Beery is the only actor who has a transport pilot's license.

He likes to hunt and fish, seldom drinks or smokes, plays a piano very well, possesses an enormous appetite, and weighs close to two hundred and forty pounds.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ THE CHAMP

CAST

Champ	Wallace Beery
Dink	Jackie Cooper
Linda	Irene Rich
Sponge	Roscoe Ates
Tim	Edward Brophy
Jonah	Jesse Scott
Mary Lou	Marcia Mae Jones

Directed by King Vidor.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Another The Kid, with a derelict prize fighter instead of Chaplin's tragi-comic vagabond. This is the story of an ex-champion of the cauliflower industry, once an idol of the ring, now a flabby palooka, out of condition, punch- and whisky-drunk, pushed back on his heels by fate and tenth-raters. Little Dink is his boy—and to him the Champ is still the greatest man in the world.

The Champ tries to lift himself from the bars and gambling wheels of Tia Juana to a comeback. He falters and stumbles on the way, and in the end he gives his life to win enough money to buy back little Dink's pony and send the lad to school. The old heart—willing enough—just gets under the wire for a brief and lucky triumph that means $20,000.

A tragic tale of a simple soul who couldn't stand success—and one that is doubly touching because Beery makes the down-and-outer so lovable and lonely in the disordered twilight of a great ring career. And Jackie Cooper is superb as the little boy who trails his hero from saloon to race track, happy alike to share the Champ's bad breaks and good ones.

King Vidor directed The Champ with fine humanness and sympathy. Vidor is the best of our native directors. That was apparent years ago when he made The Jack Knife Man, and it was apparent when he directed The Big Parade. And it was clear earli[illegible]is year when he filmed Street Sce[illegible]

Scores a Knockout

ture a Hit; James Cagney Two Racket Talkies

AMES SMITH

Loretta Young and Walter Huston in The Ruling Voice, another racket picture.

Joel McCrea and Kay Francis and a happy ending in Girls About Town.

★ ★ ★ BLONDE CRAZY

CAST

Bert Harris	James Cagney
Anne Roberts	Joan Blondell
Dapper Dan	Louis Calhern
Helen	Noel Francis
Joe Reynolds	Ray Milland
Jim	Edward Nugent
Rupert Johnson	Guy Kibbe

Directed by Roy Del Ruth.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

James Cagney, the tough boy of The Public Enemy, has the first rôle worthy of his hard-boiled talents in this original screen yarn by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright, who wrote that best of all gangster films.

Cagney plays a hotel bell boy who thinks the world owes him a living. He is joined in his game of wits by a little blonde hotel chambermaid.

Blonde Crazy is a lively yarn of easy money and criminal cunning, sharpened by Cagney's racy performance as the graduate bell hop. Excellent, too, is Joan Blondell as the ex-chambermaid.

★ ★ GIRLS ABOUT TOWN

CAST

Wanda Howard	Kay Francis
Marie Bailey	Lilyan Tashman
Jim Baker	Joel McCrea
Benjamin Thomas	Eugene Pallette
Jerry Chase	Allan Dinehart
Mrs. Thomas	Lucille Webster Gleason

Directed by George Cukor.
Produced by Paramount.

Here is one of the pioneer rackets: gold digging—two girls out for emeralds and diamonds at any cost. Love comes to one of them and, after the handsome chap from Detroit understands her real worth, a happy ending. This film is only amusing while the two Broadway butterflies are exercising their ornate wiles.

Zoe Akins composed this drama. Lilyan Tashman and Kay Francis, both called the Best Dressed Woman in Hollywood, play the costly sirens, but Eugene Pallette, as a clumsy but playful goof from Lansing, edges everyone out of first honors.

★ ★ THE RULING VOICE

CAST

Jack Bannister	Walter Huston
Gloria	Loretta Young
Mary Stanton	Doris Kenyon
Dick Cheney	David Manners
Burroughs	John Halliday
Snead	Dudley Digges
Gregory	Gilbert Emery
Bailey	Willard Robertson
Malcolm Stanton	Douglas Scott

Directed by Rowland V. Lee.
Produced by Warner-First National.

The fourth racket picture of the week. Here Walter Huston, lately on the side of law and order, plays a ruthless master mind of racketeers yet a man with a heart of gold.

The story suffers from weak dialogue and a general lack of credibility. Mr. Huston is not at his best as the big shot, but Dudley Digges does very well as his dyspeptic, vengeful secretary.

Do you know that—

Marion Davies is to do Polly of the Circus?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Street Scene, Bad Girl, The Smiling Lieutenant.

★★★—Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, An American Tragedy, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, The Man in Possession, Night Nurse, Smart Money, Five and Ten, Chances, Le Million, Daddy Long Legs, Always Goodbye, A Free Soul, Indiscreet, Svengali.

Can Amer
American

A Frantic Native

By J

Pictures by HUBERT MATHIEU

(Reading time: 12 minutes 25 seconds.)

MORE important than our gold reserve, our oil wells, our railroads, factories, and coal mines are our women. They produce our most valuable raw material—two and a half million squalling babies a year; and the system we have built up to enable them to do so we call American civilization. If nine-tenths of our men were wiped out, our sixty million women, with the willing assistance of the remaining men, could keep our race going full blast; but if nine-tenths of our women were wiped out, we should be set back a hundred years.

To protect them from outsiders and from ourselves we maintain governments, we hire judges, we build battleships and aircraft, and train machine-gunners and chemical warfare units. To see that they and their babies are fed more or less regularly we have devised an amusing system of rationing which we call capitalism. We love our women, we admire them, we respect them—but we do wish they wouldn't get in the way and interfere with our plans to take care of them.

For American women today are the most radical and dangerous force in our civilization, just as they constitute about nine-tenths of that civilization. Without women, the churches would close, the schools and colleges would stop, the laws would fall silent, trade and industry would freeze; and as the homes stopped functioning the whole American machine would run down. And yet today we find that our womenfolk are on the warpath and are destroying the very devices which men have invented to keep them contented.

We have always had what foreigners regard as an absurd respect for women. Women, they tell us, don't want to be respected—they want to be mastered. And perhaps the foreigners are right, though any man who thinks he has mastered a woman is living in an atmosphere more subtly effeminate than anything our over-respected and undermastered women could create. At any rate, we do respect women. We have to. Even today there are two million more men than women in America, and anyone who knows anything about the law of supply and demand knows that the scarcer women are the dearer they become. The heritage of the frontier, when women were even scarcer than now, still dominates our ways of thinking.

Then again, we respect our women because they have really deserved it. Where the pioneers went, their women went, too. They did a man's job and a woman's job as well. They fought Indians, rounded up cattle, cultivated fields, had babies, cooked meals, and their graves dot the country from the terrible churchyards of New England to the California mining camps, from the Indian country of the north to the lonely ranches on the Rio Grande. And American men are sporting enough to give them credit for it, as well as for their unquestionable courage in bearing children. When twenty thousand women a year die in childbirth, it is hard for American men to refuse them the honor that is due such valor.

THE result is that American women have been idealized, spoiled—and neglected. The average American man works himself silly to support his wife and family. He feels bitterly disappointed if he cannot give her what she wants—whether it is a new washing machine or a string of pearls. Huge businesses have been built up and fortunes made in trying to save women housework by vacuum cleaners and sewing machines, by dish washers and electric ranges, by delicatessens and cafeterias and hotels.

We have tried to give our women comfort and leisure, and have, as a result, spent so much time in working for them that we have little time or energy to spend with them. We have sentimentalized over them until Mother's Day is worth millions to the flower "shoppes"; but we don't bother to dress to please them and don't know how to talk to them on any but one subject. As a result, they have got the idea that they are superior creatures and that we are thoroughly boring.

In fact, we have made women our leisure class and have thereby made it possible for them to womanize our country. For the class which enjoys leisure and has spending money in every civilization is the class that shapes that civilization. Nine-tenths of our literature is written and edited for women. Women beam at us from magazine covers; they infest the car cards; they are used to advertise everything from bad breath to razor blades. They are the object and subject of advertising.

an Men Escape Women?

gards the Fair Sex with Alarm

RANKLIN

They do the bulk of our retail buying, both of necessities and luxuries. They teach our children, they preside over our libraries, and they fix the public taste for everything from salad to automobiles. More and more they are writing our books, painting our pictures, and running our amusements. What is a motion picture without a girl? It may be magnificent, but it isn't Hollywood. Always and everywhere women are the symbol of beauty and romance, whereas in real life they are often very homely and mostly symbolize not romance but hard and monotonous work for some poor man.

Women are everywhere. They are leaving our kitchens and bedrooms and are turning up in our clubs. They make up a quarter of our workers and own nearly half of our national wealth. They are in our legislatures and in Congress. They sit on the judge's bench and they are members of the bar. They agitate for new laws. The Eighteenth Amendment is so much their legislative baby that the only hope of repeal lies in the magnificent women's organizations which are fighting against prohibition. They backed the anti-cigarette law of Kansas and they are back of the child-labor laws and maternity-relief laws. They are back of marriage and back of divorce, back of birth control and back of the fight against birth control.

INEVITABLY they have taken advantage of their privileges and have tried to regulate men by law as they have always done by guile. Since 1920 they have had the vote and are thereby partly responsible for the last twelve years of political disorganization, as a result of their unwillingness to cast the votes which they had demanded. They have doubled the electorate but have reduced its authority.

Whichever way you turn you find women blocking the exit, whether in the subway or in our civilization. From having once been a superior sort of domestic animal, they have suddenly become the tyrants of our marriage system. Gone are the days when the young master light-heartedly seduced the gamekeeper's daughter down by the rhododendrons. Gone are the days when the question "Will he marry the girl?" meant something. Today if the boss' son makes free with the chauffeur's daughter, she demands orchids instead of rhododendrons, and he is quite likely to get, along with the florist's bill, a summons for breach of promise, with the prospect of heavy damages. And if he has been fool enough to take her away for a week-end, he is quite likely to find himself up against the house detective or the Mann Act as well. Even for a married man the bad old life is gone.

With this set-up, marriage is the only legal way of all flesh in America. And once married always married, so far as your bank account is concerned. If you try to escape, you can be extradited and punished for the crime of desertion. Ours is the only country where divorce has become an industry. There is nearly one divorce for every ten American marriages; but the severance of the marriage tie does not sever the tie that binds the wife to the husband's pocketbook. The overwhelming majority

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

of our divorces are obtained by women. For it has become "the decent thing" for a man to let his wife divorce him, never to let it appear that he is sick and tired of or disgusted with her. And the courts, with fat-headed ferocity, hand down decrees condemning ex-husbands to pay and pay and pay, for the term of their natural lives, salaries to the women who have divorced them. The alimony racket, except as it applies to the support of children and of the women who take care of them, is often little short of blackmail.

There was a recent case in New York of a woman who attempted to have her ex-husband jailed because he had reduced her alimony from $15,000 to $5,000 a year. He pleaded that his income had been wiped out in the stock-market crash, and that even the reduced alimony left him only $1,500 a year for himself. His ex-wife knew all this and still had him brought into court in an effort to compel him to pay more than twice his income to a woman who refused to live with him, had borne him no children, and who admittedly did not care two cents for him, except as a steady source of income. In another case, the ex-wife of an alimony-hounded man blocked his attempt to remarry because, she contended, the fact that he had enough money to marry again showed that he ought to pay her more alimony.

The fact that there are wealthy ex-husbands who deliberately and maliciously refuse to pay for the support of their own children is no defense against such crimes.

In the eyes of the law a woman is the equal of a man—but try it on a jury! It didn't need the play Chicago to convince people that it is almost impossible in America to convict or to execute a woman for the crime of murder. The electrocution of Ruth Snyder in New York State for the murder of her husband was so rare as to be regarded as phenomenal. Even for lesser crimes a jury hesitates to "send this gently nurtured, tender creature to that great grim house of stone where she will become a number."

Women get us from the very start. Most mothers are women and most babies have a mother. As soon as we get through babyhood and toddle off to school, we and our innocent little minds are put in charge of women, and women teach us until we are twelve, fifteen, and even eighteen years old. That this has an enormous effect in taming us and in disintegrating our powers of resistance to women's ideas is obvious. It is quite true that a woman can't introduce sex into the multiplication table or the alphabet, but those are about the only subjects taught in school where she can't. From the age of six to fourteen—those crucial years—we are under the teaching of women.

So successful have they been in dominating us that it has become a boomerang.

A YOUNG woman who has taught school for several years and who would like to marry writes pathetically that men seem to prefer the fluffy, jazzy, gin-and-ginger girl to the woman who has culture, breeding, and ideas. She suggests that men, having once been taught by educated women, develop an instinctive fear of and dislike [illegible]r educated women. She says that she has given up the [illegible] of marriage, and concludes that the reason so few [illegible]en teachers marry is because, when a boy has been [illegible]ght, scolded, wheedled, and bullied by a woman into [illegible]ng a very few of his brain cells, that woman has made [illegible] impossible for him, in manhood, to regard any educated woman as anything but a petty tyrant.

And even after we get out of school women continue to conduct our secret education, with their eternal and their amazing exploitation of sex romance. The bulk of our popular books—with a few exceptions, like Sinclair Lewis' works—are by women. Fannie Hurst, Edna Ferber, Willa Cather, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Edith Wharton, Kathleen Norris form a gallery of best sellers hard to equal among our men, and almost all of them deal with love, marriage, and parenthood as the greatest theme in literature. There's no need to mention the movies again, except to state that, even with the talkies, our films are simply goofy with sex appeal.

Even religion, which was once the greatest career for the greatest men of the Western races, is becoming feminized. More and more it is the women who keep the churches going. Comparatively few men and children would go to church or to Mass except under the prodding of their wives and mothers. Take a look in any church on any Sunday morning and count the number of men and women. Women instinctively support the churches because, but for the Christian churches, they might never have escaped. When a great Roman gentleman like Cæsar could divorce his wife at will and on a moment's notice, just as a well bred Arab can turn over an Armenian concubine to his followers or an Asiatic can hire out his daughter to the keeper of a brothel, you can understand why women support the organized Christian religion.

SO our women have closed all ways of escape, and American men have suddenly realized that they are trapped. There is a middle-aged stockbroker in Washington who has recently electrified his friends by getting rid of thirty pounds of excess fat and appearing everywhere at teas and dances with his wife. It seems that he lost most of his pile in the second year when prosperity failed to return from around the corner in answer to the frantic whistles of the administration. His wife's money was, fortunately, tied up in a trust fund which could not be lost on the optimistic statement of a Cabinet officer who knew better but didn't dare say so before elections.

The broker in question had been notorious for his indifference to his wife. Now she has become his one best bet. He went to a gymnasium, pulled chest weights, brandished dumb-bells instead of selling them stock certificates, panted around the running track, until he had made himself over from a soft, pasty, moist-handed hulk into a bronzed, fit, and fairly attractive man about town. Then he set out to attract his wife and, with her, her money. At least, that's what gossip says about him.

In short, American men are becoming persuaded that they must make themselves more attractive to their women. That's why our country has suddenly become gigolo-conscious since the crash. Before United States Steel hit the skids and before the unemployment statistics began to read like the diameter of the solar system, we didn't know a gigolo from a wild flower. Now we are painfully aware that a gigolo is an attractive and unscrupulous man who is paid by women for their companionship and pleasure. Just as women once dressed—and still do—to compete with the daughters of joy who would lure their husbands and potential fiancés into nonconnubial sin, so American men—if only for business reasons—must compete with the lounge lizards and cooky pushers who may not know how to earn money, but who do know how to make themselves attractive to our women.

For American men have just discovered that they are living in the same country with a nation of sixty million beings who have an income of nearly forty billion dollars a year, and who maintain an iron grip on our politics, our education, our religion, and our civilization.

If this nation of women were located in Mexico, Canada, or Europe, we would know what to do. We would send our highest-pressure salesmen, our most expert lobbyists, our best diplomats, our shrewdest bankers. We would study that nation's tastes and prejudices and would make every effort to keep it entirely satisfied.

And that, of course, is exactly what we are doing; for it is not only true that American men cannot escape American women. It has suddenly become obvious that they don't really want to.

THE END

There Will Be No DOLE!

First of a New Series of Articles on Matters of State by

Underwood photo

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Governor of New York

(Reading time: 2 min. 35 sec.)

EXCEPT to increase its commands of thou-shalt-not, government during the past several decades has been withdrawing from practical contact with citizens as human individuals.

It has been losing gradually but certainly the intimate relation to and understanding of the human functions and human problems so essential to serving the basic purpose for which it was originally created by the people.

By the same token, the individual citizen has lost the relationship to his government which the colonial town meeting exemplified.

Men and women are becoming mere units in statistics. This is not human progress. In no other field has this need for contact in the relation of government to people been more clearly illustrated than in the matter of unemployment relief.

Government cannot give this relief by bureaucratic methods, because the human need is a vital personal matter to the man or woman being helped.

Adequate aid to the unemployed in this emergency is the most important problem before state governments today.

The unemployment relief just undertaken by the State of New York, to my mind, furnishes an example of the new view a government agency must take in order to restore in part the vitally necessary personal, individual contact with the citizens.

Any exaggeration of the facts of unemployment is just as wrong as any minimizing of the facts. New York State, in addition to this year's one hundred million dollar public works program, will spend ten millions of dollars on other public works, using manual labor only, to employ the unemployed, and another ten millions of dollars for food and clothing where no work can be found. Life and health must and will be maintained.

There will be no dole.

The use of public moneys is safeguarded. Communities must prove that work cannot be found or created and that they have done their utmost to relieve distress before they receive state funds. Individuals must prove that they cannot find work and that they are in distress before they receive food or clothing. Apportionment of funds will be made where the need is greatest, weighing the communities' financial ability and their initiative.

These are all temporary relief measures, but their enactment affects far more than the present problems because thereby the responsibilities of the state to its citizens have been reaffirmed.

It is most urgent that a state perform this real duty, because it is an historic function of our kind of state.

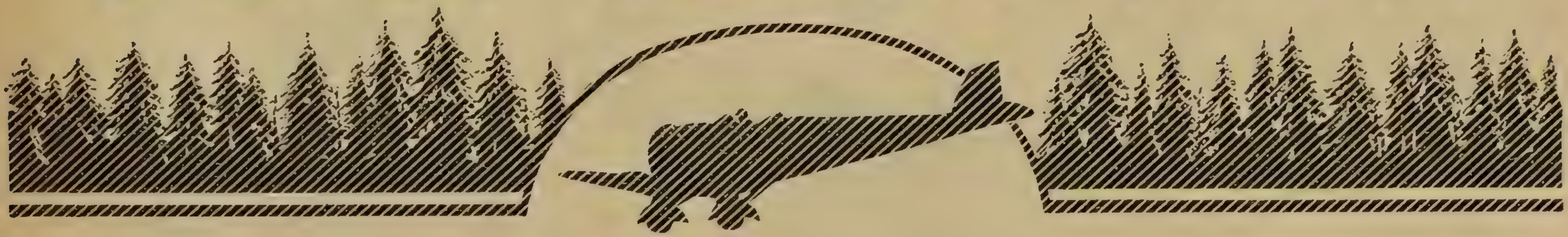
Prevention of further crises like the present one is a different problem, involving economics and long-range planning.

Actual relief work this winter in most places is too big for private and local facilities to meet. The state accepts the task cheerfully because it believes that it will help restore that close relationship with its people which is necessary to preserve our democratic form of government.

Franklin D Roosevelt

Another of this series of articles by Governor Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.

HAPPY LANDINGS



Would You Go to Prison to Save the Lives of a Mother and Her Children?

By BRUCE GOULD

Pictures by WILLIAM MACRAE GILLIES

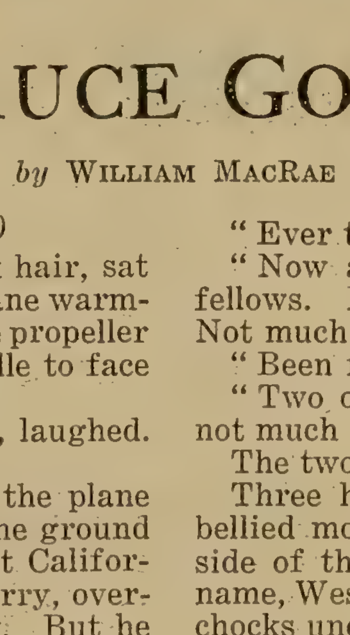
(Reading time: 29 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE man called Steve, with the curly black hair, sat on his horse watching a golden-winged plane warming up. The horse presented its tail to the propeller wash, but the man riding it twisted in the saddle to face the stinging blast, as if he liked the beat of it.

The field director, who was ducking himself, laughed. "Your horse's got sense, Steve."

The man made no reply. He just watched the plane which had been kicking up the fuss zoom off the ground and begin a stiff climbing spiral into the sunlit California sky. Only when it had faded into the smurry, overcast sky did he tear his eyes reluctantly away. But he did not seem to be seeing the field director even then.

His eyes, transparently blue, had that sheathed glance of eagles. They were looking into the far-away, as though through long custom of focusing on dim horizons. Finally, like one bringing himself out of overpowering memories with a jerk, he spoke:



"He's my best horse, Bob."

"Like horses?"

"Nothing I like better."

"No?" The field director seemed unconvinced. There was a moment of silence. He added: "Like planes?"

The man called Steve hesitated. At last: "Yeah, Bob, I like planes." Something intent in the manner of the field director made him seem to feel the need for greater explanation. "When I was in the army I used to be near a training field. It got so I went down there quite a lot."

"Same as you do here, eh?"

"Maybe not so much," he said, and stopped, as though the admission had somehow revealed a weakness. The field director was looking at him curiously. But the man's face was a hammered-copper mask, beaten into shape by sun and wind.

"Ever fly, Steve?" asked the field director some time later. The man on the horse shook his head. He watched a plane landing, its two wheels and skid sliding on to the macadamized runway without a jar.

"Nice three-point, Bob." The field director nodded assent, then persisted in his question:

"Ever think of flying?"

"Now and then, maybe. Contagious, watching you fellows. But I guess it's too expensive for a rancher. Not much money, ranching."

"Been ranching long, Steve?"

"Two or three years. Long enough to know there's not much money in it."

The two men laughed.

Three hangars down, mechanics were rolling a blue-bellied monoplane on to the concrete apron. Along the side of the fuselage ran a white arrow pointing to its name, Western Star. Out on the apron, mechanics threw chocks under the wheels.

"That must have cost you a few pennies, Bob."

"Money's not one of my worries. It's a sweet job."

"How did you happen to get the fever?"

"I didn't. Payson talked me into backing him."

"Think the ship can make it?"

"Maybe yes, maybe no. Depends on the pilot."

"How about Payson?"

"Lead in his tail. He takes that ship out, flies it around, comes back, and suggests a little alteration. I think he's scared."

"Well, it's a big pond."

"I'm not saying it isn't—and I'm not going to press a man to go if he doesn't want to. I'd rather take the loss."

"Maybe Payson's decided he doesn't want to visit China," said the man, laughing.

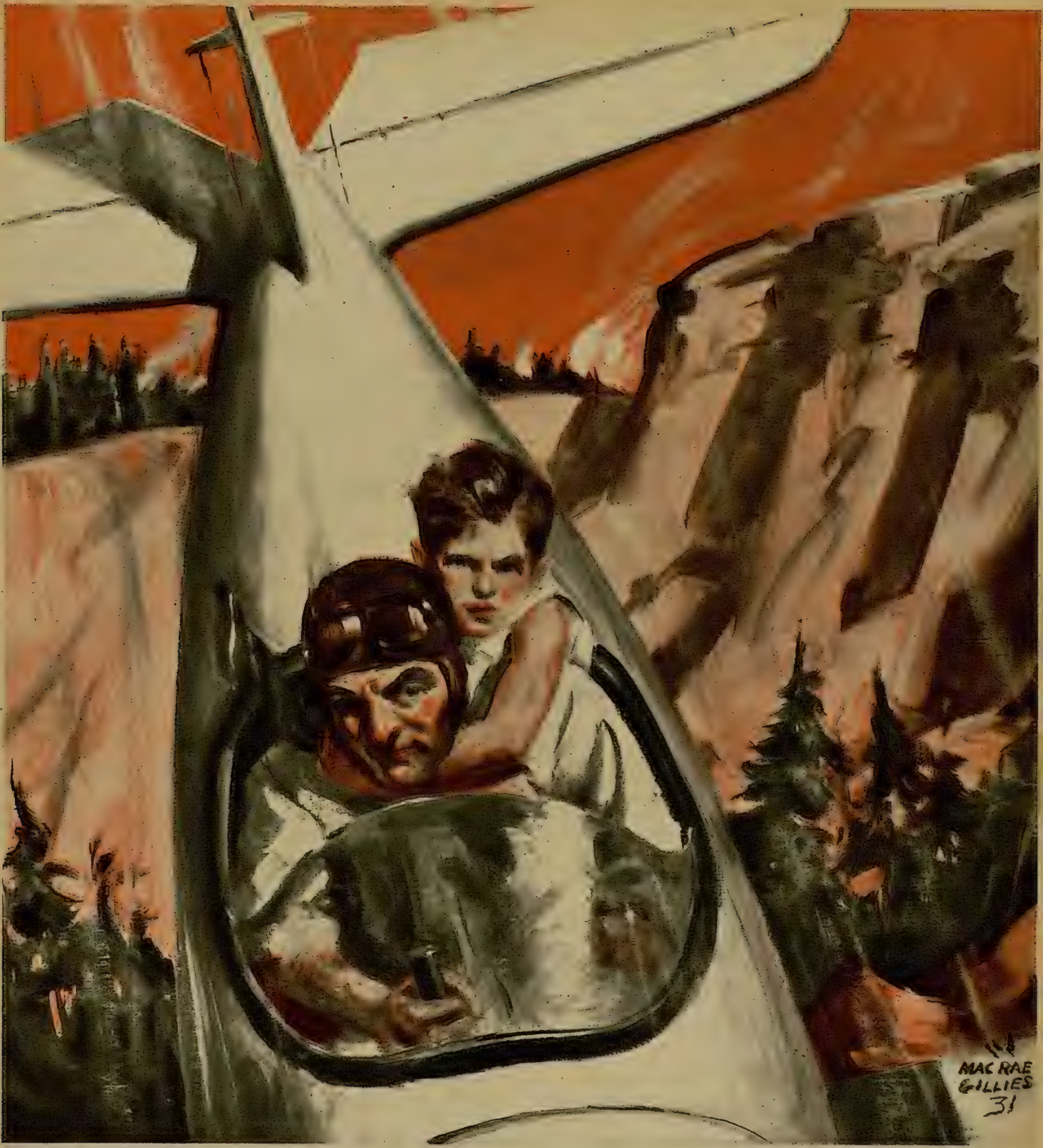
"I think Payson will visit China—town. By bus. Then he can feel sure of coming back."

Mechanics clambered over the back of the Western Star, laboring as feverishly as though the plane had been ordered ready for the Pacific hop in half an hour. Part of the Venturi cowling was off. It was leaning against the spatted wheels.

"Let's look at it?"

The field director nodded.

The man rode his horse up to the cockpit, standing up in his stirrups to peer inside. He gave it a long, careful scrutiny, while the field director jumped up on the wing, opened the door, stepped inside.



The plane went off Table Rock with a tiny zoom. Then it dived screaming down the cliff side.

"Get out of that saddle and see how it feels to sit in an airplane. For once," he added.

At first the man didn't seem inclined to accept the suggestion. Then he seemed to obey a sudden impulse, quickly, eagerly. He slipped his lithe two hundred pounds into the cockpit with the practiced ease of an expert.

THE field director swept his hand across the instrument board, wiggled the stick.

"Some baby! Everything here but the teething ring."

A clerk came running up, yelled to the field director:

"The Forestry Service called. The fire's been spreading. They want Ranger Pryor to fly over to Table Rock. They think a cabin's been marooned."

The field director was climbing out.

"Ever been in a forest fire?"

The man inside the cockpit shook his head.

"Bumpy flying. That hot air blows you right upstairs."

"Must be hell," agreed the man, delicately fingering the stick.

The field director looked at him questioningly a minute.

"Make yourself at home. When you get tired looking at gadgets, come on back to the office."

He hurried away.

The man sat in the cockpit looking at the instruments, valves, and knickknacks by which a pilot flies an ocean. Some of the things he fingered fondly; some things he tapped. Once he slapped the stick smartly to the left, kicked the rudder, and looked at the instrument board as though expecting it to register alarm. When it did nothing at all he grinned, said something under his breath which sounded like:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HAPPY LANDINGS
Continued from page twenty-seven

"I could make you act up, baby."

He looked around to see where the mechanics were. They were hammering something under the wing, oblivious to him. There was no one else close by.

Cautiously at first, he began to put the plane through every imaginable maneuver. Sitting there on the ground, he worked the stick and rudder as skillfully as though he were tearing through the air.

Then the man leaned back, his hand dropped the stick, he closed his eyes as in a dream.

"Can't sleep here."

The mechanic added:

"Gotta finish tapin' that oil line."

"O. K."

He got out quickly, jumped on his horse, and cantered back to the field director's office. He was greeted with a gibe:

"Must have liked that ship?"

"Looked all right."

"Know how long you were in it?"

"Five or ten minutes, I guess."

"It's just an hour since I left you."

"Well, time flies, doesn't it?"

"And so do a lot of other things," the field director remarked.

The man looked soberly at him.

"While you were gone," the field director continued, "the mail came, and I got another of these things." He held up a leaflet. "I get 'em two or three times a year."

SUDDENLY the field director began talking like one who has made up his mind to say certain things whether he's being listened to or not. As he talked he turned away, whether not to see the face of the man called Steve, or to watch through the window the antics of a tricky little monoplane just sideslipping in, it would be difficult to say.

He spoke hurriedly:

"I was brought up to run the family mines like a respectable citizen. Did I do it? I got watchin' the boys flyin' and—well, here I am a field director, and so darned contented I don't want to quit wastin' my time. You better stay away from airports, Steve. Flyin'll get you."

"Oh, I guess not, Bob." The man's tone was easy.

As if he had failed to impress him sufficiently, the field director went on:

"In the first place, you look too much like a flyer, Steve. You look a whole lot like the guy who was the sweetest flyer I ever saw. Your hair is black. His was red. You've got about the same build, though, and you handle yourself a lot like he did. His name was Rusty Galloway. A fellow on the east coast. Ever see him fly?"

The man shook his head, but then he saw that the field director wasn't looking at him.

"I haven't been East in two or three years, Bob." The man's voice was calm, unhurried, but perhaps a shade harder than normal.

"Rusty Galloway was the sweetest flyer I ever saw. Just hell on wings."

"Must have been good, Bob, to stick in your mind all this time."

"His flyin' wasn't the only reason he sticks in my mind, Steve. Suddenly, right when he was at his best, he dropped out of sight. Didn't you ever read about it?"

"Can't say that I did."

The field director had hardly waited for the denial, almost as if he had expected it.

"It all happened the day of a big air meet on Long Island. Rusty had cooked up a new stunt—flyin' backward in a high wind. You've never seen it done, and neither have I, because his best pal flipped to see who'd try it first, and Rusty lost. When this lad—he was Rusty's protégé in a way—cracked up cold, Rusty went sort of haywire, I guess. Anyway, later that afternoon he knocked a bird down in his own home. The fellow's head hit an andiron going down, and the coroner called it manslaughter."

Whirling around suddenly, the field director picked up the printed leaflet again, and tossed it across the table to Steve.

"The whole story's there in black and white. The police still seem to be lookin' for him."

The man called Steve read the leaflet carefully before handing it back.

"I suppose they figure a man like Rusty, even though he was trying to hide, couldn't stay away from an airport for very long," he said, returning the leaflet.

"That's the way they figure, I suppose, Steve." The field director carefully creased the printed leaflet and placed it inside his pocketbook. "I never knew Rusty Galloway personally, but I think I know the kind of a guy he was, from watchin' him fly. I don't think he'd hit another guy without good reason. That's why I'd want to know the whole story before I turned him in."

"Well, Bob, I don't suppose he'll ever drop around and tell you. Not, at least, unless he got to know you as well as I do."

"I can wait," said the field director.

A plane roared over the roof, the gun was out, a quick landing made, and it came sizzling across the airport.

In another instant Ranger Pryor burst into the door. Beads of sweat stood on his face, his collar was wilted, his face sagged with its weight of distress. He looked at the two men a full instant before he blurted out:

"There's two kids up there!"

Suddenly his nerve completely left him; he shuddered all over; dry sobs caught in his throat. His lips refused to make sounds. He moved toward the field director, feeling with his arm like a blind man.

The director poured a stiff one.

"Here, Pryor."

They watched the raw stuff take effect.

"NOW, what is it?"

The forest ranger's tone, lower now, was still ragged:

"Those two kids—"

"Well, what about them?" harshly.

The ranger caught the director's arm, clutching it now and then.

"They're up there on Table Rock—in the cabin—with their mother. The fire's within an hour of them. I circled it. When they heard me, the mother rushed out. They were waving to me, like they were afraid I wouldn't see 'em. She was leading one kid. The other—"

He broke down. The director shook him. He went on faintly:

"—she was carrying."

Outside the room the racket of motors continued. Planes landed, tuned up, took off. At last the director swallowed, broke the silence:

"The lookout telephoned that there was a clearing in front of the cabin." The ranger didn't seem to hear.

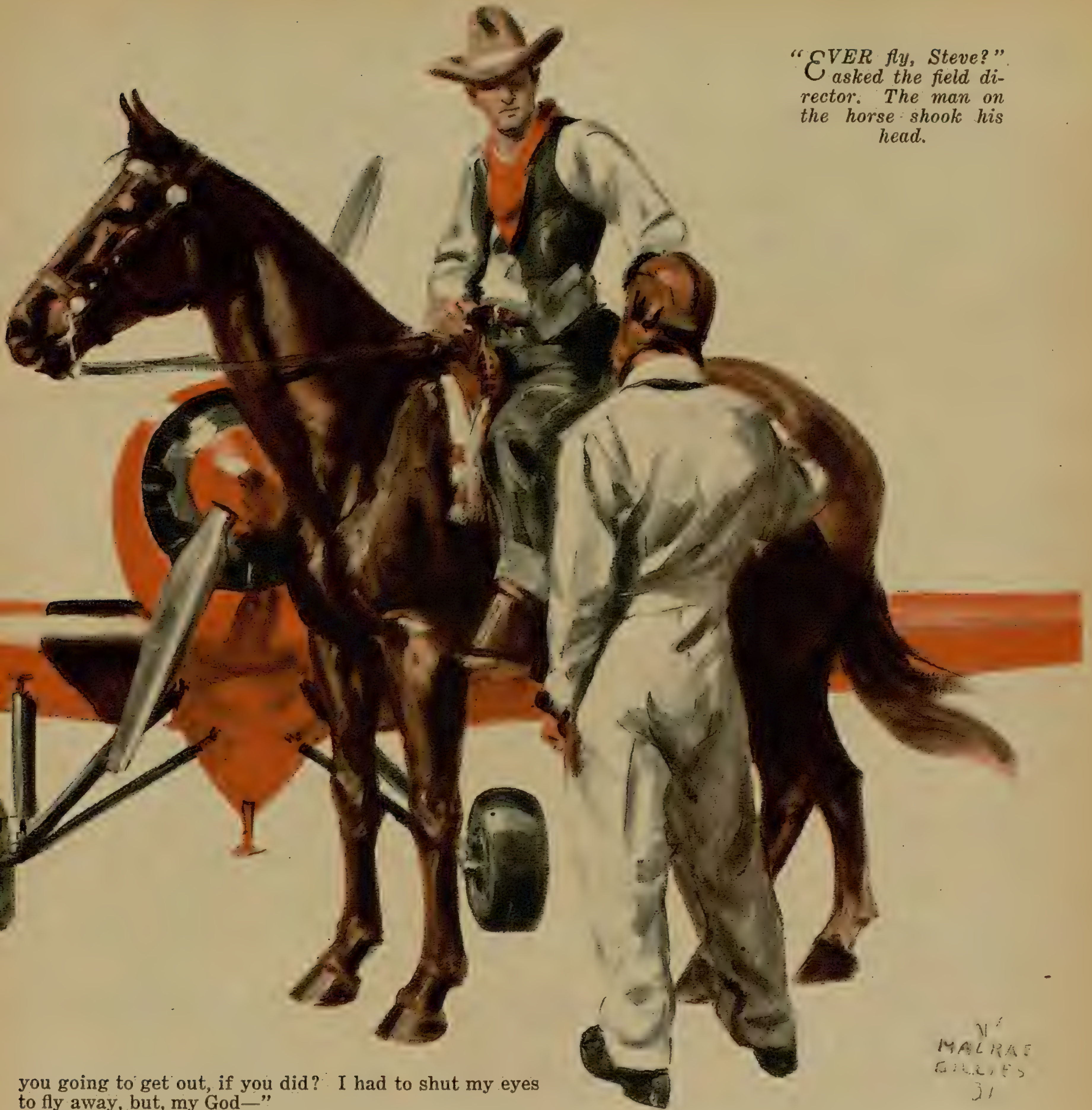
"When I finally flew away, they were still waving. But I didn't have the guts to go back there and crash."

The director was insistent:

"Isn't there any landing place there?"

"Damn it, would I be sitting here if there was? There isn't enough open space for a croquet ground. Three sides of it's trees. Fourth's a cliff—straight down a thousand feet to the river.

"I dragged it three times. The ground's smooth enough. But how you going to get into there? And how



"EVER fly, Steve?" asked the field director. The man on the horse shook his head.

you going to get out, if you did? I had to shut my eyes to fly away, but, my God—"

He buried the balls of his thumbs in his eyes, jumped up, and started for the door.

"Where you going?" asked the director.

"Back there and pile up, by God! Then I won't feel as if I'd burned 'em up."

The director grabbed him and threw him back into the chair.

"Hell, Pryor, I know you've got guts. But it takes more than that."

The ranger sat slumped in the chair, shivering.

"There ain't a pilot living can make it."

They left the ranger sitting there, huddled miserably.

Outside, the field director called to half a dozen pilots. They ambled over. He put it to them bluntly:

"Who wants to pick a coupla people off Table Rock?"

"It can't be done. What's up?"

As they spoke, a car drove up. Out of it leaped a young man in a hurry. He made straight for the group.

"I'm from the Bulletin. We just got word about a marooned cabin. Anybody in it?"

"A woman and two kids."

"When'll Ranger Pryor be back?"

"He's back now."

"Swell."

"In my office."

"Fine."

The reporter turned to go.

"Mother and kids in there with him?"

"No." The reporter stopped. "Pryor couldn't make a landing."

"You mean he's going to let 'em burn?" There was more incredulity than scorn in his voice.

But the field director's tone was icy:

"Maybe you'd like to fly up there and bring 'em back yourself. Scoop for your paper."

"No, thank you—"

"Then shut up about men who've tried."

The reporter changed his tone.

"My mistake. Sorry."

The field director turned back to his pilots.

"Pryor says it can't be done."

"I know damn' well it can't, Bob. I've flown that country."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HAPPY LANDINGS
Continued from page twenty-nine

"Table Rock's no bigger than a Mexican dollar. Teetering on a cliff," said another pilot.

"Well," said the field director, "we'll all have to go in there and crash, then."

"That's what it'll be, Bob."

"I'm damned if I can just sit here."

"All right, Bob. We'll follow you."

The pilots scattered to their planes.

The man Steve stood rigid for a moment, his hard brown hands clenched. Something in his tension caught the field director's eye.

"What's troubling you?" he asked.

"You can't let those fellows go in there and just crack up, Bob."

"Maybe one of 'em will make it."

"Any of them better flyers than Pryor?"

"Well"—the field director hesitated—"no. Pryor's as good as any of 'em."

"Then what's the object?"

The field director shrugged.

"You can't send three pilots—just because they're willing—out to break their necks." His tone was strained and hard, his words were brittle. "Can't kill friends that way. The others won't benefit."

The field director was white by now. He spoke hoarsely:

"You can't just sit by, either, while a woman and two kids burn up."

The man gripped the director's shoulder with his lean brown fingers.

"Let me have the Western Star."

"No."

"You don't get me, Bob. I can fly it."

"No."

"You don't understand, Bob. With this high wind, maybe I can make that landing."

"No. We're the flyers around here." The field director turned to go. The man caught him roughly with both hands, whirled him about like a top.

"Bob," his voice was pleading, "I've watched you fly. I've watched your flyers. They're good boys. But a job like this—you're all washed up before you start. I'd just be a bum."

The field director looked him straight in the eyes. They held steady, though their transparent blue seemed focused on dim horizons.

"I'm not saying whether I think you can fly the Western Star or not, Steve. Maybe you can. But you've been leading a pretty quiet life—as a rancher—lately. You seem to like it."

He added deliberately:

"Well, if you can pull that woman and her two kids off Table Rock, it won't be a quiet life any longer. You can't hide a rescue like that under a gas barrel."

He jerked his thumb at the Bulletin man.

"Not with these damn' reporters around."

THE man called Steve stood quite still for a minute. He was a man more accustomed to acting than to thinking. Usually doing followed so closely on decision that he was aware of no mental process at all. But now with his life at a crossroads, his mind worked like the mind of a drowning man for a space, with complete clarity.

The stunt he'd have to perform perfectly, if he tried to land on Table Rock, was the one his pal had desperately attempted at that air meet. He could see again that silver plane as it hung in the air by its prop; hung there like a man swinging perilously from a ledge by his finger tips. Slowly it had been blown backward by the forty-mile wind, the forward thrust of the propeller not quite equaling the backward push of the near gale. Flying backward toward a tiny white flag stuck in the far corner of the airport, as he and his best friend had planned the stunt, the silver plane had gradually settled, teetering on the edge of a disastrous tailspin. It balanced precariously there, on the point of success. Then—the nose reared up too high, a gust swooped under the wing, it began sliding back too fast. A stall, a spin. His pal had done a desperate thing, given it full gun. Steve remembered vividly the roar, the splintering crash, the delayed explosion, flames, the sharp agony in the pit of his stomach as he knew completely what had happened. Would he be any luckier in this desperate landing at Table Rock?

And if he escaped that, brought out the woman and kids, what awaited him? The field director had already painted the picture for him. There was no doubt about it. He could almost hear a harsh voice saying, "Well, we've got you at last." Steel on his wrists, a dreary train journey back East, the nauseating ordeal of a trial, prison—because he had killed accidentally a human rat who deserved a deliberate snuffing out.

There was no evading the inevitable choice. It was his life, his freedom, against a desperate chance that he might save a woman and two kids he'd never seen. But it was a three-to-one gamble.

He looked up into the eyes of the field director.

"I'll take that plane, Bob. Don't come in after me if I fold up. No one else will be able to make it if I fail."

The director's fist banged the man's chest twice tentatively, then hard.

"O. K."

WITHOUT a word, the man turned, running light and swift like a jungle cat suddenly released from captivity, headed for the Western Star.

"Who's that?" asked the reporter.

"A flyer."

"You figure him good enough for that job, Bob?" incredulously asked one of the pilots waiting near by.

"Yes," said the field director tersely.

"I'll show him the way."

"I may be needed," said another.

The angry wail of inertia starters pierced the air, motors popped like giant crackers, warmed as they idled, roared into full power. The pilot who was to show the way streaked across the airport. The Western Star was next. With its light load, it fairly leaped into the air from where it stood. The other two followed in line.

The field director watched them all off silently. Once he put his hand to his forehead, squeezed it hard, let his hand drop. The reporter watched him curiously, joggled his arm.

"What's the guy's name?"

"Steve," said the field director evenly. "Steve Buchanan."

"Never heard of him before," said the reporter.

"No?"

"Funny he could do something your flyers couldn't, and I never heard of him before."

"Well, you ought to get around more," said the field director harshly.

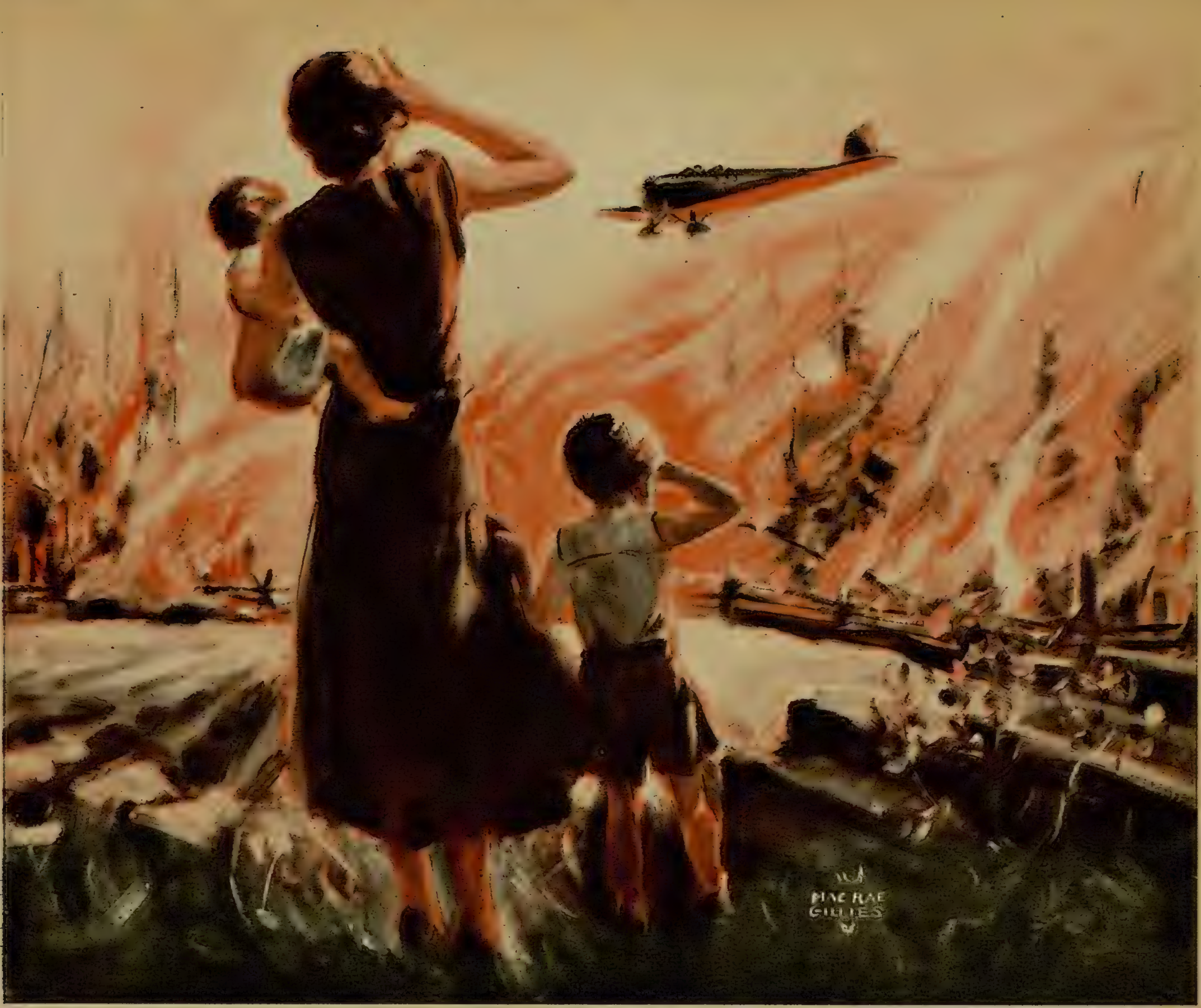
The reporter started for the office.

"Guess I'll get on the telephone. This looks good."

Up in the air the man called Steve sat in the cockpit of the Western Star, following the leader. Two others sat on his tail. It was a quick stiff climb toward Table Rock, for they had to leap the ridge of the Coast Range. Once over the spreading panhandle, the country below roughened. Heavily timbered, full of gorges, it was bad for flying.

They crossed the first range obliquely, their shadows slowly creeping across the divide, then racing headlong in lengthening silhouettes down the steep slope. Before them flamed the forest fire, unending miles of it. Over the ruined section drifted a black pall of smoke, edged with bright flames where the fire leaped ahead like a consuming demon. Everything live fled before it.

The leading plane turned slightly straight up Broken Neck Valley. Far below a tiny river twinkled in the sunlight. The four planes, wing by tail, wound along above the river for several miles, hurtled about in the drafts of bumpy air. Smoke had drifted everywhere, fogging the air, even at this height. The leader darted



Suddenly its motor roared on again. The woman stopped waving, stood there like a stone figure.

through the break, waggled his wings. There was Table Rock hanging high above the river like a plate on a juggler's stick. Only it looked smaller than a plate.

They dived and roared around it in a circle, for a preliminary look. The fire was licking its relentless way toward the cabin, set back in the trees.

Then the three other planes pulled up and out, while the Western Star spiraled down and dragged the tiny clearing six separate times, as though to see every blade of grass.

THE roar of the four planes had brought the woman out again. At first she just stood there, holding one child, the other by her side. Her dress whipped in the stiff breeze, but she made no motion. Only when the single plane dived down, spiraling almost inside the circle of trees, did she begin to wave.

The little fellow caught the excitement. He began waving too.

The wind was in a lucky quarter, coming straight and smart down the Joachim Valley. Its clear sweep hit the tiny headland with full force.

Five or six hundred feet up, the three watching planes kept out of the way. They wheeled round and round monotonously, like a flock of buzzards on motionless wings.

The other plane came in as a test, idling down lower and lower, almost stalling. It floated just over the level of the trees. Suddenly its motor roared on again, a split second before the plane reached the sweeping updraft at the edge of the cliff, and shot out far over the valley.

The woman stopped waving, stood there like a stone figure.

Once more it came in. Barely over the trees, creeping against the wind, nose almost up to the burble point, the plane balanced on a knife edge of equilibrium. It was beyond the line of trees now, well out into the clearing, almost over the cliff. The gun was cut by a hair, the nose pulled up a thought. The plane settled slightly, drifted backward almost imperceptibly as though it would slide by the tail into the trees again. For a moment nothing seemed to be done.

Suddenly the motor roared; the woman's hand went to her throat. The motor died almost instantly, the nose of the plane dropped. The wheels hit the ground with a bang, well forward of the trees, bounced ahead twice, and stopped on the cliff's edge as the brakes held.

The plane hadn't enough room to turn around in, so the pilot climbed out and carried the tail around himself. Then he got in again and taxied back to the edge of the clearing, got out and carried the tail around again so that it actually stuck back under the trees, giving the last possible inch for the take-off. Through the trees the fire could be seen now, sending up showers of sparks as it rushed forward.

As soon as the pilot waved, the woman hurried toward him as swiftly as she could, carrying her baby. The little boy's legs twinkled beside her. In a minute she picked him up to stagger along faster. The pilot advanced, took the boy, and carried him around the wing to the door.

He got in first, carrying the boy. Then he reached for the baby. It was asleep. The woman climbed in after. He gave her back her baby, and belted the woman in securely.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

HAPPY LANDINGS
Continued from page thirty-one

"When we go over the cliff," he said, "we may drop a ways. So hold on to the baby tight. The belt will hold you."

The woman said nothing. All her appeal was in her eyes.

"Now, buddy," he said to the boy, "I'm going to make a pilot out of you. You're going to direct things. Up you go."

He swung the boy behind his back, put his arms around his neck, set his legs under his armpits.

"Now try to choke me."

The little boy's arms tightened. The man chuckled.

"That's right. Hug me tight like that till I holler. All set?"

"I'm ready, mister," said the boy. The woman nodded, tightened her hold.

"O. K. Hold tight, sonny!"

He pushed hard on the brakes, gave it the gun till the sides of the imprisoned plane shuddered in the blast. The awakened baby began to yell. When it seemed that the pilot couldn't hold the plane another instant, he slightly lifted the tail, and released the brakes. The ship leaped forward, the tail came up, he shoved the throttle full out.

The wheels hit a stone, bounced. The edge of the cañon yawned. At the last minute, just as the wheels spun on the last bit of rock, the man pulled back sharply, then shoved the stick quickly forward.

The plane went off Table Rock with a tiny zoom, just enough to keep the tail from tripping them as the plane settled. Then it dived screaming down the cliff side, its belly not ten feet off the rocky wall, but gathering speed.

Three hundred feet down the pilot caught the air again, leveled off toward the opposite cliff, threw the plane into a flipper spiral, tightened his arm on the boy's leg as he felt the lad slipping, and straightened the plane out again up the valley, now climbing fast.

Only then did he look round for the other planes. They had gone mad, chasing each other about in the sky like squirrels in a cage. He looked at the woman. She was hushing her baby. He reached around, swung the boy down into his lap, as he headed back for the airport, over the range.

"Well, sonny, how'd you like to be a pilot?"

"Gee, I'd like it!" The boy's eyes were wide with mingled delight and fear. "That was fun, wasn't it?"

"It's what I call fun, sonny. Now I'll show you how we fly. See that mountain? We got to go by the left of that."

The woman smiled over her baby, reached over and smoothed the hair of her boy. He paid no attention, because just then he was holding the stick and passing to the left of the mountain.

TWO or three hundred people surged toward the plane as it dropped down on the hard runway. The field director opened the door and lifted out the woman and her children. Someone hurried them away. The man slid over, but stayed inside the cockpit. The reporter rushed up.

A flashlight exploded, then another.

"Tell us how you did it," said the reporter. "Your picture's going to be plastered on every front page in the country."

The field director took a hand.

"Go on up to the office. Keep the other reporters there too, when they come. I'll bring him up later."

"O. K. I'll be interviewing the woman and her kids."

Mechanics cleared away the curious throng. The two men were alone. They looked at each other silently for a moment, then the director spoke:

"That was a marvelous thing you did."

"I suppose there's no use trying to keep it from you any longer," the man replied. "I'm Rusty Galloway."

"Hell, I've known that for six months. Watching you in the old days is what made me take up flying."

Rusty grinned.

"I thought I had been pretty clever."

"Yah, honin' around these planes the past year like you wanted to kiss 'em."

"Any of the others know me?"

"I don't think so, but it's all blown up now."

"That makes it nice," said Rusty. "I'm wanted for murder back in Long Island."

"That's why I was trying to warn you."

"Oh, I got you, and thanks." He spoke again. "The papers made me out a pretty tough hombre."

"Yes, and got a bad break. Drunk, they said, and slugging a fellow over an actress."

"Well," said Rusty, "that was better than dragging in another woman's name."

"I wondered if there wasn't something like that in it."

"She was the finest woman I've ever known, Bob. Married to a louse."

Both were silent for a space.

"Well, where'll I go next?"

"Canada? Mexico?"

"They can extradite you from either."

"God, you've got a rotten break."

The muscles of Rusty's mouth tightened.

"Will you lend me the Western Star, Bob?"

"China?"

"They've got so many murderers over there, they wouldn't bother about one more. And I've always wanted to fly the Pacific."

The field director hesitated.

"If you don't mind backing a dark horse?"

"Weather's not so good."

"Well, I can't promise to send the plane back parcel post."

"Hell, it's not the plane I'm worried about. That's yours. Six more, if they'd do you any good."

UNDER the field director's orders, mechanics gassed up the plane to the last drop. Just before he closed the cockpit door, the director extended his hand.

"I'll be seeing yuh, Rusty. In China. By boat."

"I'll be seeing yuh," said Rusty.

They shook hands.

"They don't come any finer."

Rusty grinned.

"Boloney!"

"Happy landings!" said the field director. . . .

A few minutes later the Western Star was racing down the long runway, its steel-lunged motor bellowing its strength. Once it banged, bounced, swayed dangerously. Again it leaped slightly into the air.

On the third try it flicked the gravel again, but held, rising painfully but certainly, headed west.

"That's your Pacific plane," said the reporter, surprised.

"Yep."

"Payson's not in it?"

"Nope—that guy—Steve Buchanan. He talked me into letting him try the Pacific flight."

"Say, he sure can fly, for an amateur!"

"Amateur, hell!" said a lanky pilot, spitting contemptuously. "Don't you know nothing? There's only one flyer could have pulled those people off Table Rock. That was Rusty Galloway."

"Rusty Galloway!" exclaimed the reporter. "Why, he's a killer. They're looking for him back in Long Island."

He thought a minute, looked hard at the field director.

"Say! You let him have that plane for the Pacific flight. There's no extradition with China."

"Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed the field director. "He told me his name was Steve Buchanan."

The Western Star was just disappearing in the dim horizon.

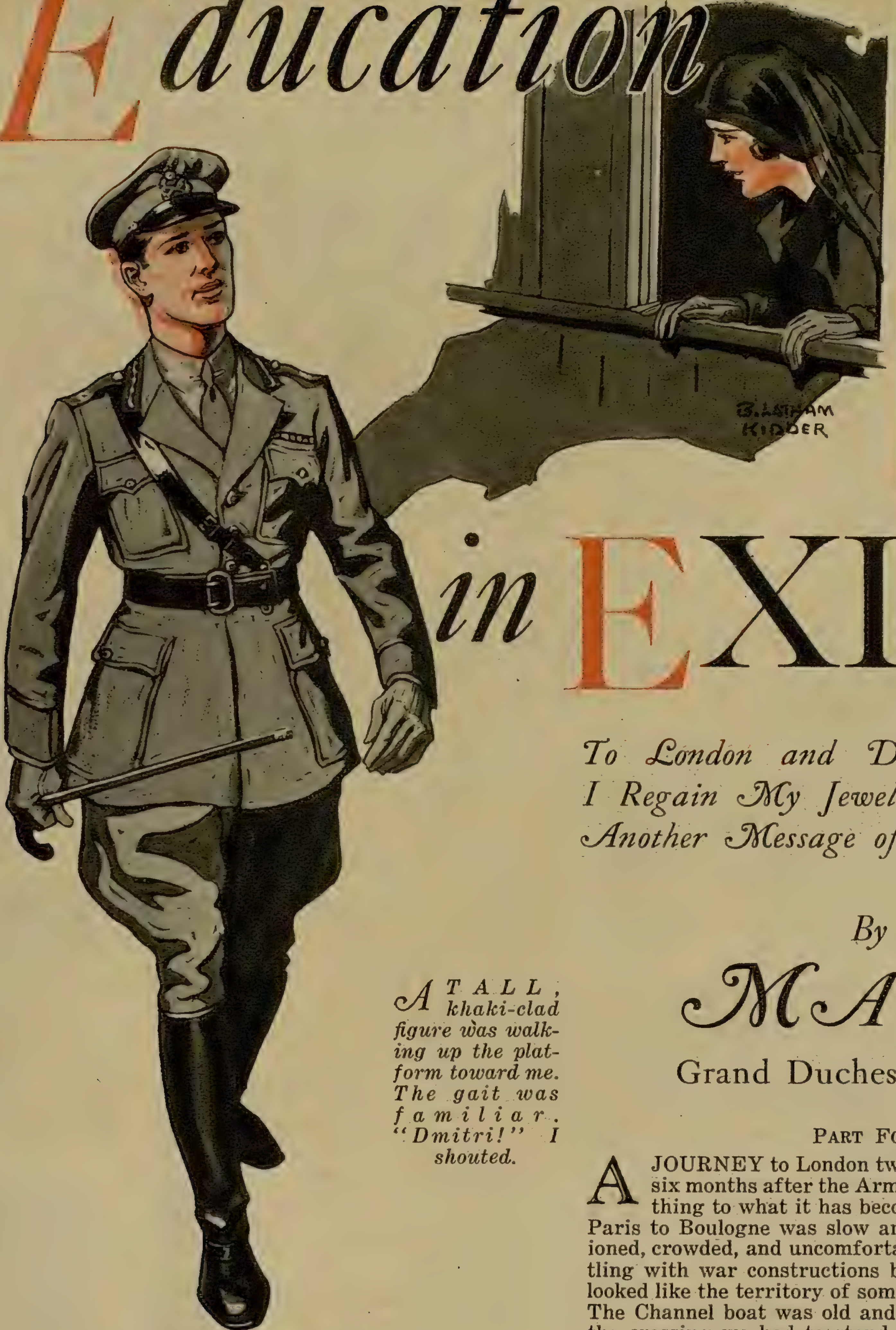
"He won't be able to make that hop, anyway," said a square-jawed flyer, scuffing a foot. "Nobody could, with this weather."

"Nobody," stated the lanky one—and there was a finality about his words which ended argument—"nobody but Rusty Galloway."

THE END

Pictures by B. Latham Kidder

Education in EXILE



To London and Dmitri— I Regain My Jewels—Still Another Message of Death

A TALL, khaki-clad figure was walking up the platform toward me. The gait was familiar. "Dmitri!" I shouted.

By

MARIE

Grand Duchess of Russia

(Reading time: 23 minutes 50 seconds.)

HER first experiences as a refugee in Paris, on her way from Bucharest to London to join her brother, Grand Duke Dmitri, were recounted by Grand Duchess Marie in last week's installment of Education in Exile. With her husband, Prince Putiatin, she was obliged to stop over in the French capital to await the passport visas required for entrance to England. While waiting, she went to Boulogne-sur-Seine and visited the house that in happier days had been the home of her idolized father, Grand Duke Paul. It will be remembered that in the winter following her escape from Russia, Grand Duke Paul had been murdered by his Bolshevik jailers; also, that she and her husband, escaping, had left their infant son to be brought out of Russia by the parents of the prince.

PART FOUR

A JOURNEY to London twelve years ago and hardly six months after the Armistice was a very different thing to what it has become now. The train from Paris to Boulogne was slow and the carriages old-fashioned, crowded, and uncomfortable. Boulogne, still bristling with war constructions but silent and abandoned, looked like the territory of some martial sleeping beauty. The Channel boat was old and dirty. Through most of the crossing we had to stand in a line with other foreigners to have our passports stamped. When at last you penetrated into the cabin which the official used as an office you had to sit down in front of him and undergo a perfectly polite but minute oral examination. At the end of it you felt almost a spy.

But in England nothing indicated the recent hostilities: the landscape lay smooth and peaceful, undisturbed by barbed wire and wooden shacks; everything was orderly and neat. It was not without interest that I took my first look at the Dover cliffs. I had never been in England before, but the journey up to London left me few impressions. I could think of nothing but the meeting with Dmitri that lay ahead of me. The nearer we got to London the more nervous I grew.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EDUCATION IN EXILE
Continued from page thirty-three

At last the train entered Victoria Station. Long before it had pulled up I was hanging out of the carriage window scanning the platform. The train stopped. A tall khaki-clad figure was walking up the platform toward me; the swinging gait was familiar.

"Dmitri!" I shouted.

The face under a British officer's cap looked up in the direction of my voice. It was he, it was Dmitri. I rushed blindly through the aisle of the Pullman and jumped down on to the platform. Our hands met. We looked at each other in silence, suddenly overcome by something that was more like embarrassment than anything else. Shyly Dmitri drew off his cap and we embraced. Then, still without uttering a word, we stood apart and looked at each other again. How different he had become! No more was he the fair-skinned, gracile youth I had seen off at the empty station on the wintry night of 1916. Lines had appeared on the now tanned face, his shoulders had broadened, he seemed much taller; he had become a man.

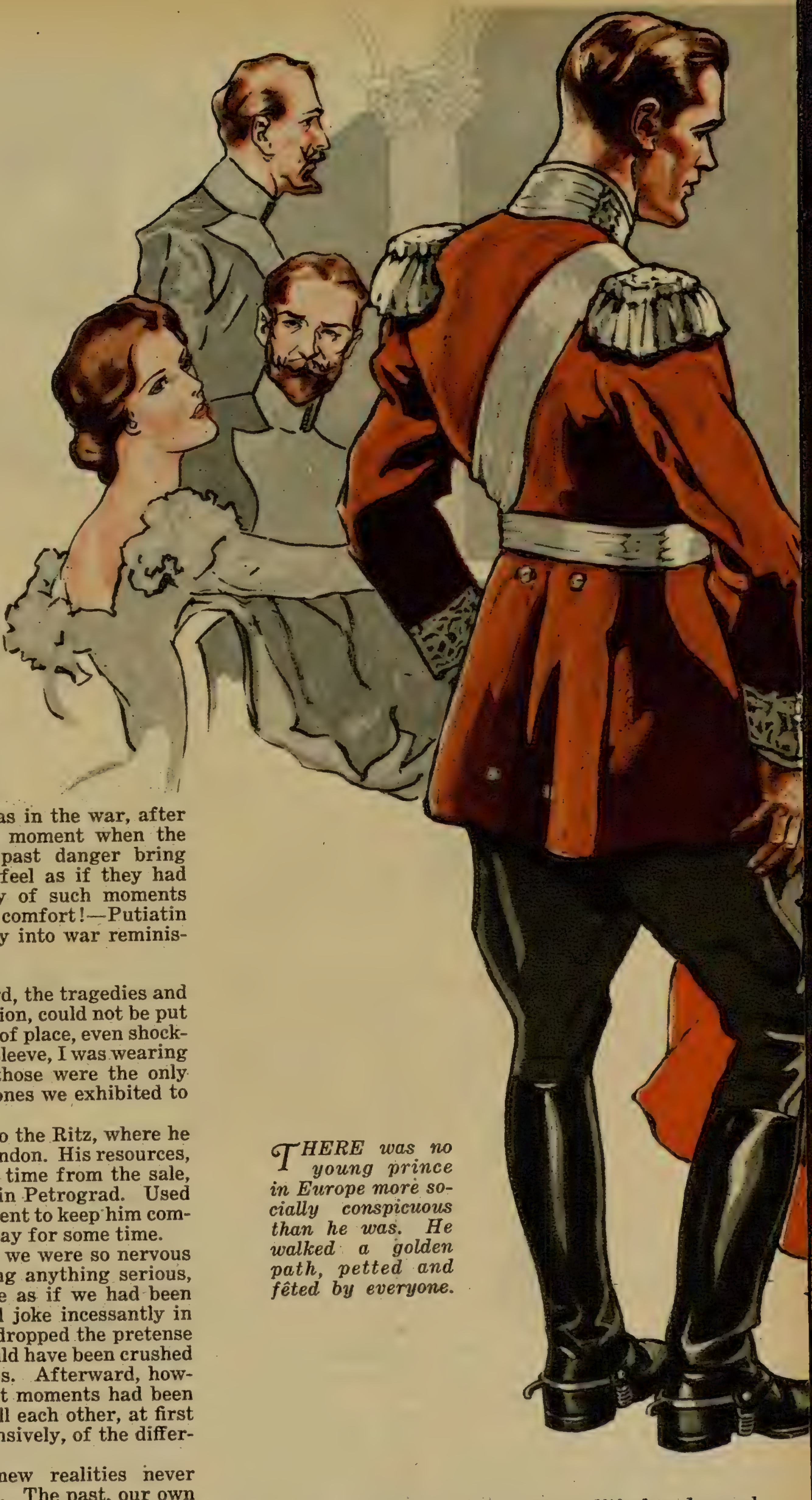
A welcome relief to the almost unbearable tension of these few first seconds was brought by my husband, who had joined me on the platform and had now, I felt, to be introduced. Dmitri spontaneously turned toward his new brother-in-law and warmly clasped his hand. They had met but once before; it was in the war, after some heated engagement, during a moment when the excitement and exhilaration of a past danger bring strangers together and make them feel as if they had been lifelong friends. The memory of such moments never entirely fades away. What a comfort!—Putiatin and Dmitri could plunge immediately into war reminiscences.

THE misery of what came afterward, the tragedies and losses of the years of our separation, could not be put in words; words would have been out of place, even shocking. Dmitri had a black band on his sleeve, I was wearing my crape bonnet with a veil, and those were the only visible signs of our scars; the only ones we exhibited to each other and the world.

From the station Dmitri took us to the Ritz, where he had been living since his arrival in London. His resources, as I learned afterward, came at the time from the sale, during the revolution, of his palace in Petrograd. Used with discretion, the money was sufficient to keep him comfortable in a comparatively modest way for some time.

During our first evening together we were so nervous that we carefully avoided mentioning anything serious, and our conversation was as puerile as if we had been children still. We had to laugh and joke incessantly in order to stun ourselves. If we had dropped the pretense of gayety even for a moment, we should have been crushed by the weight of what was within us. Afterward, however, when the acuteness of the first moments had been somewhat dulled, we were able to tell each other, at first only in snatches and then more extensively, of the different phases of our experiences.

But our attitude toward the new realities never changed; we tried to laugh them off. The past, our own past, still held the most important place in our lives; we were like people roughly shaken out of a pleasant dream, waiting for the moment to go to sleep again. When we spoke of our father, it was as of a living being from whom we had for a time been separated; of Aunt Ella likewise; and especially of the emperor and empress, in whose death few at the moment believed. The political and moral reasons which had brought on the catastrophe in Russia we never discussed with each other. Both of us had the feeling that we wanted to wait and let the sand storm of hairsplitting subside to allow us to see clearly and form unprejudiced opinions of our own.



THERE was no young prince in Europe more socially conspicuous than he was. He walked a golden path, petted and fêted by everyone.

B. LATHAM KIDDER

Dmitri had not only grown more mature physically; he had greatly developed mentally as well, and for me this change was both extremely gratifying and in a way heartbreaking. Nobody had had an easier, a more brilliant début in life than he. He had a large fortune with very few responsibilities attached to it, and unusually good looks coupled with charm; and he was also the recognized favorite of the Czar. Even before he had finished his studies and joined the Horse Guards, there was no young prince in Europe more socially conspicuous than he was, both in his own country and abroad. He walked a golden path, petted and fêted by everyone. His destiny was almost too dazzling, and his father used often to shake his head in anxiety over what the future had in store for him.

But in the midst of all his successes, in spite of his own youthful enthusiasm concerning them, and in spite of the superficial sophistication he acquired, at heart he remained simply a child: a boy who had been deprived of a home—of steadying influences, who suffered from his loneliness, who was secretly shy and reticent, who recoiled from vulgarity and promiscuousness, and who longed for something big and real with which to fill his life.

To see him deprived of his background to which he was so admirably fitted, to see him obliged at every step to check the generosity and largess of his nature wrung my heart with pain.

Although his life had not been endangered directly by the revolution, his present experiences were made harder by the fact that he had not looked into its sordid face. He had not witnessed, as we had in Russia, the disintegration, the crumbling of all accepted standards, the disloyalty, the cowardice. We had been through everything; there was nothing that could surprise us. But he was only beginning. After more than two years spent at the side of the Marlings and under their protection, he had now to start out on his own. And to be able to keep one's feet on the ground it was very important to try to suppress the personal side of the situation. But he stood his own, silently took the blows and endeavored to discriminate.

HIS former life in Russia had been divided between a very strenuous service in the regiment and social activities. In Persia he had had the leisure to do a great deal toward improving his mind; he read and studied. He looked with more attention at the happenings of the near past, and now when we met again we noticed that our mental development had been running very much on the same lines. We had been trying to solve the same problems and had reached, each in our own way, similar conclusions. If from a practical point of view we were still inexperienced, mentally we were far ahead of our *milieu*. We did not differ either in our points of view upon the fact of the revolution, and were ready to admit whatever share we had in the faults of the old régime. The perfect understanding we had on most subjects was a source of great consolation to us both.

Although Dmitri was spared the danger of the revolution, he was not spared any of its anxieties. In Persia, where he found himself soon after things began to go to pieces in his own country, he was practically cut off from Russia, especially from Petrograd, where his father and I were living. In the past year he had not received any direct news from us. The little information he managed to gather came with the refugees from Russia and was uncertain and belated. About my marriage I was able to let him know by letter, but since then much time had elapsed and he knew nothing of our escape.

Toward the end of 1918 Sir Charles Marling was recalled from Persia in view of a new appointment, and Dmitri, nothing keeping him in Persia, decided to follow him and his family to England. The only route they could then take was through Mesopotamia, and this journey was long, hot, and wearisome. They finally got to Bombay, in India, where they all embarked upon a British transport which was taking troops back to England.

An epidemic of typhoid fever was raging at the time in Bombay and it broke out on board the transport. Dmitri was one of the first to come down with the disease. He was frightfully ill and so were many of the others. Very little could be done for the sick on the small crowded boat; there were few medical supplies, of course no nurses, and only one young doctor. Dmitri was luckier than the others in this respect—that with him he had his Russian orderly who could nurse him. Lady Marling and the orderly by turns watched over him night and day.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EDUCATION IN EXILE
Continued from page thirty-five

Dmitri himself dimly realized how ill he was; he struggled tenaciously and successfully for life—until something happened which made him lose not only his courage but also his desire to keep up the fight.

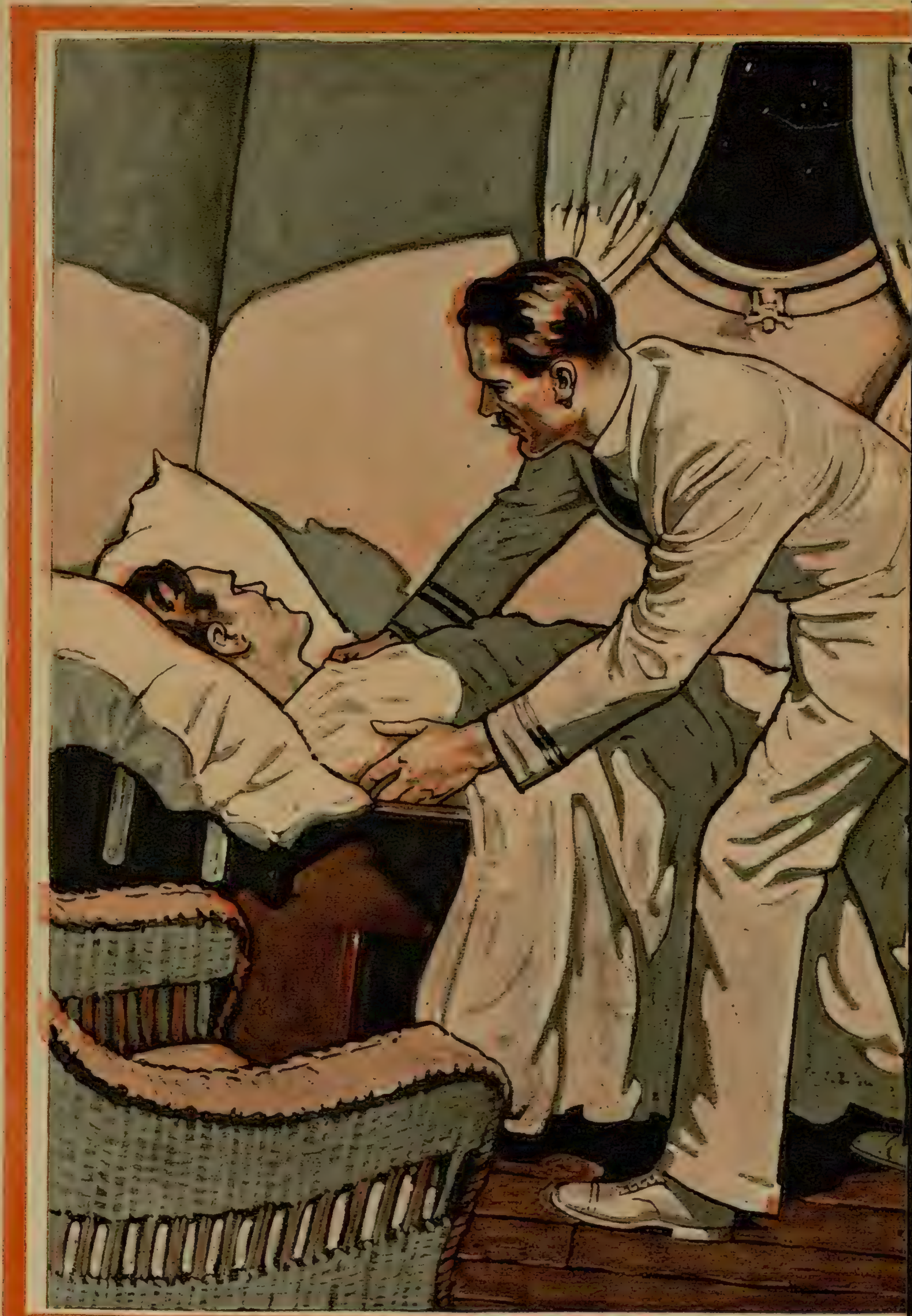
One hot night when he was dozing heavily in his small, stuffy cabin he had a curious dream. He saw a diminutive human form hanging in mid-air at the farthest corner of his cabin. The figure was somehow familiar. After he had looked at it steadily in the dim light he was able at last to recognize it. It was I, and he saw that I was beckoning to him. In his dream the idea struck him that I must be dead and had come to call him. Something in him then let go; he felt himself drifting lightly, slipping away.

The sensation was not a disagreeable one. He lost consciousness completely. Lady Marling, who was sitting beside him, suddenly noticed a change come over his features; she saw that his breathing had become shallow. The pulse had failed and was hardly perceptible.

She immediately sent for the doctor. When he ran into the cabin he saw at once that a collapse had taken place. Time was precious. The young doctor evidently did not have any means at hand whereby to revive him, or simply lost his head. The only thing that he could think of at the moment was to throw himself over Dmitri, seize him by the shoulders, and shake him violently.

"Come back! Come back!" he called frantically.

SOMEWHERE afar, perhaps subconsciously, Dmitri perceived the voice. He said that it was undoubtedly this call that brought him back to life. But the effort he was forced to make was extremely painful. He had no desire to live, and for days to come the doctor and Lady Marling had to fight for him. Several times all hope for his recovery was given up. Gradually, however, and very slowly he gained sufficient hold on life to be able to gather some strength and he began to get better. When Dmitri told me of this experience, we compared dates and came to the conclusion that his dream might have coincided with the worst days of my flu.



The only thing the young doctor could think of was to seize Dmitri by

When the transport reached Port Said, the Marlings decided to take Dmitri off the ship and spend a few weeks with him at Cairo, where he could recuperate in comfortable surroundings. He was still so weak that he was taken off the boat on a stretcher.

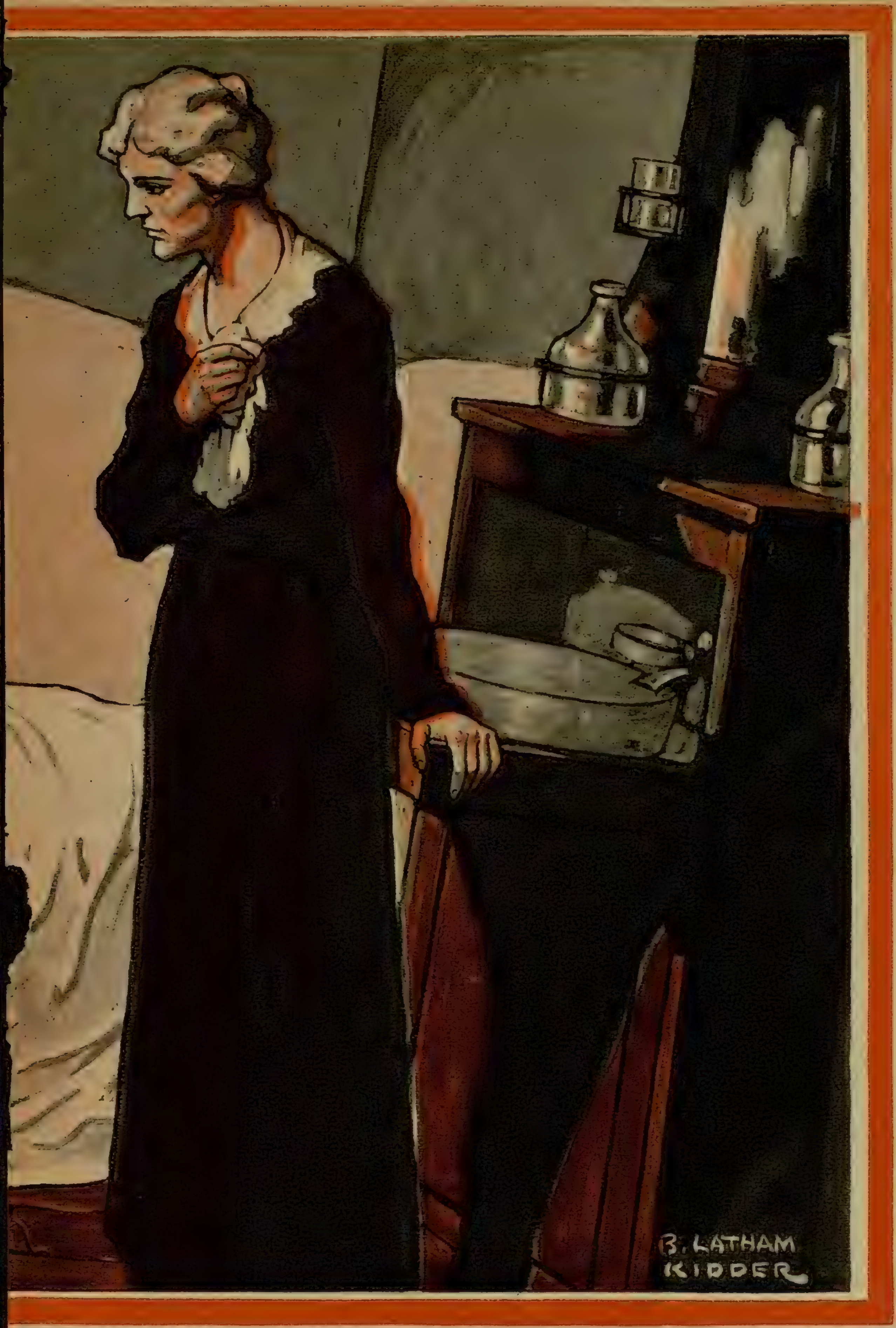
In Cairo his convalescence began to progress speedily and he soon was able to move about and eventually to take an interest in the marvelous country he was visiting for the first time.

At the beginning of January, 1919, the Marlings and Dmitri left Egypt, landed at Marseilles, and went to Paris.

It was months now that Dmitri had known nothing about what was going on in Russia. In spite of himself, the recollection of his dream still haunted him. Upon his arrival in Paris he immediately went to his father's house at Boulogne to interview the old concierge. The little news that Gustave was able to give him was terribly alarming. The Grand Duke Paul was in prison, Princess Paley and the two little girls were in Petrograd, young Prince Paley had disappeared, and so had I, as far as he was informed. Dmitri was stunned; he felt the ground slipping from under his feet. Up to that moment the revolution, although it had already deprived him of many things, had been but a word, a fearful and at the same time resounding one, just as it had been to me until that day at Pskov when I heard of the abdication of the emperor. And now suddenly the real meaning of it stared into his face in all its horror.

He did not remember how he left Gustave's lodge, how he returned to the hotel. He was dazed, he was overcome by a sense of the total and final end of everything. Country, family, all that he had ever cherished in his life, was gone irrevocably. He was all alone and homeless.

The more detailed information he was able to gather when he got to England was no more reassuring. In addition, he heard the more or less official confirmation of the murder of the imperial family. He remained in an almost



ders and shake him violently. "Come back! Come back!" he called.

desperate state of mind until a month later, when he got my telegram from Roumania. He avoided referring directly to those moments, and I understood what he had suffered only through inferences, casually dropped sentences, and what Lady Marling told me later. Then came the news of the murder of his father. He found it out at first from the papers and then the Foreign Office confirmed it. All through that time I cannot think what he would have done without the Marlings. No father and mother could have been more understanding and helpful than they were.

Dmitri and I talked by the hour, sitting in the small white-and-red drawing-room which separated our rooms at the hotel. During those moments we succeeded in forgetting almost everything—the forbidding reality and all that surrounded us. We were homeless, yet we had the joy of being together. The hotel, however, soon proved to be too expensive for me and my husband, and we were compelled to search for a cheaper dwelling. I found a small furnished flat in Berkeley Street, into which we moved for the time being, but we still took our meals at the Ritz and I continued to see much of Dmitri.

Life in London, where I had never been before, was a relief in comparison with the sad and dreary days spent in Paris. Unable to compare the prewar and present conditions, I rested in an atmosphere where everything breathed peace and reverence to traditions. Little by little, people I had met in former days on the Continent found out my whereabouts and looked me up; but the royal family, who were related to us, though knowing us very slightly, did not give us much attention, even rather avoided us.

They had, no doubt, good reasons for it. Political England was still uncertain of the outcome of the Russian situation. Had the Bolsheviks fallen, they would have been replaced, according to the then prevailing opinion, by the men who were the first to gain power after the end of the old régime. To those men and to the political tendencies they represented, England was paying an ambiguous and at the same time condescending court. No help or support was offered us, and luckily, both for us and for our English relations, we were not yet in a position obliging us to seek their aid.

THE Marlings were not in London when I arrived there. Sir Charles had been appointed British minister in Copenhagen and had already joined his post, taking with him his family. Lady Marling, however, returned very shortly to London on business, and we then met for the first time. We grew very fond of each other, and for several years to come Lucia was to be the best friend we possessed. But now we have lost her. Five years ago she was killed in a motor accident. Both Dmitri and I have missed and still miss her terribly. She was the most generous-hearted human being I have ever met and her house was the only place which we could call our home.

Upon arrival in London I had established communications with Princess Paley, who, after my father's death, had gone to Finland, having previously sent my stepsisters there. As soon as she found herself out of Russia she had to undergo a very serious operation. After all her trials, after the imprisonment and murder of my father and her own escape, she found herself destitute and sick; but at the time the operation seemed to have been successful. She and I exchanged letters, but saw each other only a year later.

That same spring the Swedish crown prince and crown princess came to London from Stockholm and brought with them detailed news of my elder son, and also my jewels. Lennart was now ten years old; he was mostly taken care of by his grandmother, who adored him. Luckily I did not have to worry over his material welfare, as before leaving Sweden I had abandoned a considerable part of my fortune to him, which had been transferred to Sweden from Russia before the war. I had also left him the house I had built in Stockholm. Apparently my second marriage made a reunion with him out of the question

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EDUCATION IN EXILE
Continued from page thirty-seven

for the moment, but I was promised that I would be allowed to see him when conditions became more settled and a suitable meeting place could be selected.

This was the first time since my divorce that I came into contact with the Swedish royal family. Of the crown princess I had kept the pleasantest of memories; but when she let me know of her intention to come and see me personally, and bring me my jewels, I was somewhat taken aback. We met at my small apartment and I was shocked to see how she had changed since I had seen her last. She looked thin and worn. Being by birth an English princess, she had had a hard time, during the war, in Sweden where feelings were not particularly pro-Ally; under trying conditions she had taken upon herself many activities in connection with the war, among them a bureau for the locating of British prisoners in German camps and the distribution of food to them.

Both she and I were extremely nervous during our first interview. She showed me much kindness all through her stay in London, and we had the chance to discuss many things which in former days has never been alluded to. After that summer I never saw her again. A year or two later she died after a short illness, leaving a large family of children. She was profoundly regretted by the Swedish people, who had learned to love and appreciate her.

The jewels were brought over from Sweden just as they had been delivered there from Russia, that is to say, in their most peculiar wrappings which had been meant to conceal them from Bolshevik eyes in case of a raid on our house at Petrograd. They had been hidden away in various ink bottles, paper weights, and imitation wax tapers. Luckily for me, the Swedes, upon receiving this assortment of miscellaneous objects, believed what they had been told, which was that they contained my jewels. I was quite astonished to recover them. They were extricated from their hiding places and deposited in a bank.

Acme photo
Grand Duchess Marie's elder son, Prince Lennart, as he looks today. His paternal grandfather is King Gustaf of Sweden.

We were now running short of money and were obliged to turn to the jewels, our sole resource. But here I made my first big mistake. We still imagined that the Bolshevik régime would not last and would come to an end either by itself or through the efforts of the anti-Reds. We did not think of making any plans for the distant future or organizing ourselves on a permanent basis. Everything we could conceive of was but temporary. Business people, among them the famous Colonel Boyle who had arranged our departure from Odessa, advised me to arrange an auction at Christy's and sell all my jewels at once. If I had done so I should have had a capital which might have permitted me to live, if not in luxury, at least free from worry.

BUT I would not hear of such an arrangement and refused to listen to the advisers. I valued my jewels mainly because of the memories connected with them. Many of them had been inherited and I had always felt as though they had only been intrusted to me for as long as my life should last, and as though my duty was to pass them on. Moreover, all these tiaras, bracelets, and brooches in their old-fashioned settings were the only tangible bond with the past grandeur, not only my own but that of my grandmother and great-grandmother. Each time that I was obliged to part with some certain piece of jewelry I remembered its history, and when it passed into the hands of the buyer a bit of the past went with it.

I realized the wisdom of the advice given me when it was too late, and when the amount of my jewels had been reduced to such an extent that it was impossible to save anything. Later on, in Paris, the market was flooded with Russian jewels. Their owners usually entertained exaggerated ideas of their value, but the dealers knew exactly who possessed important sets or collections of stones, and, if these were offered for sale, came to an understanding not to overbid one another. Thus the most beautiful things went for practically nothing. The gradual sale of my jewels, which lasted for several years, constitutes one of the painful experiences of my life as a refugee.

The sales were started with the pieces that had the least sentimental value for me. It was my rubies that I began with. I remember the day that my husband and I stood in front of a jeweler's shop in Bond Street, with Colonel Boyle hovering in the background. In my husband's pocket lay the rubies, wrapped up in cotton wool and tissue paper. I was extremely embarrassed at the idea of having to enter a shop with something to sell; it had never happened to me before.

AT last I mustered my courage and went in; Boyle followed. We asked for the owner. An extremely painful scene ensued, which was repeated so many times afterward that I grew perfectly accustomed to it. The jewels were produced, unwrapped, and bared to the scrutiny of the shop owner. He viewed them and handled them critically, disparagingly. His fingers, his eyes, ran over the stones, the flexible elegant mountings, like ants over a flower bed.

This was done in deep silence. If we thought the stones had a great value, we were, of course, greatly mistaken. That we were told invariably everywhere.

They were either too big or too small, cut when they ought to have been uncut, or vice versa; and they were never well enough matched. Times were hard, customers rare.

Once, at a big jeweler's in Paris, when I was obliged to sell a very important piece, the father of the owner, a tottering old man, was present at the interview—in order, no doubt, to impress me with the firm's honorable intentions. The son respectfully but firmly explained to me how few advantages he would derive from the transaction but how anxious he was to please me. At times he would glance at his father for support, and the old man silently and gravely nodded his head in approval, although it was clear that he understood nothing of what was going on. This family scene was enacted over merchandise the firm in reality was extremely anxious to purchase, and between sighs, protestations of loyalty, and complaints about the present moment's difficulties, they beat my price down to almost nothing.

I left the shop in despair and disgust, and they never got that important piece, but they had got many others before it. I knew by then that it was useless to go to another dealer. The jewelry was eventually sold at a very low price to people I knew.

But to go back to the first experience. Colonel Boyle, noticing how feebly we were conducting the negotiations, stepped in personally, and the tone of the conversation changed considerably. The rubies were sold and the money pocketed.

Now we could make plans for the immediate future. My husband would go back to Roumania to fetch the little boy.

One Monday morning in summer we returned from a quiet week-end in the country and found the usual batch of mail. In it was a letter from my mother-in-law. She wrote regularly once a week to give us news of the child; up to the last letter it had invariably been excellent. That report had not been so good, but there had been nothing alarming about it.

Although this letter was addressed to my husband, I opened it myself. From the very first sentence I guessed with a shock that something had happened. Skipping over the first page of preparatory phrases, I turned to the second, and at the end of it I found the awful news.

"The baby has died," I said.

How ruthlessly death was persecuting us!

"What?" asked my husband, looking up in utter bewilderment from something he was reading himself. I pushed the letter over to him. "Here, take it, read it through—I can't."

THE baby had been exactly a year old. This was the fourth being dear to me whom I had lost within just a few months. The letter that had brought the news of his death contained but very few details, and we only learned afterward how it had occurred. He had been in perfect condition, gaining weight steadily and progressing satisfactorily, when, as the hot weather came on, he had developed intestinal trouble. At first his illness had inspired no anxieties, but suddenly he had grown worse, had convulsions, and died.

Some strange psychological twist in my character made me painfully self-conscious concerning this new calamity. I concealed it most carefully from my friends in London; only Dmitri knew about it. I wanted to avoid—I was afraid of—renewed expressions of sympathy.

The weight on my own heart grew heavier, although I was to such an extent crushed already by my father's death that most of my sensibility had been blunted, nearly killed. For years afterward I was unable even to react to joy. Something seemed to have burned out within me.

Marie's tribulations as a novice at housekeeping, and her first attempts at earning a living; the pathetic welcoming of the Dowager Empress of Russia, upon her arrival in England as a refugee, by her aged sister, Queen Alexandra; the arrival and ostentatious behavior of Prince Youssoupoff, Rasputin's assassin—these things will be revealed by the Grand Duchess in next week's installment of Education in Exile.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

That Elusive Flavor

Jimmy was watching his mother and aunt eat artichokes. With great fascination, he saw them unfold layer after layer. When the hearts were finally reached, he asked in an excited voice, "Mother, did you find it?"—Mrs. I. B. Ellis, 2422 Eighth Ave., Oakland, Calif.

* * *

Add: Natural History

The children were having a heated discussion on pets. Pete, seven, was rather quiet. Finally a little girl asked him what he had, and he briefly said: "Cat."

"But she can't do anything," scoffed an older boy.

"Oh, can't she?" Pete flared back. "Well, she has kittens every two weeks!"—Mrs. Edwin Laurin, 574 Franklin Ave., Astoria, Ore.

* * *

Knives for Babies

As father was buying mother a new paring knife, he expressed the hope that this knife would not get lost out in the yard, as had her previous paring knife.

"Well, father, if I had a knife of my own like these"—and five-year-old Sonny pointed to some expensive pocket knives on the counter before him—"I wouldn't take mother's knife out."

Farther down the counter, father held up a small fifteen-cent, one-bladed knife to which was attached a small chain. "But wouldn't you rather have one of these?"

Sonny replied, "Don't be silly. Those are for babies."—Linda E. Potts, 836 Fourth St., San Diego, Calif.

DADS,
UNCLES,
BIG BROTHERS,
GRANDPAS!

Don't Worry—
about what to give her.

Every girl who loves
her dolls loves

TOOTSIETOY
DOLL HOUSE
FURNITURE

Your little daughter, niece or friend will always enjoy her Tootsietoy Furniture. It is made of metal and looks just like real furniture. Each set sells for $1 and there is one for every room—kitchen, dining room, living room, bathroom, boudoir, guest room and bedroom. Each room has seven pieces but the bathroom—with eight pieces. The 5-room Tootsietoy Mansion comes knocked down and sells for $5 unfurnished and $10 furnished.

Living Room, 7 Pieces, $1.00

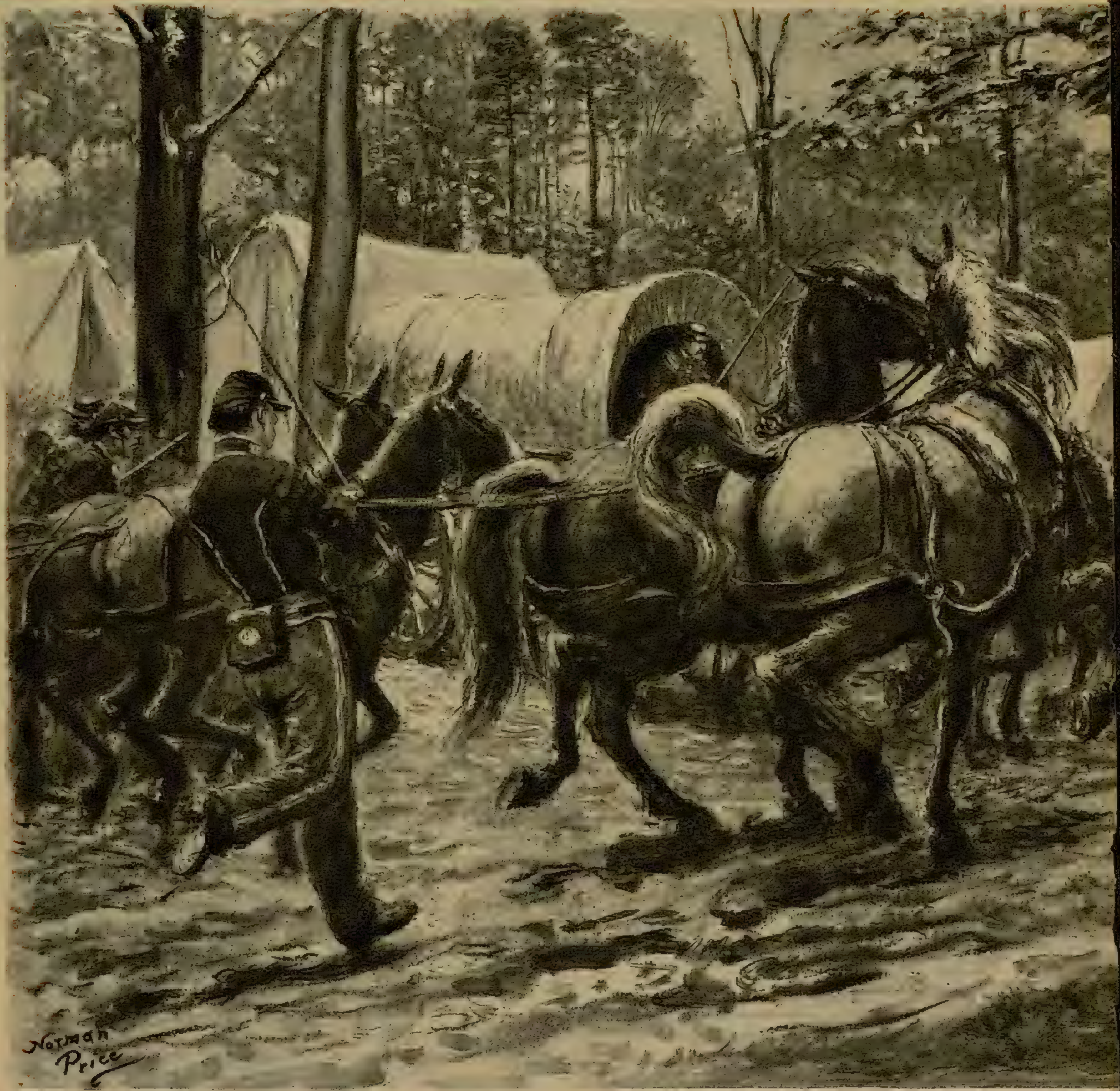
Get Tootsietoys from your dealer. If he can't supply you, we will. Dowst Mfg. Co., 4543 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE! TOOTSIETOY ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE

DOWST
MFG. CO.,
4543 Fulton Street,
Chicago, Ill.

Send me TOOTSIETOY illustrated brochure FREE.

Name__________
Address__________



The scene changed to the confusion of sudden preparation for departur

WHISTLING

(Reading time: 33 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is a story of love and peril during our Civil War, told by Juan Maddox. Juan and Iris O'Brien, fellow Texans, filled adjacent posts of danger as Military Telegraph operators. Fleeing before a Confederate raid, Juan reached Knoxville and Iris reached Strawberry Plains. With her was Connie Spurlock, the refugee child she was protecting.

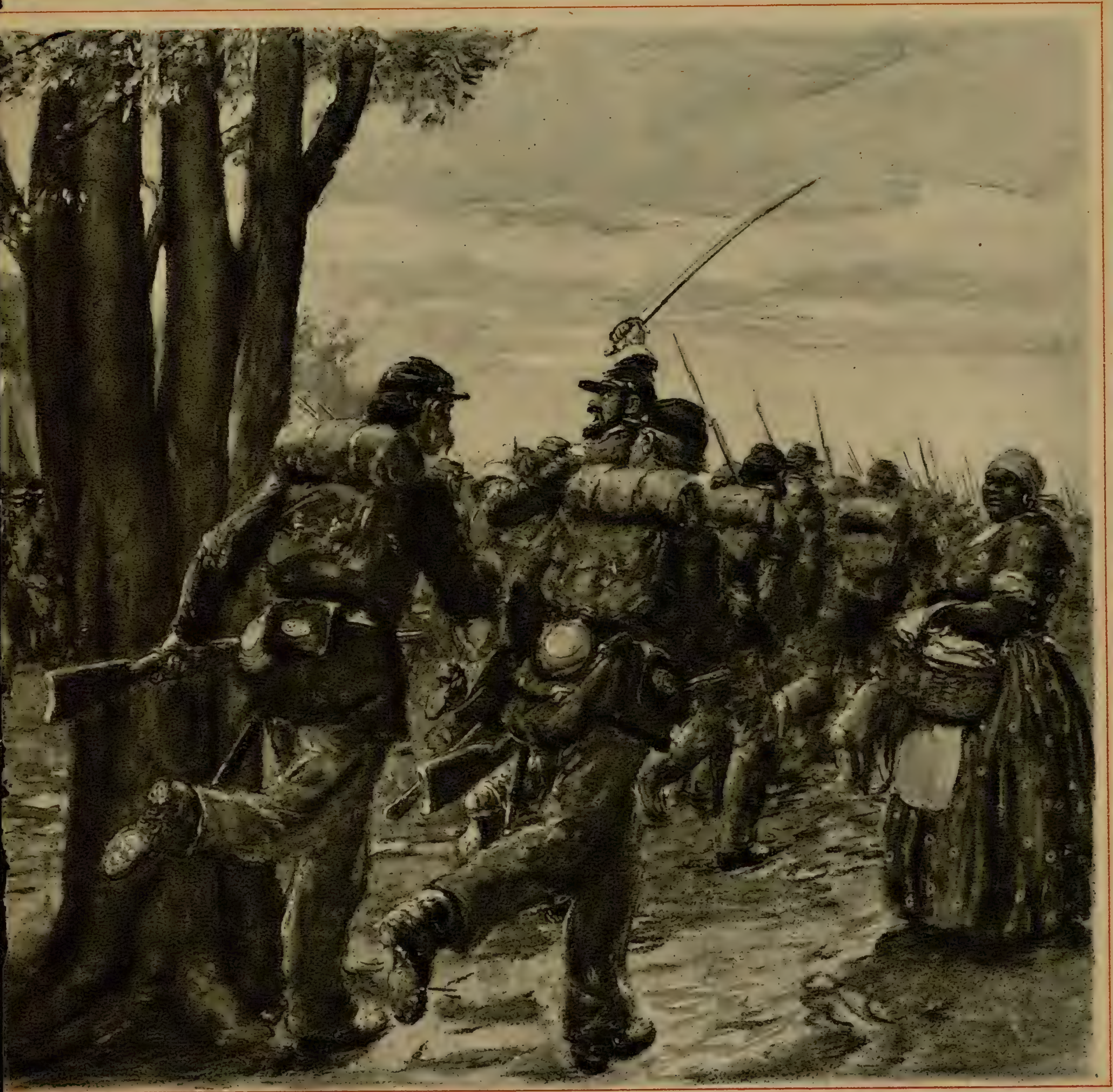
When they were all three on the train for Culpeper they saw Conway, a United States detective, on board. Clearly, he was watching Iris.

By ROBERT W

Pictures b

PART FIVE—THEATER OF BATTLE

"IF that detective's suspicious, why doesn't he say so?" said I. "Of course your father may wield enough influence to have him hang around you to see that you get on all right."



nd all the while the brazen bugles were sounding an exciting summons.

CAT

CHAMBERS

ORMAN PRICE

Iris' Creeping Shadow—Leaking Wires—Juan Meets Grant—Old Abe Finds His Man—To Kiss or Not to Kiss—The Breathless Alarm

Eating my sandwich, I stole a look at her presently. What was my horror to discover two tears trembling under her closed lashes.

After a long while, during which I consumed several tongue sandwiches, I spoke to her.

"Yes?" she replied; but her eyes remained closed.

"You seem to be very tired."

"I am."

"Why don't you resign and go home to Whistling Cat?"

No answer.

"After all, you're not built like a hippopotamus," I added.

No comment.

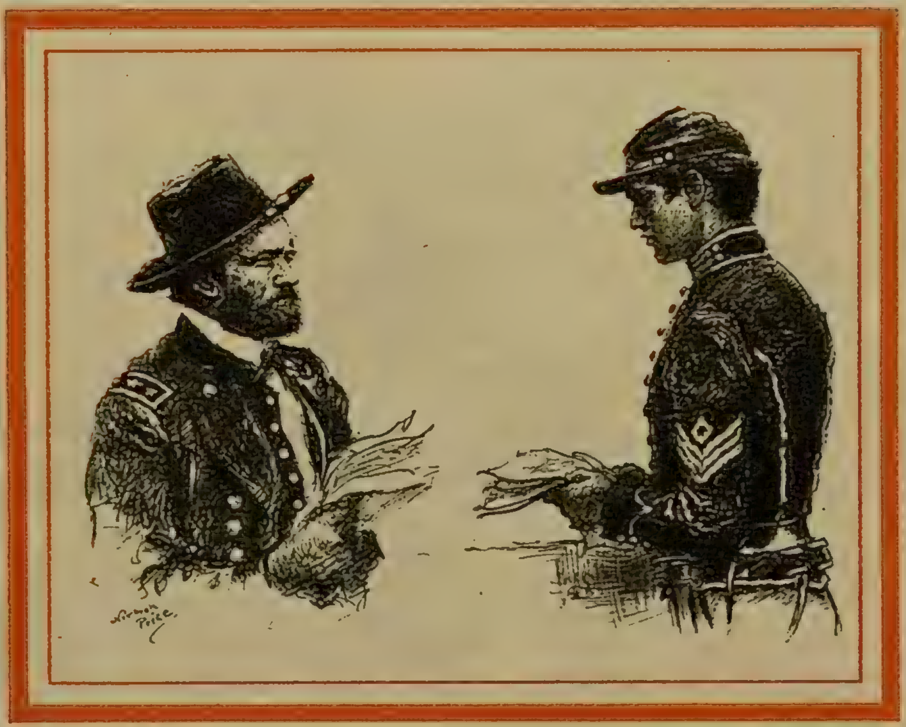
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page forty-one

"If you'll go home," said I, "and stay with Mother, I'll send back every cent of my salary and there'll be enough for you both to get on with—"

She uttered a strangled exclamation, turned, and buried her face against my shoulder. I knew she was crying. Her breath came hot and irregular, and there was a scent of tears.

After a long while, during which I continued to eat without enjoying it—and did not know how to avoid Connie's sadly perplexed gaze—Iris sat up and scrubbed her eyes vigorously with her handkerchief, keeping her face toward the window.



"All right. Everything you have sent substantially confirms staff reports."

She seemed to be able to see herself in the window; for presently she smoothed and arranged her hair, her little porkpie hat and ribbons, patted the cameo pin under the white collar over her dainty zou-zou jacket, shook out her skirts, crossed her slim feet in the cross-strapped prunella shoes, and calmly looked around at me. Then she smiled at Connie and said:

"Hi-diddle-diddle,
We danced to a fiddle;
I hope we'll dance again soon.
For Doggie D. laughed to see such sport
Under the Tennessee moon!"

Connie thought it was the funniest thing she ever heard, and laughed and giggled, sucking her barley stick.

I laughed too, and, being quite full of dinner, lay back to enjoy the unaccustomed sensation.

"I wonder," said Iris, "where they'll send us."

"Probably you'll go to some important army base and operate there."

"Oh, goodness! I hope I'll be with you."

"No doubt we'll be together for a while. But it's plain they mean to have me keep up with the army in the field. I've never had field duty and I'm sure I'd find it exciting."

"Oh, Lordy," she said, "they'll shoot you sure as preaching!"

"You don't seem to think I have any brains at all—"

"Yes, you have. But you know you *are* just a boy, Juan."

I ground my teeth.

"IF you were really a grown man you wouldn't be so darn sensitive! Can't I say I'd like to be near you if you are wounded?" she demanded.

But I'd had too much devotion and apron strings from her in the past. I merely grunted.

A little later I rose and went to the forward door and opened it to take a look at the landscape from the platform—and encountered Major Allen's round-hatted pet.

"Hello," he said. "How do you find yourself today?"

"I can always find myself any day," said I dryly, "and don't need a detective to hunt me up."

His hard features relaxed into a battered sort of grin.

"How's Miss O'Brien?" he inquired.

"Don't you know?" I asked sarcastically.

"Yes," he admitted, "I do. She seems to be well."

"She is. What are you following her for?"

"Suppose," said he, "I should ask you to show me your cipher key."

I felt myself reddening. "All I wanted to know is whether her father, Captain O'Brien of the 3d N. Y. Black Horse, hires you—or has influenced somebody at headquarters to detail you to keep a friendly eye on his daughter."

"You seem to be a wonderful guesser," he admitted.

"Well," said I, "if you're prowling around her because you're suspicious, you are wasting Major Allen's time."

"Oh," said Conway, "Major Allen doesn't mind wasting time. He's wasting it just now himself. Perhaps you don't know that Major Allen is no longer chief of the Secret Service."

"Who is?"

"Colonel Sharpe is chief of the Department of Military Information."

"I thought you were one of Major Allen's men."

"I was. I'm one of Colonel Sharpe's men now." He grinned again slightly. "I don't mind your knowing," he said.

"Do you really suspect Miss O'Brien?" I demanded.

"I like to suspect everybody."

I began to laugh. "Me too?"

"You too. Certainly."

WE both were laughing now. He seemed to be a decenter fellow than I had thought him. He had a face that looked as though he had been through hell.

"Oh, well," said I, "I jiggle a Military Telegraph key for a living and you draw your pay for behaving mysteriously. We're both honest, I suppose."

I told him nothing about myself, but he seemed to know about me—was aware I had been at West Point.

"Mr. Maddox," said he, squinting reflectively at nothing, "I'll tell you what I'm doing, and I don't mind your knowing. I'm watching the Military Telegraph operators. No one in particular. All and any of them. And I'm not the only man detailed to do it."

I felt an angry color heat my face. I said nothing.

"You know, of course, there has been some leakage," he remarked.

"I've heard so."

"You see, I'm entirely frank with you," he said in the same casual way. "Figure it out for yourself why I am."

"I suppose you believe me to be loyal."

"I'll tell you something. The rank and file of the M. T. C. are loyal. All cipher operators are, anyway—so far."

"You don't suspect our officers, I hope?"

"Let me tell you what can happen. Indiscretions of staff officers. Wire tapping and cutting in of Confederate operators like Ellsworth. Manipulation by rebel spies. Suppose spies penetrated the M. T. C.?"

"That would be a bad business," said I.

"It might mean the loss of a battle, and of the war. That's why I suspect everybody and nobody. I'm looking for this leak; that's all. There *is* a leak. Of what nature, and where, nobody knows, so far. But I expect some of us are going to find it and stop it."

I glanced up. The man's hard face had become sinister.

"Twice," said he, "the leak was traced to your district."

"What!"

"Yes. You've all been watched and investigated, even if you never knew it."

"You mean me also?"

"Certainly. And every operator."

"Have you found anything?"

"Not yet."

After a few moments I said: "You suspect Operator O'Brien."

"I suspect everybody, I tell you. And I'll go on suspecting everybody until this leak is plugged."

"Well," said I, "I have known Miss O'Brien ever since she was born. She is a character above suspicion."

"Nobody is, Mr. Maddox."

"You believe her to be disloyal?"

"Oh," said he wearily, "I don't believe anything of nybody. I'm trying to plug that leak, and I don't care ow I do it. By the way, who's your little barefoot friend?"

I told him. "Do you suspect Connie Spurlock, too?" I asked, smiling.

"Let me tell you something. Children can be dangerously employed and remain unconscious of what they are doing. I've known cases. And there is a boy named Gilfred Spurlock, from Tennessee, who has reported to General Garrard, asking for employment in the corps of headquarters spies."

I said: "He's this child's brother. He took to the hills to do some bushwhacking, I understand."

"HE did," said Conway; "and General Garrard's cavalry rounded him up in Asheville."

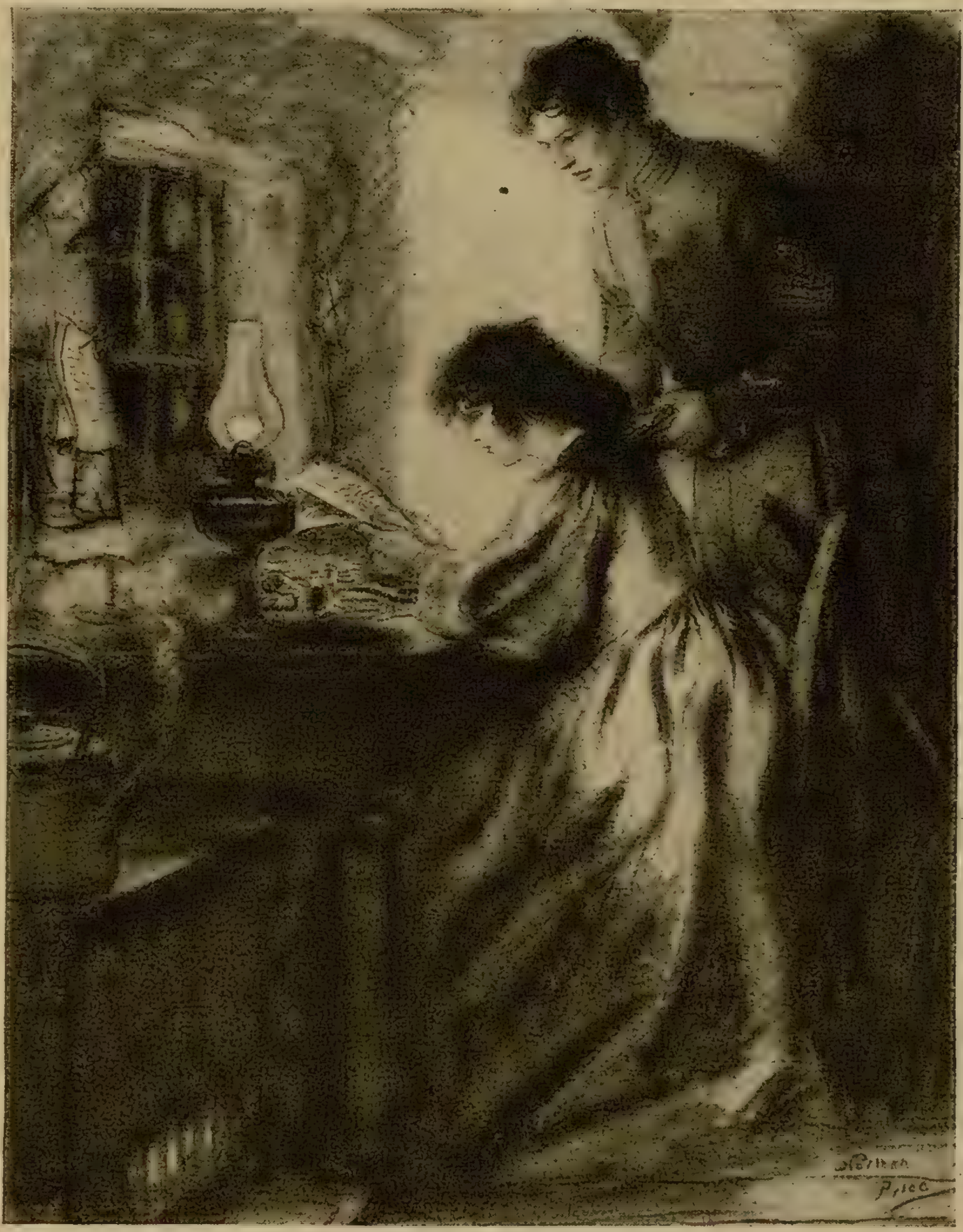
"How do you know all this?" I demanded, astonished.

"Isn't it my business?" he retorted with a faint grin. "All the same, tell me about him."

"Why, all I know is that the jayhawkers murdered the whole family except the little girl Connie and this boy Gilfred. I suppose that's why he started off bushwhacking."

"I think he'll make a good spy," said Conway.

"I can't indorse this boy," I said; "I don't know him. But I *can* indorse Operator O'Brien. And I do."



"There is likely to be a big battle today or tomorrow."

"Oh, I guess she's all right," he said carelessly.

"She is. So is her father."

"Yeah. Cavalry captain, 3d N. Y. Black Horse."

"Where is he now—do you know?" I inquired.

"He's with Kilpatrick."

"In Virginia?"

"Yes."

"I hadn't heard that."

"Yeah. A crazy crowd, that regiment. Fitz James O'Hara is their colonel. Wild as hawks, they are."

He fished out a cigar from his vest pocket.

"Well, I'll be going," he remarked. "If you learn anything in my line you know where to get in touch with me. Through Colonel Sharpe at G. H. Q."

He had walked a few steps toward the smoking car ahead. Now he turned abruptly and came back.

"Take care of yourself," he said, stretching out his muscular hand and taking mine in a grip of iron.

* * *

I went back into our car.

Iris was looking out of the cinder-smeared window; Connie lay asleep.

I sat down beside Iris and whispered to her: "What are we going to do about Connie? I'm to take the field."

She looked around listlessly. "She can live with me."

I was troubled. I said: "You know it is necessary for me to send most of my pay to Mother."

"I know. Connie and I can get on."

"Well, I'll give you what I can, Iris."

"Yes, I know you will."

"I'm getting seventy dollars now. I can make it up to sixty for you and Connie and for Mother."

"That leaves nothing for you, Juan."

"Well, we'll see. You don't think I'd let *you* starve?"

"You're the finest boy in all the world," she said under her breath. "And I'm a pig—or a snake; I don't know which."

I reached over and patted her smooth little hand.

"I'll tell you something. I've been talking to the detective, Conway."

Her color faded a little. "Is he after me?"

"He's after everybody. It's that leak in our district, you know. Everybody's under surveillance."

"Was the leak in our district?" she asked, wide-eyed.

"So he says. Well, that's what's the matter with Conway. He isn't a bad fellow."

She remained silent.

"I heard that your father is to be brevetted major," said I.

"Oh. Where is he?"

"With Kilpatrick."

She lay back in her seat and rested her head against the head-rail.

Never have I seen such a look of pallid misery on any human face.

"Are you ill, Iris?" I asked.

Her colorless lips were scarcely moving as I bent nearer to listen. "Don't mind me, Juan," she whispered. "I wish I were dead . . . I wish I were dead!"

II

WHEN finally we arrived at Culpeper, Virginia, I went on duty immediately, and Iris and Connie went to bed.

The quarters assigned to headquarters telegraphers were in a log house which had been occupied by a sutler named Bisland. Sleeping quarters above, reached also by a rickety outside back stairway, had not been divided with a view to any incongruity of sex among the M. T. O.'s. Connie and Iris now occupied the only bed. However, the railway journey had left very little for us to learn about one another, so a blanket now divided the room, and my bunk was made up of haversacks and blankets on the rough pine floor. Below, loosely attached to a mud-and-stick chimney, was a rusty stove, flanked by a pine table where I attached my instrument and connected it.

Simplicity seemed to rule at this man Grant's headquarters. Unshaven, dirty, weary as I was, I sat down at once at the instrument, replacing a leisurely, sour-looking individual in civilian attire—a Secret Service man named Fangler, and a fair operator at a pinch.

"Where's the other?" he growled.

"Upstairs."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page forty-three

"I mean O'Brien."

"That's she."

"She?" he repeated, scowling.

"Yes, she. You heard me."

"Say," he sàid, "does the general know she's a she?"

"If he doesn't you'll tell him," said I. "Now don't forget, Mr. Fangler."

I reseated myself and paid him no further attention, being very busy acquainting myself with the several unaccustomed local paraphernalia and fixtures new to me.

Indicating a weird-looking instrument and some bells on an adjoining table, "What the hell's that?" said I.

"It's one of the Signal Corps' friction machines connected with Signal H. Q. at Georgetown Heights—if you've got to know, Mr. Pry."

"Am I supposed to work it?"

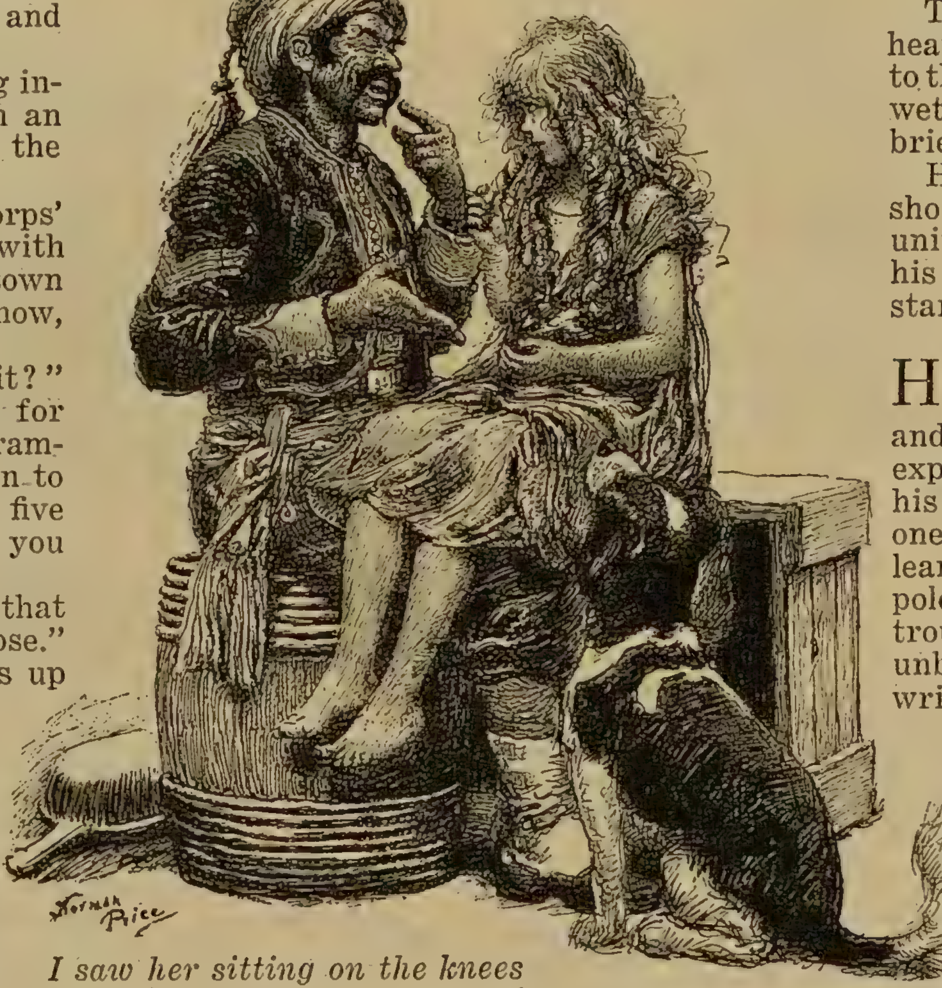
"Naw; it was installed for the signal officers. They scrambled it. Takes a Morse man to work it. It's no good over five miles. No good at all, if you ask me."

"Oh," said I; "it's that Beardslee machine, I suppose."

"That's it. It just takes up room. Anything more, Mr. Pry?"

"No, thank you."

It had begun to rain. The detective poked his nose out into the weather with a growl; but I wouldn't have him around, so he had to face the increasing pelting of a thunderstorm rolling up out of the southwest.



I saw her sitting on the knees of a fierce-looking sergeant of Zouaves.

I sent off a sheaf of dispatches.

The storm was becoming formidable; lightning was incessant; thunder crashed and reverberated.

Now messages began to come in from the Rapidan River concerning the crossing, and I was kept busy, also nervous. For the thunderstorm had become terrifying, and every minute or two the surcharged wire went off like a firecracker to relieve itself. *Crack—fizz-bang!* went my wire like a continuous fire of musketry; and the racket became so alarming that a number of staff officers, in their raincoats, came hurrying in to investigate.

ONE very fat officer—in the military clothing department, I believe—demanded that I "do something" about it because the explosions were annoying the commanding general in his tent.

"Sir," said I, "I don't know what to do about it. Shall I cut out, sir?"

"I should say not!" he shouted at me. "You seem to be an incompetent operator. All I ask of you is to stop this devilish noise!" He was yelling almost in my ear, one hand on my table, the other on the wet window sill; and at that instant he received a shock.

He was a big, fat man in a very gorgeous uniform with much metal on it; and the electric shock knocked him into a cocked hat more wonderful than the one he wore.

There was much confusion; they carried him out like a dead hero—the burial of Sir John Moore, you know.

The storm passed away very quickly. Conway sauntered up half an hour later, but my sentry stopped him.

"Hello," I said through the open window.

"Hello yourself," he replied grimly. "What have you been doing to Brigadier Pompton?"

"God did it. Is he hurt?"

"His dignity. Have you any ciphers for the general?"

"No more. I have a lot of dispatches, but no messenger."

"Well, he wants you to fetch them yourself. Sam Beckwith is coming over to take your key for a while."

"General Grant wants to see me?" I asked nervously.

"You yourself. He won't eat you," he added, sauntering away.

A few minutes later Sam Beckwith came in. "How are you, Maddox?" he said. "Say, what are you trying to do, shooting up headquarters like that?" He winked, took my bench, and began to call up Washington.

I went out in my soiled cavalry jacket and muddy boots, and was directed to General Grant's big tent.

The sentries held me, but he heard the conversation and came to the entrance, pushing aside the wet flap. "Come in," he said briefly, and turned on his heel.

He was a square-set, round-shouldered man in the tarnished uniform of a general officer; on his shoulder straps he wore the stars of a lieutenant general.

HIS skin seemed hard and healthy; a close-cut beard and mustache did not conceal his expressive mouth. But it was his intent, chilly gaze that held one. He remained standing, leaning one hand against a tent pole, the other thrust into his trousers pocket. His coat was unbuttoned, revealing a badly wrinkled vest and a watch chain.

"Well, Maddox," he said, "I'm glad to know you. Your father was in Taylor's army. I was with Scott. But West Pointers keep in touch more or less. He was a fine man—Major Maddox."

I stood very straight to salute him with West Point punctilio. What he had said made me the proudest man in the world.

"Let's see your dispatches," he said in that simple manner of his, so utterly free of self-consciousness.

He read them leisurely.

"All right. Everything you have sent so far substantially confirms staff reports. You know Sam Beckwith, I believe."

"Yes, general."

"My chief operator," he remarked. "General Steger recommends you for field duty. I'll let you know when to go."

He turned away toward his camp table. I saluted and started to leave, when his quiet voice arrested me:

"Don't shoot up any more brigadiers, Maddox."

I turned hot and red to my ears. Then I saw the faint edge of humor on that straight bearded mouth and a bluish glint in the ice-gray eyes. Lieutenant General Grant was amused.

I went back and relieved Beckwith. He had, very kindly, set up a cipher for me to transmit to the War Department. While I was sending he chatted and retailed all the gossip—his dismissal, his reinstatement on the request of General Grant.

"There's the bulldog who is going to hang on till he has the South on her pretty knees," said he. "I know him. He isn't infallible. He's made mistakes. At Shiloh he made one. No doubt he'll make others. But they won't stop him. He'll *never* stop."

"I'm glad to hear what you say, Sam."

"It's as true as God, Juan. He never will stop, never turn back. Meade stopped. McClellan, Hooker, Pope, Burnside turned back. You'll see. They may beat him to a jelly, but he won't let go. I tell you, Old Abe has found his man at last!"

I finished sending. Beckwith walked to the door, looked out. "Juan," said he, "do you see that man out there by the guard tents? That's the celebrated Major Allen."

I looked curiously at the famous ex-chief of our Secret Service. He had a dour Scotch face—a man of middle stature, bearded, expressionless except for narrow, menacing, inquisitive eyes. He was dressed in a hickory shirt, wrinkled civilian clothing, and one of that kind of round hats which Conway wore.

"What is he doing here?" I asked.

"Oh, he and Colonel Sharpe have business in common, I believe."

"He doesn't look like a great man," I said.

"Well, does Grant?"

"Yes—when you know who he is."

Beckwith laughed and went out.

After a while it began to grow dark in the office. I had not yet lighted a lamp when somebody came up behind me and rested two hands lightly on my shoulders.

"Did you sleep well?" I asked.

"Yes, you poor boy. Give me your key."

"Just a minute. Have you had supper?"

"Yes. Connie and I cooked up some pork and beans and coffee. It's on the stove up there, all hot for you. You must be ready to drop, Juan."

"No; I've got a beastly cold, though. Is there anything to wash in upstairs?"

"A nice washtub and Castile soap. Connie and I had baths. We emptied the tub. She's gone to fetch you some water. If you leave your underwear on the floor I'll wash it for you when I come off duty."

"That's darn' kind of you, Iris, but I'll find some Negro girl. I've seen General Grant."

"Really!"

"Yes; he sent for me. He is all right, but he won't stand any fooling. He can look right through a man."

She said nothing.

I got up, found the lamp and lit it. Iris sat down at the key.

"Well, good night, Iris."

"Good night, my dear."

I went upstairs, and presently Connie came lugging a tin pitcher full of water.

"Thank you, darling," said I, taking it from her. "Now say good night and run down and sit with Miss O'Brien until you're ready for another nap."

The child gave me a swift hug and went dancing downstairs. I made a mental note of her naked feet and planned shoes and stockings for her on the morrow. Also something to be worn under her "caliky" dress.

Before I had finished shaving and bathing the headquarters buglers were sounding taps.

III

REVEILLE awakened me. I got up out of my bed of haversacks and blankets and, still in my nightshirt, went out to the rear stairs. In the chill dawn a dense column of blue-cloaked cavalry was riding southwestward toward Russell's ford—heavy, formidable masses of horsemen plodding along the railroad tracks in the gloom of early daybreak, rank pressing after rank, horse shoving against horse, riders crowded knee to knee—and all in utter silence save for the muffled thunder of iron-shod hoofs and a thin tenor clang of equipment.

I came back, lighted a lamp and then the stove, set bacon frying and coffee boiling, washed and dressed, putting on clean underclothes and shirt.

Then I parted the blanket and saw Connie in bed, fast asleep. So I poured myself a cup of coffee sweetened with brown sugar, laid bacon between two squares of hard bread, and, carrying these, went below.

Iris sat at the switch, sorting her papers by lamplight.

"Breakfast is hot on the stove upstairs," said I. "Is there anything new?"

"Yes; we are skirmishing beyond the Rapidan. Here are the dispatches. There is likely to be a big battle today or tomorrow. I'll relieve you early tonight."

"No, you won't. I'm going to take over all night work after this. Go up and get your breakfast."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Muscular pains in ARMS? LEGS? BACK?

—here's *double-acting* relief

rub out pain
rub in Relief
ABSORBINE JR.

IF there's one thing that's needless, it's the punishment most people take from muscular pains. And especially since most soreness can be relieved quickly when fresh blood is flushed through the muscles to cleanse away the poisons in cells and tissues.

You can depend upon Absorbine Jr. to give the fullest comfort which the finest liniment can possibly give. Rub it on those paining parts, and within a few moments the soreness begins to ease away as your muscles warm with a peaceful, gentle glow.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rubefacient." Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up sluggish circulation and thereby relieve the sore congestion in muscles.

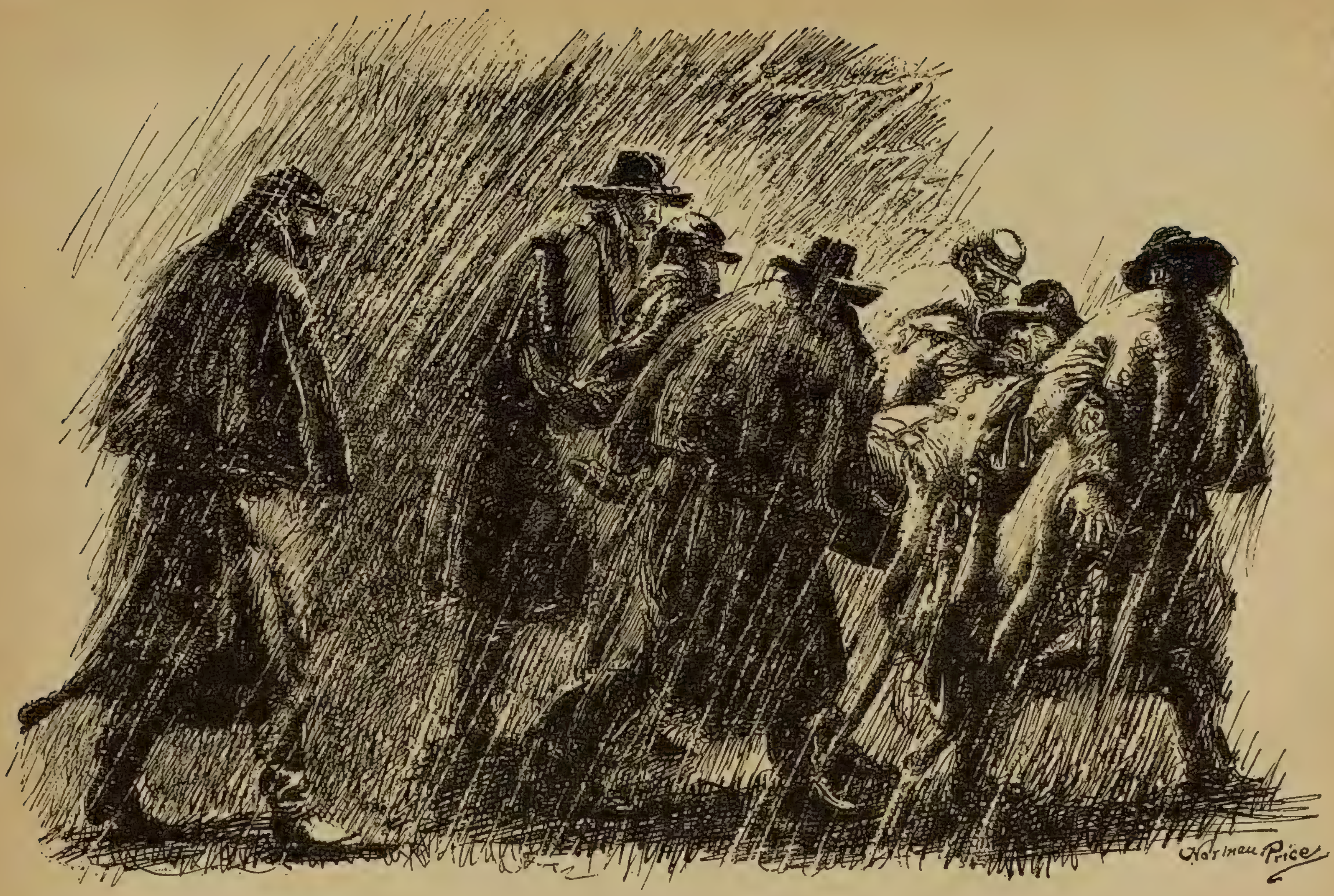
Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and so brings *double-acting* relief from muscular aches and pains.

For 40 years, Absorbine Jr. has been a favorite among coaches, trainers and athletes. It's the wisest precaution against bruises, strains, sprains—against all kinds of muscular ailments. When used full strength, it is an excellent antiseptic. Price, $1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

Used by Thousands for "ATHLETE'S FOOT"



They carried him out like a dead hero—the burial of Sir John Moore, you know.

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page forty-five

She looked at me wearily. " Did you leave your underclothes for me to wash out? "

" Oh, don't do that—"

" Hush up! " she yawned, rising and rumpling her goldred hair. Then she yawned again and stretched her arms.

She went upstairs as though very tired. A staff officer came presently for the dispatches. I settled down at my instrument, ready for a long day.

There was light enough now without the lamp, so I extinguished it. Everywhere headquarters bugles were becoming intermittently blatant.

As I was looking from my window at the tented, congested landscape, an abrupt and startling blast from a hundred bugles rang out the ominous " Pack up! "

In the twinkling of an eye the entire scene changed to the confusion of sudden and tremendous preparation for departure—men and officers running, horses and mules galloping, teams driven at a dead run to be hitched up, orderlies, servants, sutlers, strikers, civilian employees, Negroes, all swarming into view and rushing hither and thither at top speed. And all the while the alarming brazen bugles were sounding an exciting summons.

GENERAL GRANT'S confidential operator came over to see what I was doing.

While I was relaying a cipher which Sam Beckwith had very kindly set up for me, General Gregg's cavalry began to pass the house, trotting briskly toward the Chancellorsville plank road.

Beckwith said: " Wilson's horsemen are prowling around Orange Courthouse. There's going to be no unpleasant surprises this trip, you bet! "

" Where are all these men going, Sam? "

" Hancock goes to the old Chancellorsville battlefield; the 5th Corps to Wilderness Tavern; the 6th, which forms our right flank, toward the Rapidan. Hancock will be the first to get whatever hell Lee is preparing for us. General Grant is a great man, Juan! "

" Do you know whether I am to go with the army? "

" I believe you are later. There's no chance of carrying a wire through the Wilderness. Even cavalry and artillery can't operate there. General Grant doesn't mean to fight in that hellish place at all, if he can avoid it. That's why he's maneuvering Wilson and Gregg and Hancock to draw the Johnnies out of the Wilderness."

" What is the Wilderness, Sam? "

" Why, it's a kind of second-growth forest about twelve miles square, full of ridges, swales, swamps, and thickets, and with scarcely any roads. It lies just across the Rapidan River."

" Who takes my place here? "

Beckwith said: " I hear that your wonderful expert operator O'Brien is a woman."

" Yes."

" So Colonel Stager wired us last night. He is sending another woman on as base operator to work with Operator O'Brien. I think her name is Camp."

" Oh, yes; she doubled with Miss O'Brien at Solitude. We left her ill at Strawberry Plains."

" Well, she's coming on here, all the same," said Beckwith.

Connie came downstairs, smiled shyly at Beckwith, ran over and kissed me.

She whispered: " Doggie Doggett come up by the back stairs. Reckon this hyar dog air 'mos' starved—"

" *What!* "

" Oh, I know! " she cried with a seraphic smile. " I—*think*—Doggie Doggett *is*—very—*hungry*."

" That's good English, darling. Did you feed him? "

" Reck—yes, suh; Miss O'Brien done—*did*—vittle—I mean *feed*—Doggie Doggett! " she ended in a breathless triumph.

" Sam," said I, " here's five dollars. Please take Connie over to the sutler's and buy her shoes and stockings and a pretty little hat—"

" Who? Me? " demanded Beckwith in blushing confusion.

" Sure, you! You know as much about children as I do. And I've *adopted* one! "

Beckwith took the money and looked bashfully at the child, who had slipped her hand into his and was dancing up and down in ecstatic anticipation. Doggie Doggett also appeared from regions above and followed Sam and Connie out.

It was evident that Connie had captivated Beckwith, as well as the entire Zouave guard at headquarters; for from my window I saw her sitting on the knees of a fierce-looking sergeant of Zouaves, eating a stick of striped candy as thick as her wrist, while Doggie Doggett, seated in front of them, earnestly watched the operation. The roar of railway traffic never ceased. The troops, however, had nearly passed the immediate vicinity, and the roads mostly were now filled with wagons.

It was not possible for me, even had I been a more skilled cipher operator, to take and decode, set up and send the cryptographs that were coming into the office; so I sent most of them over to Beckwith, and remained fully occupied with ordinary dispatches of every possible variety.

What amazed me was to realize that General Grant, in his humble tent, was receiving reports and giving orders regarding Meade's operations in Virginia, Sherman's in Georgia, Sigel's in West Virginia, and Butler's on the James—800,000 square miles of territory absolutely dominated by a single calm, unhurried mind! Four separate armies. A quarter of a million men. And the Military Telegraph kept them all in touch with that cool-eyed, unhurried man yonder!

DENNIS DOREN was the chief of telegraph with the Army of the Potomac. A young man named A. H. Caldwell was our immediate chief of cipher operators. He had done most brilliant work, they told me, even in deciphering rebel cipher dispatches from Gaston—General Lee's confidential operator—which fell into our hands.

Everybody admired and respected these two amazing men.

Doren, who was pointed out to me, wore a chin beard and had a mouth like a steel trap. Caldwell was delicately decorated with a youthful mustache and had a determined look. He had also a very fighting jaw. What Connie would call the "fightin'est" you ever saw!

An operator named Emerick came into the office about four o'clock, gave me a ham sandwich and a cup of fresh milk, and took over my switch for a little while.

I went outside to get a breath of air, and wandered about, alternately eating and drinking from my tin cup.

Beckwith joined me with a jerk of his thumb toward headquarters guard, where Connie, in new shoes and stockings and a little chip hat, was dancing around and playing with a gayly painted ball which she tossed to the Zouaves and they tossed back to her, excitedly encouraged by Doggie Doggett. Strolling about, we passed some huts and rustic tables where a dozen odd-looking men sat. Some of them seemed to have Indian features rather strongly marked.

"Oh, yes," said Beckwith; "they're Pamunkeys. All of those men are some of the guides and spies of Colonel Sharpe's Department of Military Information."

I saw the detective, Clinch Fangler, prowling around.

Beckwith said: "Yonder are some of the cleverest men in the Secret Service. That tall, thin fellow is Jim Doughty. Next him sits San Magee. Jack Irving and Dan Cole are playing backgammon. They belong to Lieutenant Bob Klein's section. The Pamunkey Indians are good, too. Infiltration does it. The Confederate camps, towns, roads, armies are swarming with our spies. And—damn them!—the rebels have plenty of spies among us, too."

I HAD finished my milk and sandwich, and I now went down to the log stable to see how our horses were getting on. The Negro stable boys had taken excellent care of them.

At the office door Beckwith waited to take over dispatches. Then he and Emerick left and I sat down again to take and send. But presently Emerick came back, saying that Doren didn't want to kill me the first day and that he would resume my switch for a couple of hours and let me lie down. So I thought I'd go upstairs for a little rest, and went around by the back way, Iris being in bed and probably asleep.

I found my underclothes had been washed and hung up to dry by the stove—in fact, were quite dry now.

Presently Iris called to me, and I parted the blanket and looked in. She was still abed, lying back against her pillow. Her really magnificent hair almost covered her shoulders like a shimmering shawl.

"Did you leave your switch, Juan?" she asked sleepily.

"Operator Emerick took it."

"Oh, dear, I'm so comfortable," she yawned. "Have you any new orders?"

"None so far. By the way, Mrs. Camp is coming to double up with you."

"Poor thing! I'm glad she wasn't seriously ill. But—does this mean that *you* are going?"

"I believe so."

"That makes me very unhappy," she said, so naturally and simply that for the first time in my life I was not suspicious. Indeed, what she said gave me a warm feeling of unaccustomed confidence in her.

"Thanks for washing my underwear," I said. "You are really a generous girl."

She rumpled her glistening hair with both white hands and looked out

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Send 10c for Rollfast Skating Cap

"...and please tell Santa to bring me a pair of Rollfast Skates."

Rollfast Skates are ideal gifts for any boy or girl. They are full nickel plated. Their extra-size ball-bearings, low slung design and flexible reinforced chassis give perfect control, greater speed, quicker starting and stopping, safer turning. Each pair attractively boxed.

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY, D. P. HARRIS BLDG., N. Y.

Rollfast ROLLER SKATES

Next to WINGS

Frankly,
GRAY HAIR
isn't
'distinguished'

It's Diseased!

When your hair gets sick, it becomes afflicted with what the medical world terms "Canties." Gradually it turns gray—and you enter Heartbreak Age! Will you sit calmly at your dressing table and allow Fate to play this trick on you? Use NOTOX, the scientific tinting method which re-colors your hair in a decidedly new way. Instead of crusting the hair with a *surface* plate of dye, as do old-fashioned "clear white restorers," NOTOX *penetrates* the hair and colors it inside the hair *shaft.* This leaves the hair lustrous, fine and supple—with undetectable naturalness. NOTOXED hair can be washed, waved and sunned without affecting its permanence and original beauty. The finest hairdressers and beauty shops invariably use NOTOX. *Resent a substitute* —a like product does not exist. Buy it for home use at smart shops everywhere.

NOTOX
MADE BY INECTO *Inc.* 33 W. 46TH ST. NEW YORK

✓ HERE'S *ONE* PROOF OF READER INTEREST

Liberty's circulation is 99% single copy sale—which means bought-to-be-read. You *know* the single copy buyer will read the magazine—that's why he goes out to buy it!

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.
The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

[WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page forty-seven]

from under it at me. "I told you I liked you, didn't I?"

"Ye-es—"

"I *do.* I don't see why we can't be sweethearts, Juan."

"Oh, gammon!" said I. "What kind of stuff are you talking now?"

"My stars, Juan, isn't it natural for a girl to like a boy?"

"Yes, but not in a sticky, kissy way."

"Who the dickens wants to be sticky? I'd like to have you say you like me. Is that very much to ask?"

"I do like you. Better than I ever did—"

She sighed. Then with both hands she rumpled her hair again, vigorously. "Oh, dear me suz!" said she. "I wonder how long it will be before you'll want to kiss me."

I had no inclination to do it. Her bare throat and arms made me uncomfortable.

"Connie is out with Doggie Doggett, visiting the Zouaves," I said. "I'm going to lie down for a while and then get dinner—"

"I'll get it." She sat up and looked around her. "Get me some water, will you, dear?"

I took the tin pitcher from the basin, went down to the pump, and fetched it back full. Then I went into my part of the room and lay down, listening to the ablutions of the girl on the other side of the blanket.

She came in presently, all refreshed and dressed, replenished the fire in the stove and set about getting supper, while I lay with eyes shut pretending to be asleep. For Iris had begun to make me a little uneasy—and not in her usual way, either.

I ventured to unclose one eye to take a look at her, and she saw me do it and laughed.

"You're so sweet, Juan," she said.

"Aw—quit that mush, will you?"

She merely laughed again and set the bacon and corn meal afrying.

"BECKWITH sent me an apple pie from the sutler's," I said. "It's there on my saddle blanket."

"I see it. Won't Connie be pleased!"

"You like pie, too, don't you?"

"I like anything *you* give me."

"Suppose I give you a spank!"

"Go ahead."

"You'd tear me to pieces, and you know it," said I.

"No; I'm too lonely to care what you do to me."

I looked up at her uneasily; but she was frowning as she hovered about the stove. So presently I got up and went out and down the back way to find Connie.

Several Zouaves kissed her good-by, and she came back with me, enchanted by her conquests, Doggie Doggett trotting proudly at our heels.

When we had finished supper, Mr. Doggett included, Iris undressed and bathed Connie and put her to bed, and I went down to thank Emerick and relieve him of the key till Iris arrived. She came after a while and took my place; and I carried the sheaf of telegrams over to headquarters, where Beckwith's alternate took them. When I returned I told Iris that I'd sleep until midnight only.

"I'm very sad because you are to be detailed for field duty," she said, sighing deeply and loudly.

"I'm sorry to leave you, too, Iris. You're darn' good company. Besides, I shall worry about you."

"Really?"

"Of course. After all, you're a girl. And you're my oldest friend."

"I know it. I'm beginning to think about you a great deal, Juan. You know, I think we both are growing up quite fast."

"I am grown. What are you talking about?"

She laughed. "Come here, Juan," she called.

"Why?"

"Pull your chair up beside me."

I did so, unwillingly.

"Don't you ever feel like kissing me?" she asked, rattling away at her instrument.

I NEVER had felt that inclination. I glanced at her sulkily. Then I took another and rather stealthy look. And for the first time in my life I thought her rather good-looking. Her hand, vibrating with key and magnet, slightly fascinated me.

As she sent her messages flying, reading from a sheaf beside her, she sang softly some of the popular army songs.

"You used to sing The Bonnie Blue Flag when you were a saucy child," I reminded her.

"'And rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star!'" she hummed, never slackening her telegraphic speed.

"You'll land in the provost marshal's cell," said I, "if some detective hears you."

> "Abraham is very sick,
> Stanton's got the measles.
> Lee will give them both a kick—
> Pop goes the weasel!"

she hummed with delighted perversity.

"You better be careful," I protested.

"Good night, dear."

"Good night," I replied, scowling. "Call me at twelve, will you?"

"I will if you'll kiss me, Juan."

"All right, then; I'll wake myself up—"

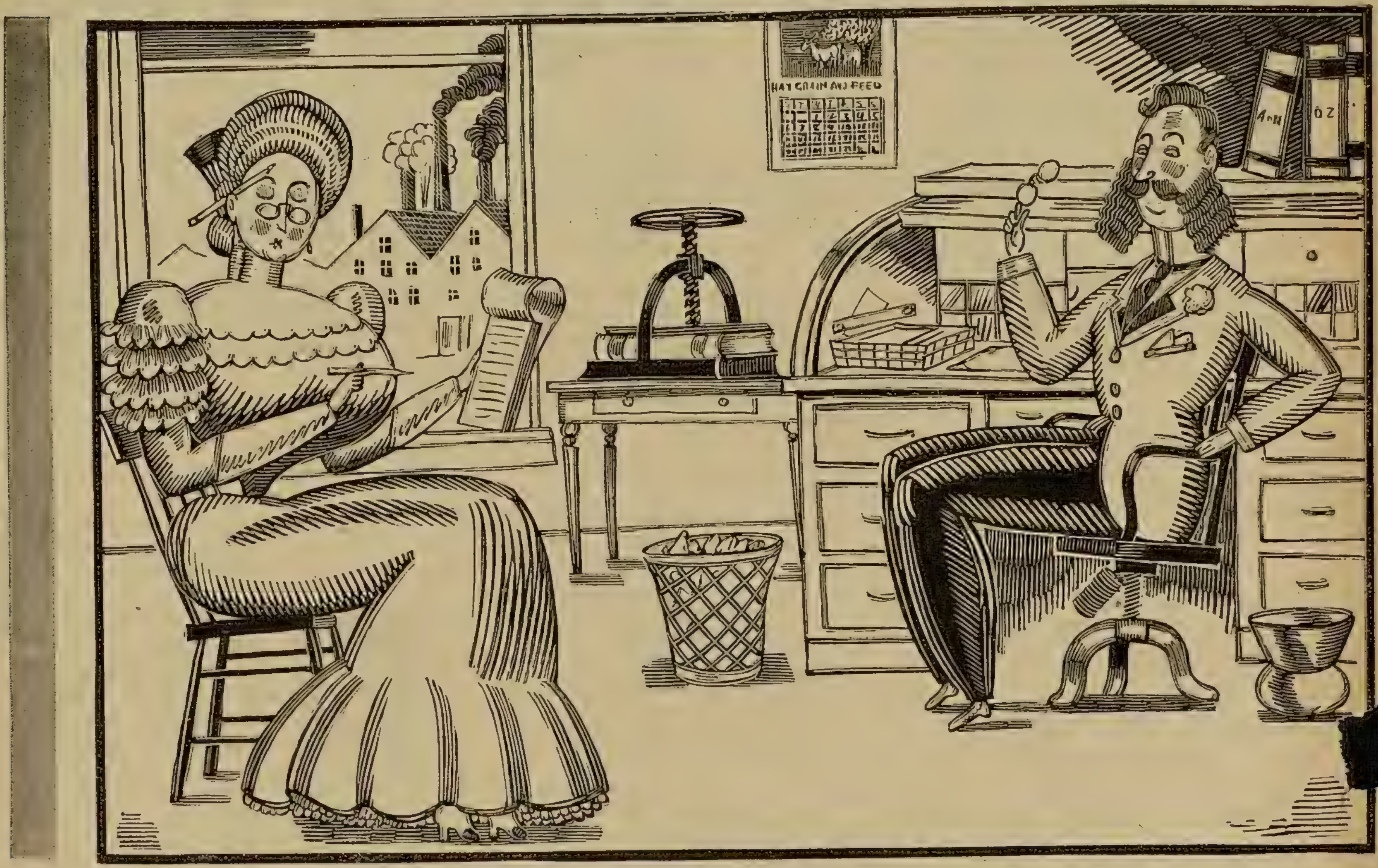
"Oh, *I'll* call you—you exasperating pig!"

I had been deeply, dreamlessly asleep, when I started up in bed wide awake, with Iris' voice alarming my ears: "Juan! Juan! Wake up!"

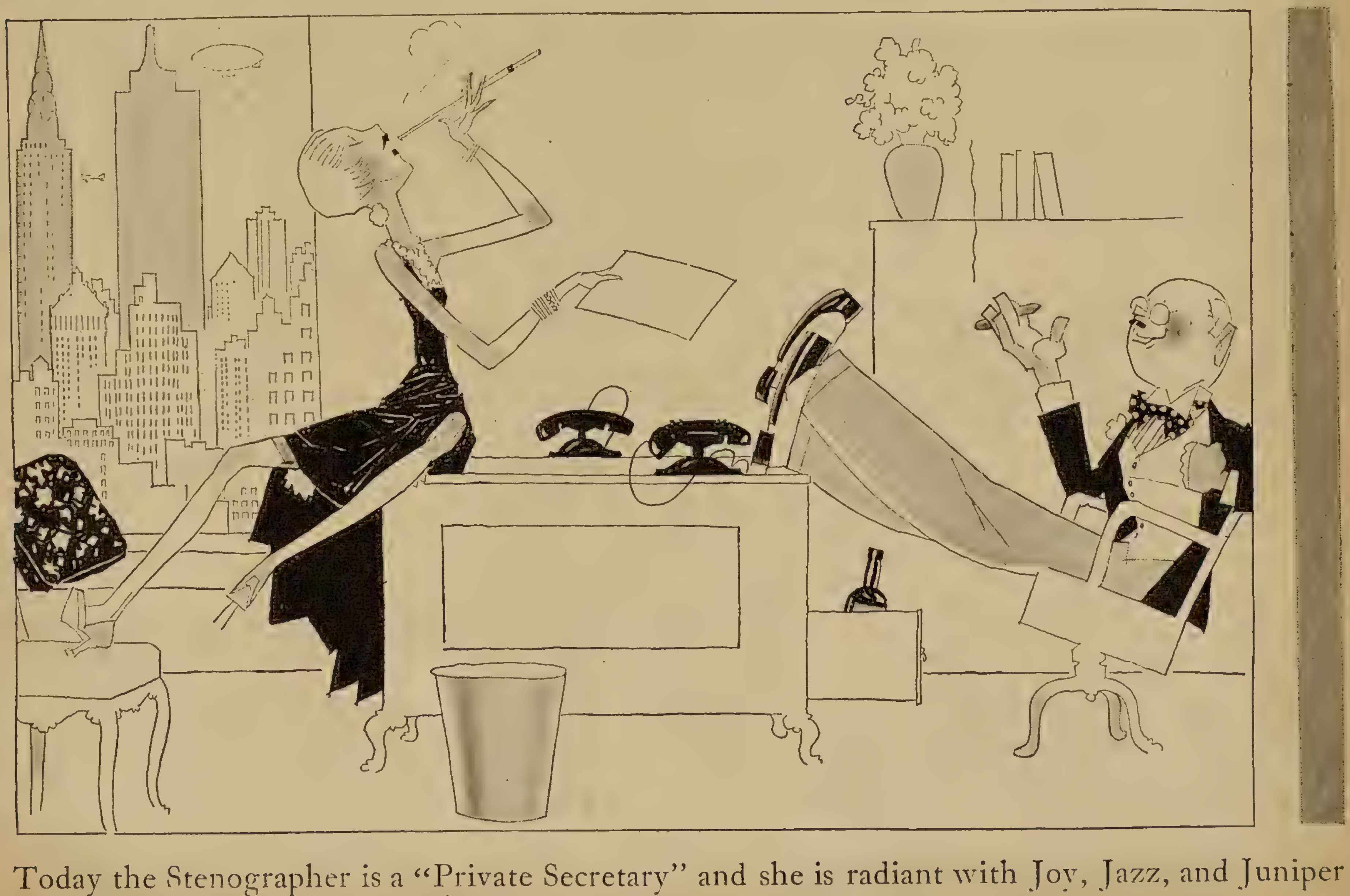
I sprang up and ran to the head of the office stairs, and met her flying up at full speed.

In next week's installment of the story you'll watch Juan play hide and seek with death, as two desperate armies come thrillingly to grips.

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



The Stenographer in the Dear Dead Days was, Prim, Proper, and Prissy

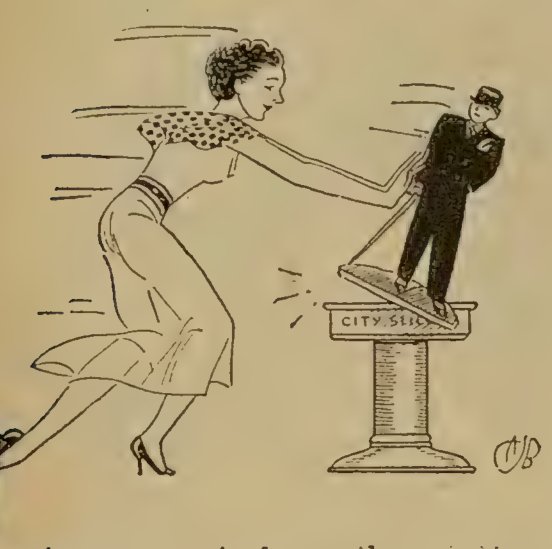


Today the Stenographer is a "Private Secretary" and she is radiant with Joy, Jazz, and Juniper

Vox

From the Cities to the Soil

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. — Having been raised on a farm, I got a big thrill out of your editorial, " Found—A Dependable Solution of Unemployment," and out of Mary Noble's article, " Driven Back to Paradise! " Undoubtedly too many people have left the farms, and poured into the cities, and got jobs, and been thrown out of them when the depression came. And now they must go back to the land.



The tide flowing from the land to the cities has been partly caused, I believe, by the thoughtless ridicule of the farmer in the city press and magazines. The farmer has been held up to scorn as a " hick " and a " hayseed," when, as a matter of fact, the farmers I know are a much more wholesome, healthy lot than the city people I know—and, in many ways, a much wiser lot.

Let's see a few cartoons knocking the city slicker off his pedestal—the slicker who'd be better off on the land—and lay off the so-called hicks and hayseeds.—*Nellie.*

VALATIE, N. Y.—This is my first Pop. I just can't help it after reading your solution of unemployment.

I suggest that you, the editor of Liberty, buy an abandoned farm; pick out some down-and-out family that you think will make good, place them on the farm, and you pay the bills until the new farmers are in a position to pay them themselves—and in two years you will be in the bread line yourself, looking for advice!—*Charles Burghardt.*

EVANSVILLE, IND.—The article, " Driven Back to Paradise! " by Mary Noble, is O. K. as far as farm people are concerned. But what about the unemployed who have lived in the city all their lives? Many of them wouldn't know a turnip from a carrot and would be as much out of place on a farm as an Eskimo in Miami.—*Frank R. Veatch.*

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE WEST—Last winter my husband and I left a good job and one of the large Eastern cities to come to the Middle West and bought a small farm. Neither of us knew one thing about farming.

We have made a profit on our first year's efforts while " natural-born farmers " are going bankrupt on all sides.

Our pure-bred hogs took prizes at every fair they were shown in: one junior boar champion, one blue-ribbon junior boar, two seconds, one third, and one fourth. Yet neither one of us knew the first thing about hogs when we started.

The cheapest of the hogs sold for thirty-five dollars, and a junior boar champion is not to be sneezed at. I guess we must have made them feel at ease!

Even our garden products are all sold at a good profit and it was the first garden we had ever raised.

These farmers that are so sarcastic about city-bred folks had better look to their laurels. We may teach them how to farm yet, for we did not lose on one single product.

All it takes is good common sense and a will to learn and to work.—*Two Who Tried It.*

VANCOUVER, B. C., CAN.—Your editorial, " Found—A Dependable Solution of Unemployment," left me gasping for breath.

Certainly it is good as far as it goes, but you could not, in all probability, take care of even twenty-five per cent of the unemployed that way.

Supposing you could establish the six or eight million unemployed in the U. S. A. each on a separate small farm.

Well, they cannot grow clothing, or shoes, or other necessities of the manufacturing world. Therefore, to buy these, they must produce a good surplus over their own needs and sell this surplus in order to buy all they cannot produce themselves.

This huge surplus would so overcrowd the market for farm produce as to bring down prices to a level that would leave no profit for the grower.

Why, even today we are up against overproduction of farm produce.—*A. Stanway.*

MONTGOMERY, ALA.—I have just read your editorial regarding a solution of the unemployment situation.

Not only are you exactly right, Mr. Editor, but " back to the land " is the *only* solution, and if this same plan was good enough for our granddaddies, who laid the foundation for the richest country on earth, it should certainly be good enough for the starving thousands that are now looking for the public to support them.

And these thousands can be cared for far cheaper by this plan than any other way.—*J. W. Gannon.*

Don't You Like the Cartoons?

EQUALITY, ILL.—If you are just trying it out, please, for one reader's sake, go no farther with the experiment. I refer to the discontinuance of your table of contents.

When the issue for November 7 appeared without the index, I had it all fixed up that it was only an error on the part of the printing machinery; but when the next one came out, made up in the same manner, I knew the worst!—*Geo. C. McLain.*

An Umpire Gives Mr. Thrasher the Decision

TURNERS FALLS, MASS.—A moment, if you please, Mr. Vox Pop, in which to compliment Leslie Thrasher.

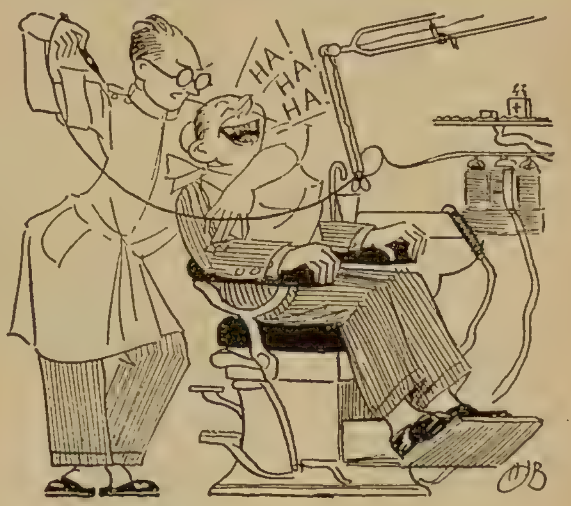
Thomas C. Tippett

Covers of the kind Mr. Thrasher paints stand or fall by one searching test: whether or not the artist has been able to put character and expression on the faces of those he places before us. Mr. Thrasher has passed this test with a high mark, in the opinion of the umpires of taste who read and judge Liberty.—*Thomas C. Tippett.*

Dentists Will Please Read This

CHICAGO, ILL.—Say, Liberty, won't you tell Robert Benchley, gently but firmly, that his contributions will no longer be accepted? That man will be the death of me yet.

I found a copy of Liberty in my dentist's waiting room the other day, and read " Indian Fakirs Exposed." Well, a few moments after I'd climbed into the chair to have a tooth fixed, I happened to think of a particularly funny sentence in that nonsensical thing of Benchley's that I'd just read—and burst out laughing right in the dentist's face.



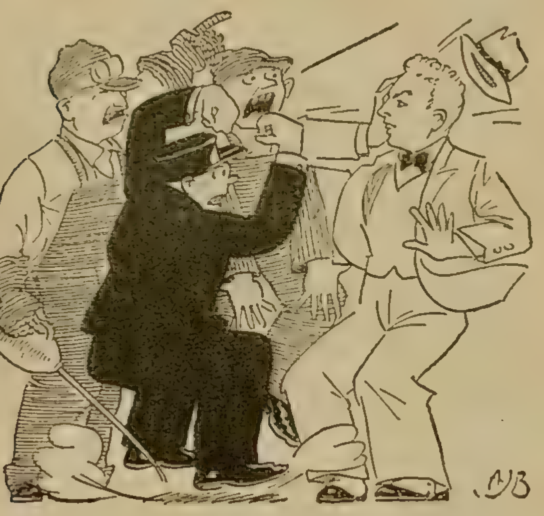
Now, when " Bench " can make me laugh in a dentist's chair, his articles certainly aren't safe to leave around.—*Walter.*

Pop

The Tempestuous Topic of Trains

Kansas City, Mo.—For crying out loud! Why does Theodore Dreiser have to go and get so grouchy about the railroads? Was he once in a wreck, or something?

I've been traveling over the U. S. A. for the last twenty years, and I'll say railroad service has improved in many ways. And it's also true that when you climb into a car drawn by the iron horse you feel safe. You feel certain of being able to climb out of that car uninjured, with your limbs all there, at the end of the trip. Can anybody say as much about climbing into an automobile or an airplane?



I hope that conductors, engineers, and firemen gather around Mr. Dreiser, the next time he gets on a train, and give him hell!—*A Traveling Salesman.*

Chicago, Ill.—You are entitled to congratulations for printing the truth about American railroading. Few newspapers and magazines have ever shown that much courage, and few persons have ever realized what Dreiser has so graphically expressed about railroads' having always found it more expedient to play the game of politics rather than that of transportation.

The little matter of accommodating the public was never the reigning issue in railroad development and operation. —*L. A. Merillat.*

Philadelphia, Pa.—Just read Daniel Willard's fine article, "I Am Only a Railroad Man." Wow, what a straight-from-the-shoulder answer to Dreiser! It seems to me that in this debate Mr. Willard had much the best of the argument. If anyone needs to be told where to get off, let Willard do it!—*Pat.*

Chicago, Ill.—It was exceedingly helpful to all of us uninformed persons to read the illuminating and profound article on how railroads should be run, by that experienced railroad authority, Mr. Theodore Dreiser.

I suggest you continue with a series in which experts of equal knowledge to that of Mr. Dreiser remedy conditions in the respective fields of their distinguished research. For example:

By Texas Guinan: "The Effect of India's Economic Life Upon the Nut Crop of Brazil, and How to Remedy It."

By Jack Dempsey: "The American Banking System: Should Not Loans Be Made with a Smile?"

Four Marx Brothers: "Ultra-Violet Rays, and Their Influence Upon the Fiscal, Operating, and Sales Methods of the United States Steel Corporation." —*Wallace T. Hughes.*

Norwalk, Conn.—Mr. Daniel Willard's reply to Theodore Dreiser's article was one of the most complete and overwhelming rebuttals I have ever read.—*D. S. Valden.*

Chicago, Ill.—I'd realized, for a long time, that someone ought to speak out about our railroads. And when I read the article by Theodore Dreiser, novelist, story writer, and straight thinker, I knew he was the one to do it.—*Christopher.*

A Flyer Gets Knocked for a Loop

Harry Jay Nickels

Burbank, Calif.—Having been in the air game since two years before the war, I have always waited for something to give me a real thrill, and at last I got it in reading Dick Grace's story, "Lost Squadron." Nothing ever got me so darned nervous and excited as the way he spun that yarn.

I have come out of rolls and tail spins that would put goose pimples on a brass monkey and I did power dives that put wrinkles in my belly, and even cracked up in a graveyard one dark and stormy night. But nothing ever gave me the kick I got out of "Lost Squadron."

That story got me so upset I was afraid to go to sleep in the dark!—*Harry Jay Nickels.*

Mr. Lean Takes the Slap—

Evanston, Ill.—Cecil Lean has written much good stuff, but in "Take the Slap" he fell far below his usual standard.

Can there be people in this day and age as ignorant and silly-acting as his acrobats?—*Clark McIntosh.*

—and Some Applause

Tampa, Fla.—In Cecil Lean's story, "Take the Slap," his acrobatic characters do some hair-raising, dangerous stuff on top of an "enormous, spliced white pole."

Vivid? Whew! I nearly fell off that darn pole while I was reading the story! That was some yarn, and I don't mean halfway.—*A. K. M.*

From One Who Knows His Nurses

John E. Tyler

Providence, R. I.—Three cheers and a blue ribbon for "A Nurse's Answer to F. P. A."! There was lots of milk in that coconut. For the nurse to give F. P. A. a piece of her mind, on paper, was all right as far as it went. But we ought to arrange an actual meeting between the two, and put Mr. Adams on the receiving end of at least two pieces of that dessert.

No doubt Mr. Adams did make a few logical points in his story on nurses, but boy, oh, boy, what logic was behind the nurse's answer! And I say that after being a bedridden patient in a large hospital for many months—a hospital where I encountered all types of females in the nursing profession.—*John E. Tyler.*

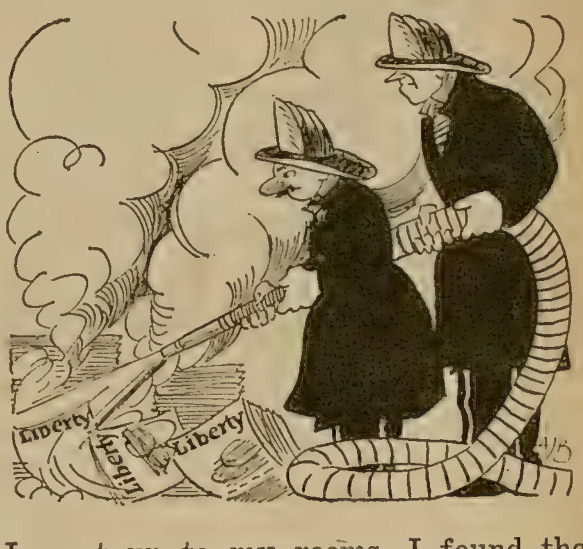
She Must Be Dumb to Be Your Girl

Philadelphia, Pa.—My girl friend is so dumb, she thinks Liberty is a good magazine.—*Joe Hess.*

Well, Why Don't You Tell One?

New York, N. Y.—I got a shock yesterday, Liberty, and it's your fault. I was walking down the street, toward my apartment house, when I saw fire engines screeching along in the direction I was going. When I reached the apartment house in which I live I was surprised to see the engines in front of it. And then I was amazed to learn from the door man that the fire was in my own apartment.

When the blaze had been put out, and I went up to my rooms, I found the cause of the combustion. The big stack of Libertys I'd piled up next my bookcase had caught on fire. Spontaneous combustion! Oh, *what* a hot magazine! If you'd left out a few of those warm love stories and some of those heated articles, I wouldn't have had my rooms and my belongings damaged by smoke and water.—*A Man Who Likes His Joke.*



WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR
THE FLAVOR LASTS

Its cost
is a trifle—
Its pleasure
delightful.

L196

REACH FOR RELIEF

STOP COUGHS WITH NYALYPTUS

Nearly all throat irritations find relief in this fine prescription that has been successfully used for so many years. It is truly a "golden cough syrup"—golden in its soothing properties and in its pleasant taste. Large bottle only 75c.

LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM
SERVICE NYAL DRUG STORE

Sold only at
NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES
The NYAL Druggist is a permanent citizen of your community

He Who Runs May Eat

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

THIS is one exciting and mysterious morning. Sandy, who has been out of a job for endless weeks, now is setting off on a hopeful pilgrimage. He hasn't told Lil a thing about it. She doesn't know exactly what kind of a job he is headed for.

"I don't want to tell you until I'm sure of it," Sandy explained, and Lil, who had her own ideas about his secret, nodded understandingly.

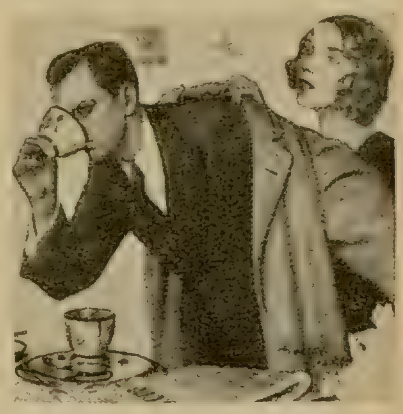
She got his breakfast at the ungodly hour of 6:30. What kind of a job would require that he leave the house before seven? That he catch the 6:45 train?

Sandy, slicked up in his best, barely snatched breakfast. Lil hadn't seen him so excited in years. She insisted that he drink some hot coffee, even as he hustled into his things.

At the door, she threw her arms around him.

"Good luck, Sandy," she said. He nodded, patting her gently with a meaningful but hasty affection.

Another second and he was gone, leaving Lil to worry, to face a ravaged breakfast table, to hope that Sandy made a connection this time and would not be disappointed again in his search of a substantial income. She noticed that he had left his time-table . . . it had dropped to the floor. Idly, she picked it up and then her attention was caught by penciled marks that he had made. She stopped, frowning, and studied them.


This week's cover picture.

Sandy hadn't marked the train to New York! There were marks instead against the trains and connections to Staten Island!

Lil drew in her breath sharply. Staten Island! That was where her affluent neighbor, Mr. Smithers, had his base of supplies for his thriving bootlegging business.

Was it possible . . . ?

They needed money, times were hard, and of late it seemed to her that Smithers and Sandy had been more pally than usual. . . .

Was it possible . . . ?

Lil sank into the chair Sandy had so energetically pushed back only a few moments ago. She shoved away the dishes of the half-eaten breakfast and stared out the window to where Sandy had rushed from view as he had dashed for the train.

Her heart was beating wildly. Well, what if she found herself married to a bootlegger? They could pay up all their bills, couldn't they?

Lots of bootleggers never got caught. . . . Nobody seemed to disrespect a man who admitted he was a bootlegger. Not these days! Nobody cut them, or scratched them off their lists. . . .

Besides, think of all the money they'd have. And heaven knows they needed it.

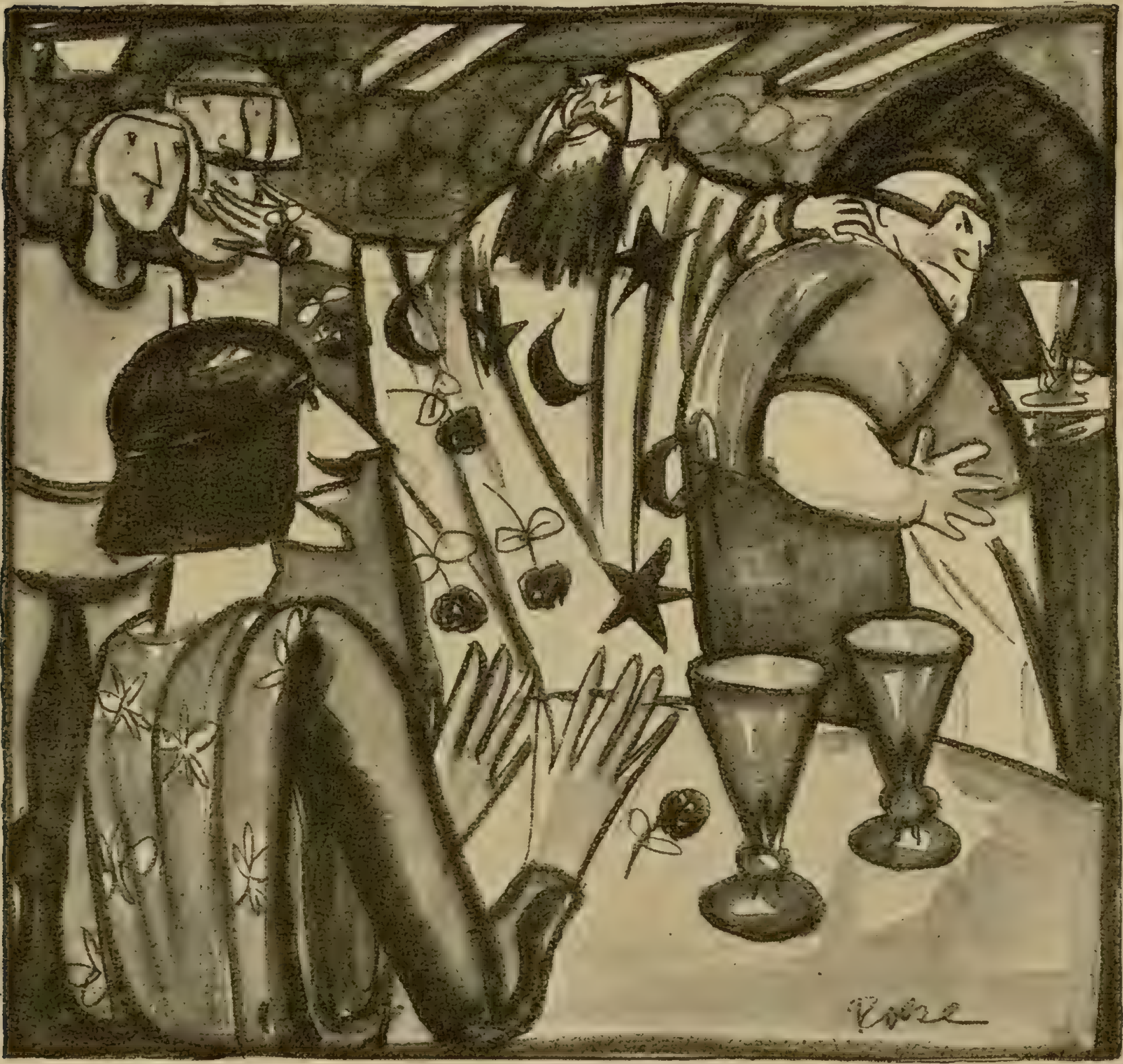
Lil's mind raced over the things she wanted to buy. The places she wanted to go. The shows she wanted to see, and the clothes . . .

Oh, well, he wouldn't have to be a bootlegger for long. He could always quit. Just a few months—or weeks—to tide them over.

And who would know the difference?

(Next week's cover adventure: Coming Events Cast Their Shadows)

A Little Sermon on SUCCESS



The Magician began to pull paper roses out of the landlord's neck, much to the delight of everyone except the landlord.

Pictures by Herbert F. Roese

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

(Reading time: 6 minutes 3 seconds.)

A FAMOUS politician once remarked, on glancing through a copy of Jo's Boys by Louisa M. Alcott, that he would rather have written Three Men in a Boat than to have dug the Suez Canal. As a matter of fact, he never did either, and wasn't quite as famous a politician as I have tried to make out. But he knew what he meant by Success.

Lord Nelson is quoted as having said to one of his subordinates just before he went into action that there was no such thing as a good war or a good peace; in fact, that he doubted if there was a good anything. Now, Lord Nelson was a successful man in the sense that the world means Success, but he was unhappy because he had on his conscience the fact that he had imprisoned those two little princes in the Tower of London and had been instrumental in having them dressed in black velveteen and wear long blond curls like a couple of sissies. He was a successful man, but had only one eye.

I could go on indefinitely citing examples of great men who have said things. I guess I will.

One hundred and seventy-five years ago General Wolfe Montcalm (sometimes called General Wolfe and sometimes General Montcalm, but always found on the Plains of Abraham) wrote to his adjutant: "I sometimes wonder what it is all about, this incessant hurry-scurry after Fame. And how are *you,* my dear adjutant? And that bad shoulder of yours? Look out for that. And look out for a girl named Elsie, who may drop in on you and say that she knows me. She doesn't know me at all; in fact, who of us can say that he really knows anyone else? I often wonder if I know myself."

There was a great deal more to the letter, but I have quoted enough to show that the famous general saw through the phantom which men call Success. He won Quebec, but, after all, what is Quebec? He had to pay eight to ten, and even then he had that long hill to climb. His knowledge of what Life really means came too late for him, just as it comes too late for most of us.

There is a tribe of head-hunters who live in the jungle of Africa who reverse the general practice of seeking Success. When they are little babies they are all made head of the tribe, the highest office known in the jungle, and are given great bags full of teeth (the medium of exchange corresponding to our money, only not so hard to get and certainly not so easy to get rid of, for who wants a lot of teeth around the house?).

The idea then is for each young man to spend his life trying to get out of the office of tribal head, to dispose

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

of his legal tender, and to end up in the gutter. The ones who succeed in doing this are counted the happy ones of the tribe, and it is said that they are "successful" men. The most successful man in the history of the tribe ended up in the gutter at the age of seven. But he had luck with him. He lived in the gutter anyway and all that he had to do was to lie over.

Lord Nelson was unhappy because he had imprisoned those two little princes in the Tower.

Now, perhaps these head-hunters have the right idea. Who knows? Charles Darwin once said that it isn't so much the Little Things in Life which count as the Little Life in Things. The less life there is in a man, the happier he is, provided there aren't mosquitoes in the room and he can get his head comfortable. (If Charles Darwin didn't say that, it is the first thing he *didn't* say.)

People often come to me and ask what I would recommend for this and that, and I ask them, "This and that what?" And they go away sadly and think me a very wise man. I am not a wise man. I am just a simple man. "Simple Simon" they used to call me, until they found out that my name is Robert. I take Life as it comes, and although I grouse a great deal and sometimes lie on the floor and kick and scream and refuse to eat my supper, I find that taking Life as it comes is the only way to meet it. It isn't a very satisfactory way, but it is the *only* way. (I should be very glad to try any other way that anyone can suggest. I certainly am sick of this one.)

ONCE upon a time, in a very far-away land, before men grew up into the little boys they are now (Emerson once said that a little boy is just the lengthened shadow of one man), there was a very, very brave Knight who had a very, very definite yen for a beautiful Princess who lived in a far-away castle (very, very far away, I mean).

Now, there was also in this same land a Magician who could do wonders with a rabbit. People came from far and near to watch him at his egg-breaking and card-dropping, and now and again someone from the country would cry out, "Pfui!" But for the most part he was held to be as good as that feller who came down from Boston once. And, by one of those strange oddments of Fate which so often bring people together from the ends of the earth, the Magician was also in love with the very, very lovely Princess who lived you-know-where.

And it happened that the Knight went riding forth one day on his milk-white charger (or, at any rate, he had been milk-white until he thought it would be comical to lie down and roll in his stall) and set out to find the Princess, whom he still thought the loveliest lady he had ever seen, although he had not yet seen her. He was a little in doubt as to which direction to take, for the Princess' castle, besides being very, very far away, was very, very hazy in the Knight's mind, he having heard of it only as "the Princess' castle" with no mention of its location. That's nothing to go by.

NOW, at the same hour, the Magician himself was setting out on a horse he had brought out of a silk hat, bent on the same errand as the Knight—to get that Princess. And he, too, knew no more of where he was going than did the Knight—with the result that, after riding about in circles for three years, they both ended up at the same inn, eight miles from the town from which they started.

Now, the Knight was very fond of magic and the Magician was very fond of Knights. So, after a few tankards of mead together, the Magician got out his kit and began to pull paper roses out of the landlord's neck, much to the delight of everyone present except the landlord, who said that it was done with mirrors.

And so the Knight and the Magician became bosom friends and forgot about the very, very lovely Princess, and the Knight took the Magician home with him to his castle, so that every evening he could have another sleight-of-hand show. And the Princess, who by this time had got pretty sick of waiting, went back to her husband—who, it must be admitted, was a little disappointed at the way things had turned out.

Now, this little fable shows us that Success may be one of two things: first, getting what we want; and, second, *not* getting what we want.

It was Voltaire who is reported to have said: "*Plus ça change—plus ça reste,*" meaning, "There isn't much sense in doing anything these days." Perhaps it wasn't Voltaire, and perhaps that isn't what the French means; but the angle is right.

Can you say the same of yourself?

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Liberty now offers

$100 to $500 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, LINCOLN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

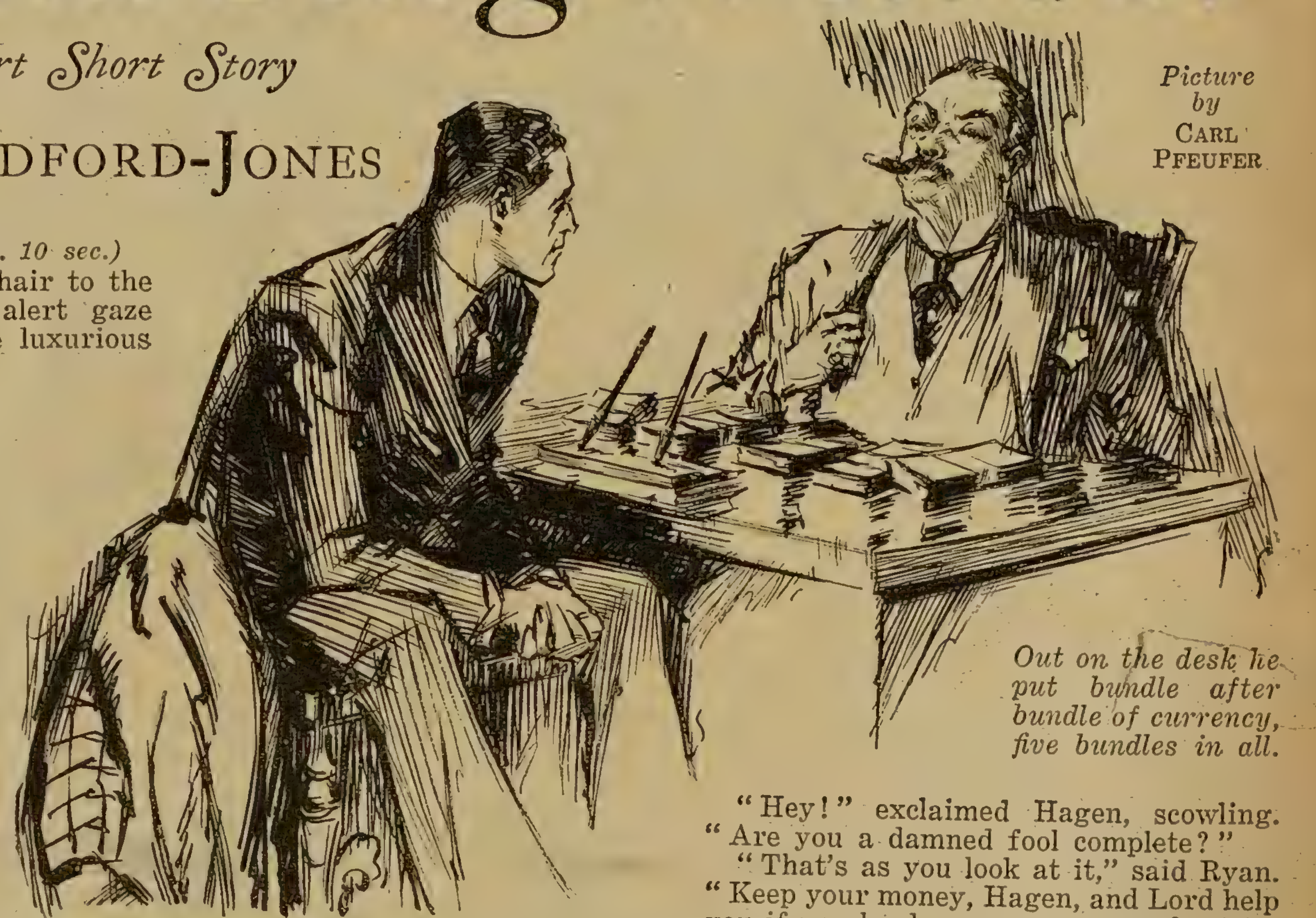
Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

The Shaving Mirror

A Short Short Story

By H. BEDFORD-JONES



Picture by CARL PFEUFER

Out on the desk he put bundle after bundle of currency, five bundles in all.

(Reading time: 4 min. 10 sec.)

RYAN drew up a chair to the desk, his dark, alert gaze flitting about the luxurious room.

"And five years ago, Hagen," said he half humorously, "it's driving a taxi you were. Well, I'm glad to see you again, and glad you've come up in the world!"

"And you the same lad as ever," said the man at the desk, rolling the fat cigar between his lips. "You're still in the coast guard, I hear, running down them devils of whisky peddlers! What do they pay you, Ryan?"

"A hundred a month," said Ryan, and looked at the other. "It's yourself was always after the easy money. And why did ye have me come here tonight?"

"For old times' sake, Ryan," said Hagen. "I'd like to be putting a bit of luck in your way, for I hear you need it. So the wife is in the hospital, eh? Is it anything bad?"

"It is," said Ryan. "And it's long, worse luck."

"And it eats up the money, eh? There's something here I'd like to set before your eyes, Ryan."

Hagen took a parcel from the drawer of the desk and opened it. Out on the desk edge before his visitor he put bundle after bundle of currency, five bundles in all. Ryan looked at them, and swallowed hard. Hundred-dollar bills they were, new and crisp and tempting.

"Ryan, you and me are alone in this room, if not in the house," said Hagen, shifting his cigar. "And here's twenty thousand dollars, Ryan, and I'd like to see you go out of here with them in your pocket."

"Faith, and so would I!" said Ryan, with a short laugh.

"Well, you may. You'll be on the south-coast patrol tomorrow night, Ryan." Hagen regarded him intently. "When you come down to the beach at the inlet road, you can do two things. Sometimes you turn to the left, sometimes to the right; is it not so?"

"It is so," returned Ryan, looking at the money.

"Tomorrow night, then, turn to the right and keep going," said Hagen crisply. "That's all there is to it. Take the money away."

Ryan's dark, high-boned features tightened a bit, and his eyes bit at the money on the desk. True it was: he might turn to the left or right and make his choice of the night's patrol, and no man the worse for it. He took a cigarette from his pocket and held a match to it, and his fingers shook a little, and he leaned back in his chair again.

"Funny thing about a mirror, Hagen," he said. "Ye know, I have to be shaving every morning."

"What the devil's that got to do with it?" asked Hagen.

"Everything. I'd hate to be looking at a dirty dog in the glass, Hagen, for the rest of me life. So, I'll be going."

He rose with a nod and a smile.

"Hey!" exclaimed Hagen, scowling. "Are you a damned fool complete?"

"That's as you look at it," said Ryan. "Keep your money, Hagen, and Lord help you if you land any cargo on my beat tomorrow night! Good night to you. I'll have to be getting home and to bed."

So Ryan went on home and to bed, and if there was a sharp thought in his mind of twenty thousand dollars flung away, he said no word of it to anyone.

When he reported the next day, after visiting the hospital and the bank, and signing a note for the loan, and speaking to the doctor about the bill, Ryan found the lieutenant was waiting to see him. He passed into the office and saluted, and the lieutenant swung his chair around.

"Sit down, Ryan. I've been wanting a word with you," said he. "I see you shaved this morning."

"I did that, lieutenant," said Ryan. "And it's no strange thing."

The other smiled, and motioned to the clerk across the room.

"I want you to listen to something, Ryan. Sit tight, now."

THERE was a scratch and a burr, and then, all of a sudden, Ryan gave a start. It was his own voice that he heard, low and steady:

"Funny thing about a mirror, Hagen. Ye know, I have to be shaving every morning."

"What the devil!" exclaimed Ryan, staring. The lieutenant broke into a roar of laughter at sight of Ryan's bemused and startled face.

"Had a talk with Hagen last night, didn't you? We've had that house wired for the past two weeks, Ryan, looking for just such a talk. There's the record of it. Hagen's back of the bars this minute, and six of his men, and twenty thousand dollars and other things. And, Ryan! There'll be a split for you out o' that twenty thousand, you know. After you've paid the doctor's bill and the hospital, why not buy yourself a new shaving mirror, eh? Just for a souvenir?"

Ryan looked at the grinning officer, and collected himself.

"Glory be!" he said slowly. "A new one, is it? No. I'm thinking the old one is good enough, lieutenant."

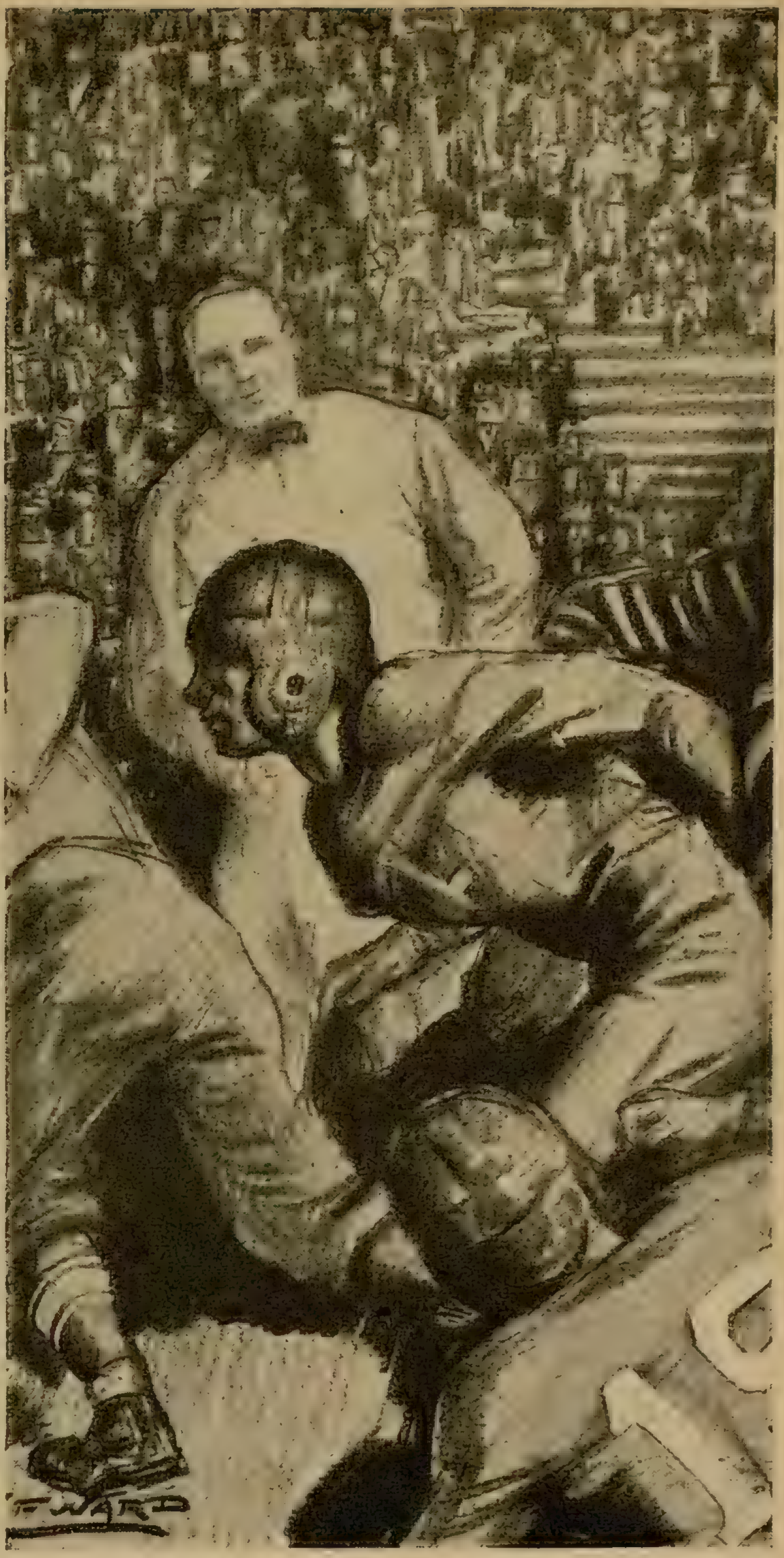
THE END

Another THORPE

You Don't Have to Be a College Man to Enjoy This Yarn

By
GEORGE S. BROOKS

Pictures by E. F. WARD



Four State men were following the Indian

(Reading time: 27 minutes 40 seconds.)

A PUNGENT odor of moth balls and mystery accompanied Scud Teel into President Cameron's office.

"Prexy," he exclaimed, "I've found him!"

The head of Bristol University turned a pair of mildly startled blue eyes upon the superintendent of gymnasiums and fields. The ground keeper was excited. His lips were twitching as if he could scarcely hold back the news that was on his tongue.

He was wearing his best blue serge suit and derby hat. Neither had been aired since the christening of Curley Ryan's baby. Scud dressed up only for epoch-making events.

"Whom have you found?" The president wondered if Scud had captured the dormitory burglar. Or perhaps he had located a millionaire who wanted to endow something.

"Another Thorpe."

"Another Thorpe," Dr. Cameron repeated. "Er—yes. Another Thorpe." He tried in vain to recall the first Thorpe. "Is he here in college now?"

"Say." The contempt in the ground keeper's tone was blistering. "If we had another Thorpe now, you don't think there'd be any secret about it, do you?" He paused for dramatic effect. "Or do you?"

"Really, Mr. Teel, I'm not prepared to say what—"

"Well, I am. Santa Claus quit givin' Thorpes for Christmas right after the Boer War. And if you want an athlete these days you got to hustle."

So that was it. Thorpe had been some kind of an athlete.

"And that ain't the worst of it, neither. Supposin' you do dig up a boy with some talent. It's a ten-to-one shot that he's been promoted to six other colleges already. The boys that come to college without bein' asked are all on crutches these days. Although, from the way you faculty guys act, anybody'd think ten-second men were commoner than bad gin."

The older man behind the desk knew it was time to divert the conversation into other channels. Whenever Scud recalled the lack of coöperation between the athletic and scholastic departments of the university, the president was in for a bad half hour.

"Where did you find this Mr. Thorpe?"

"Up to the reservation," Scud beamed.

"The Indian reservation?"

"Sure. Didn't I say he was another Thorpe?"

Evidently the first Thorpe had been an Indian.

"He's a full-blood Canadia Indian. His name's Luke Red Wolf. He stands seventy-three and a quarter inches, weighs a hundred ninety-seven and eleven ounces, stripped, this mornin', without his breakfast. But he ain't fat. We could put ten to fifteen pounds on him without slowin' him up a second in the half mile. He's got an eye like a hen-hawk. He's faster'n a fox. He's competitive as a fightin' rooster. His spirit ain't been broke. They ain't tamed any of the old original fight out of him."

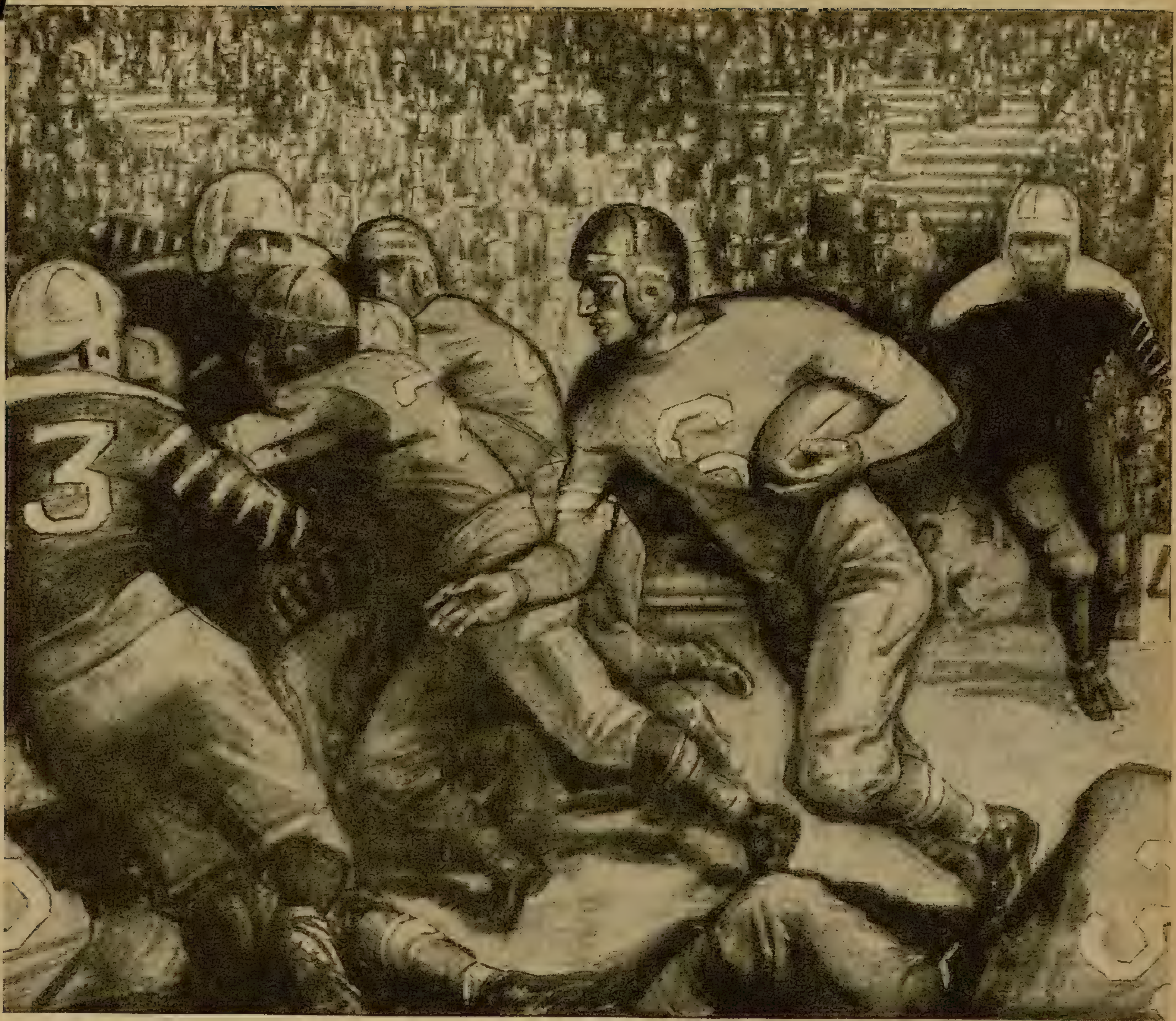
Scud paused for breath. His face glowed with pride. "He's a pagan, see? The missionary up to the reservation couldn't convert him. Corn-dance time—that's the big tribal festival—he dances every other Indian down. Thirty-six hours straight he whoops and dances. Endurance? Say, prexy, have I ever lied to you?"

Dr. Cameron shook his head.

"Well, I'm tellin' you. It's been two hundred years since there's been a man on this continent who could match Luke Red Wolf. Get him mad and give him a carvin' knife, I'd back him to scalp the six toughest men on the campus."

The college president sighed. He would have given away his best science instructor if he could have seen a possibility of getting Luke Red Wolf into college. He hated to disappoint Scud. The little man's enthusiasm was so genuine.

There was something about athletics that kept a man young. Scud was over fifty; he had been at Bristol more



on every play. And, even against those odds, he was clawing his way through for long gains.

than thirty years. But he was standing there on the office rug, beaming like a freshman after a football victory. Bristol owed Scud more than she could ever pay for years of loyalty and hard work.

"Now I wonder if—" Dr. Cameron tried to break the bad news as gently as he could. "Perhaps you've overestimated this man's ability."

"Not me. There ain't any doubt about him. The Injun's there. I'm talkin' conservative. I goes up to the reservation to referee a lacrosse game between the Canadias and the Senecas. And Luke Red Wolf was playing for the Canadias."

"I see."

"HE plays all over the field. He's got snake hips like Red Grange and he's shifty as Chris Cagle. He makes four goals unassisted, and half the time he's passing to his point. Team play, understand? If he was a horse his name would be Man-of-War. If he was a poet he'd be Shakespeare. No foolin'. A champ's a champ. Why, prexy, he'll do this college more real good than all the LL.D.s you can give to Andy Mellon or George Eastman or Henry Ford. This guy will put us in the news columns the minute he's entered. Legitimately, I mean. And he'll keep us there until long after he's graduated."

"Ahem. I understand." Dr. Cameron cleared his throat. "About his entrance, now. What is his preparation?" He felt mean to bring that up, but there was no use postponing it.

Scud cackled. "I'm waitin' for you on that. I knew you was settin' there fixin' to sock me with that entrance gag. I seen that 'half-year-of-solid-geometry-intermediate-algebra-trig-or-the-equivalent' look in your eye as soon as I begun talkin'. Now, this guy can read the lacrosse rules. I tried him out. And he can write 'Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country' for dictation so as you or anybody can read it. I made him show me, when he said he wanted to come to college and have his picture in the papers and travel all over with the teams."

"But, Mr. Teel, even stretching a point, that is hardly enough to warrant—"

"It is for an Indian."

Dr. Cameron shook his head.

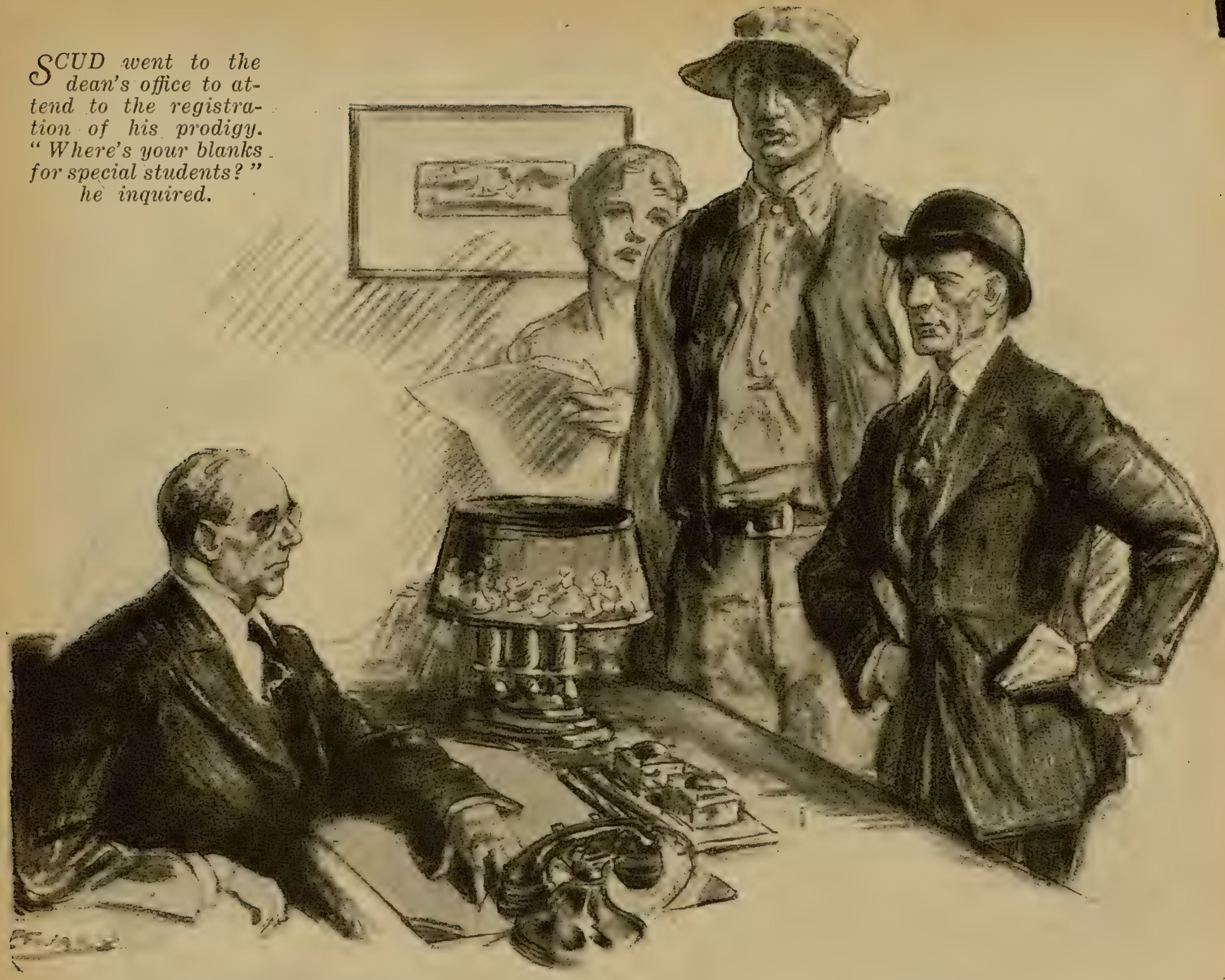
"Listen, prexy."

From the rear pocket of his blue serge trousers, where he usually carried a package of scrap tobacco, Scud took a leather-bound volume which President Cameron recognized as the Centennial History of Bristol University.

Scud turned to the appendix at the back of the book.

"Listen," he repeated triumphantly. "Section five, article nine of the original charter: 'And it is the will of the Assembly and Senate of this state, hereby enacted, that the president of Bristol College'"—Scud paused to look meaningly at the other—"'be directed to receive as students such Indian allies as may present themselves for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



SCUD went to the dean's office to attend to the registration of his prodigy. "Where's your blanks for special students?" he inquired.

ANOTHER THORPE
Continued from page fifty-seven

instruction in the arts, the sciences, and the Christian religion. The president of Bristol College is further directed to treat such Indian students without discrimination; to have them suitably tutored at the public expense, to see them grounded in the ideals of free men. And it is hereby enacted that the Indian allies, while students, shall be subject only to the general rules and regulations of Bristol College.' "

"But," protested the president, "that was written more than a hundred and fifty years ago."

"So was the Declaration of Independence and the Ten Commandments. That old charter's still in force. This college is still holdin' the land given by that charter, deriving income from it. You can hire all the special teachers you want to for Red Wolf, send in your bill to the legislature, and the state has got to pay it."

"But, Mr. Teel—"

Scud drew himself up. "Say," he asked, "who are you to be questionin' th' wisdom of the founders of this institution? As you said at commencement, they builded better than they knew. A damn' sight better! Here's where we let the state pay for a footballer to beat State College. I'll betcha there ain't a team in the country that ever signed a fast halfback as cheap as that."

SCUD went to the dean's office to attend to the formal registration of his prodigy. With a marked copy of the ancient charter and an informal opinion from the attorney-general's office in one hand and Luke Red Wolf in the other, Scud presented himself, demanding service from his pet enemy, the registrar.

"Where's your blanks for special students?" he inquired. "Here's a special. Very special. Certainly he's goin' to enter. Call up prexy's office, if you want to. Miss, can we set down while we fill out this card?"

CLASS OF 1935

MALE (×) FEMALE ( ) WHITE ( ) COLORED ( )
MARRIED ( ) SINGLE (×)

Name	Wolf, Luke Red.
Address	c/o Canadia Reservation.
Responsible Parent ( )	
or Guardian (×)	U. S. Govt., Washington, D. C.
Born (when and where)	Above address between starving moon & maple-sugar moon following the 106th harvest on the Canadia Reservation.
Age	About 25 yrs., more or less. Records missing.
Father's full name	Harry Beaver Teeth.
Mother's maiden name	Frisky Squirrel.
Principal ancestry	Native American.
Tuition payable	Send bill to State Legislature, payable under Act of June 5, 1779.
Moral character	O. K.
Sponsors	Sam Chas. Teel. Coach Ryan. Prexy Cameron.
Religion	Indian Religion, Beaver & Squirrel Denominations.
Physical condition (at entrance)	PERFECT.

The dean and registrar accepted the card without comment. They did not share the president's liking for Scud (Sam Chas.) Teel.

"He won't get no mail nor join no societies," the ground keeper explained to the office force. "You can send notices and things for him over to the men's gym. I'll let him sleep on a cot in there, same as me. He'll eat at the training table; he'll be on the football squad until Thanksgiving, the basketball squad until Easter, the track, lacrosse, and baseball squads all the spring. So that fixes him for everything but clothes, books, and spending money. I got an idea for a job for him that'll buy his books, this suit he's wearin' will be all right for this year, and money'd only be a temptation to him, anyhow."

Scud's plans might have met with complete success if he only had not talked so much. But he was so sure of himself and Red Wolf that he started to brag—and to a football scout from Lexington College.

The Lexington scout approached the little man just after the annual Bristol-Lexington game. For the third successive year, Lexington had won with points to spare. Bristol had been outplayed like a bunch of schoolboys. The Lexington scout knew it, Scud knew it, and the silent crowds of Bristol students were bitterly aware of it.

"Hello, Scud. Too bad your team had an off day," began the Lexington representative.

"What was you doin' here?" Scud retorted ungraciously. "Why wasn't you up watchin' Princeton?"

"Well," the Lexington man drawled, "I begged off, so I could see our boys work. I'd figured, from what you told me last June, that this might be the closest game of the year. It's too bad that your outfit didn't get coördinated."

The ground keeper could feel his arteries hardening. To be patronized by a cheap mug from Lexington caused a hissing in his ears, a pressure on his chest, a rigidity of the knuckles, and other alarming symptoms.

"Tell you what I'll do," Scud snapped. "I'll bet you fifty dollars, right now, on next year's game."

"Even money?"

"Fifty even."

"Careful, now. Remember we only lose three by graduation this June."

"Huh! You couldn't lose 'em any other way." Scholarship requirements were notoriously easy at Lexington. The college awarded more major letters for sports than Phi Beta Kappa keys and more snap jobs to quarterbacks than scholastic fellowships.

"I WOULDN'T take your money, Scud."

"Oh! So you want odds, do you? All right. I'll give you six to five. Now. Where's your dough?"

That was all the Lexington man needed to hear. Scud always did a lot of talking. But he bet only on certainties. "Good freshman material, I understand."

"How about this bet?"

"No." Again the scout shook his head. "I don't want your money, Scud. When do your frosh play at home again?"

"Next Friday. They play the State College frosh at three o'clock Friday afternoon." It couldn't do any harm, Scud thought, to let this Lexington heel have a look at Red Wolf in action. Let him get a load of the best freshman back in the country. It would spoil his sleep for the next year, worrying about the Indian.

"If I can I'll drop around," promised the genial visitor. "Best luck in the world to you for the rest of the season."

"Sorry I can't wish you the same." Scud turned away.

Red Wolf would have three years of varsity competition. And for those three years, for three Lexington games, the little man was positive that his protégé would be Lexington's poison. He resolved that, regardless of the cost, he was going to have a pint of rye whisky on his hip and swallow it all to celebrate Red Wolf's first touchdown against that outfit. All Scud asked of life at the moment was to see the Canadia tuck a football in the crook of his arm, shake off a Lexington tackler, reverse his field, and run through the secondaries and safety man for a touchdown.

"TOO bad we wasn't coördinated this year, was it?" he fumed over his supper. "Give me my Injun and a dry field and I'll send 'em back to Lexington coördinated to death. Forty points better than Lexington, that's what we'll be. Forty to nothin'. Coördinate 'em with a bucket of whitewash and six touchdowns. A touchdown each period until the fourth. Then, when they're tired, we'll tell Red Wolf to pile up the score. Just like they done today. I wish we could get the Indian mad at 'em and make it sixty to nothin'. Maybe Curley Ryan and I could, if we worked on him right."

Scud kept on bragging. And when it came time for the freshman game the Indian did not let him down.

From the minute when Red Wolf backed up to his own goal line to receive the kick-off, to the final timekeeper's shot, the Indian did the work of a whole team.

To start with, he ran the first kick-off ninety-eight yards for a touchdown, circling a flank of the defense at the twenty-five-yard line and doing a series of dance steps on the chalk mark of the boundary, but never once stepping outside.

Four plays later, to prove that his first run was no mistake, he leaped high in the air to intercept a short pass over the line, shook off a pair of tacklers, and repeated his score.

He made touchdowns from line bucks, from end runs, from slices outside of tackle. He threw passes into the hands of incompetents who dropped them. After the regular quarterback was hurt, he called signals from the fullback position, running the team with a leadership worthy of Jeb Stuart.

On defense, he backed up the line, jarring his opponents with every tackle he made. He solved the best trick plays that State College offered.

"He's one man in 120,000,000," boasted Scud in Curley Ryan's ear.

"I know—I know," returned the other. "I wish he wasn't quite so

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The kind of a pipe that women can't forget!

YOU can't expect a girl to listen to the whisper of romance when she sees ahead long years of suffocation by the fumes of a too-powerful pipe. A little strategy, Eggleston: clean that old briar carefully, in the manner described in Sir Walter's booklet on the care of the pipe (copy free on request). Give your pipe a new start in life with Sir Walter's *milder* mixture—and try again! Everything will be different. It's a flavorful, full-bodied, well-aged blend of choice Burleys—and milder than you've ever dreamed a pipe tobacco could be.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 160

Send for this
FREE
BOOKLET

How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Who Discovered How Good a Pipe Can Be"

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

ANOTHER THORPE

Continued from page fifty-nine

good. This way, I know there must be a catch to it."

"Don't you believe in Providence?" asked Scud contemptuously. "See him use his hands when he goes through their interference."

"Scud, football coachin' makes an atheist out of a man," said Ryan. "Maybe he drinks."

"He don't have the money and he don't have the time. And I've warned every bootlegger on the campus that they'll go to Atlanta prison for selling to an Indian if he gets a drop. Besides," added the little man, "I watch him."

Out in the center of the field, Red Wolf placed himself to carry the ball, his interferers forming on his left.

The ball was snapped. Wolf straight-armed a State College center who was crashing through the line like a baby tank and side-stepped a defensive guard. Then, letting his bewildered interference trip over its own feet, he headed straight for the linesman on his right.

The opponent, crouched low with his arms spread, reached for the Indian's knees with viselike fingers. The play looked like a straight, hard fullback plunge right into a tackle, for no gain.

But, at the very moment of the impact, Red Wolf changed direction. His shoe cleats dug up the sod like a bobcat's claws. He bent over so far that he seemed falling on his side; but, miraculously, a foot remained under him.

ANOTHER twist to his right—there was not room or time for a spin—and he had shaken off the hand that touched his knee. He dived between two defensive backs, who collided after he had passed, straightened up, and outsprinted the safety man to the goal line. No one but a motorcycle cop could have overtaken him, once he was in the clear.

"A snake couldn't have wriggled through where he went," Ryan chuckled. "Five men had their hands on him."

"If he had a little real support, now—" Scud agreed. "And say. Look behind you. Up in the stand. Take a slant at the face on that Lexington fellow! If you felt as sick as he does right now you'd be sendin' for the ambulance."

Ryan did not bother with the Lexington scout. He was busy planning next year's varsity team. "We got a real center and guard to put in the scrimmage line ahead of him," the coach observed. "The line won't leak tacklers on every play. And I've got a couple of fast men in the backfield who don't mind getting their hair mussed. Just teach them to block, so as to ease your Indian past the rush line. That's all we need. Four players and your boy. It won't make any difference if all the rest of the team are students."

BEFORE the game had ended that afternoon four State College men were following the Indian on every play. And, even against those odds, he was clawing his way through for long gains. Nor was he weary at the conclusion of the struggle. He wanted to fight the timekeeper for ending the last quarter just when Bristol was headed for another score.

There was malicious courtesy in Scud's manner as he approached the Lexington man. "Glad you got over," Scud said heartily. "It was a nice day for it, wasn't it?"

"Who is he?" was the awed response.

"Who is who?"

"You know who I mean. The Indian."

"Just a boy in school here."

"But what about him?"

"I don't know myself much more'n you do. I kind of took a fancy to him," admitted the ground keeper. "Probably you did, too. I wouldn't be surprised if we both saw a lot of him the next three years. He strikes me as the kind of boy you do see a lot of. And hear a lot about."

"Where's he from?"

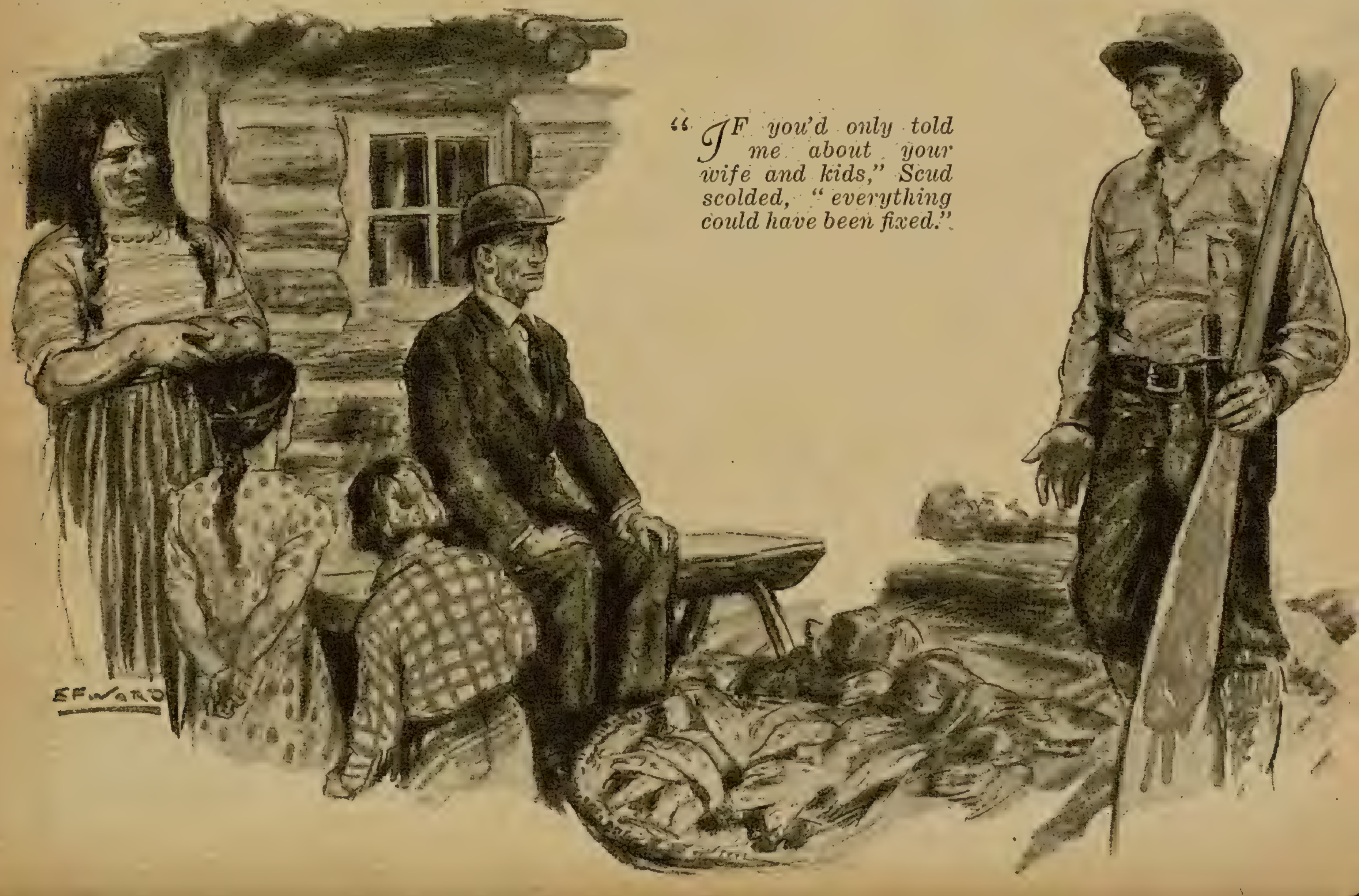
"Canadia Reservation," Scud replied.

"How'd he get in here?"

"Act of the legislature. He's up in his studies. He thinks this is the best college in the country because it is the only one where he can pass the entrance exams. And if he was due up for the Lexington varsity team next year you'd feel as good as I do. Go back home and tell them Scud Teel said so."

The Lexington man let it go at that. He had to.

The best part of it was, as Scud explained to President Cameron, that Red Wolf's usefulness did not end with the football season. As a shifty, accurate freshman forward,



"IF you'd only told me about your wife and kids," Scud scolded, "everything could have been fixed."

the Indian was not surpassed on the basketball court that season. And in the track meets of the third semester he placed in the 440, 880, and mile races, besides high and broad jumping, throwing the discus, hurling the javelin, putting the shot, and running in both the high and low hurdles. He was a star lacrosse player and a hard-hitting baseball outfielder.

"He's big, strong, and fast, and he likes to win," Scud summed it up. "But there's more to it than that. My boy don't go stale from trainin'. He's lived so hard all his life that he don't know it is trainin'. That roast beef and those swell steaks every day, with milk to drink and no sweets, isn't any hardship to him. Every day is like Thanksgivin' for my boy."

Nothing worried Scud. Even when Curley Ryan told him that Lexington College had sent a spy to the Canadia Reservation to dig up professionalism in Red Wolf's past history, he refused to get excited.

"The poor fellow never got a cent for playing. He gimme his word he didn't," Scud asserted. "Why, it sounds comical to us, but that buck Indian didn't know that anybody was ever paid for playing ball. He thought they did it for fun. For a fact, Curley. That's what he told me."

"But I had it straight that Lexington will do anything to get—"

"Let 'em try. It keeps their minds off their team."

"But I know that bunch. They're tricky. They'll do—"

Scud reassured the worried coach. "Let 'em go petition the legislature to revoke our charter," he returned. "And if they do we'll sick the Sons of the Revolution on 'em."

OFF the athletic field Scud's charge gave him no cause for worry. Wolf was a model of freshman deportment. He laughed but twice during the whole year. He wore his green cap without a protest and in the class rooms his beardless face was as unchanging as a Greek mask. He moved from a lab experiment in ceramics to a lecture on Biblical literature with the dignity of an Inca statue. It had been difficult, at first, to find courses which the Indian might attempt with some hope of passing. But not one of his instructors ever called him a fool.

A shrewd and practical common sense salted Red Wolf's opinions. He won a Large A in a citizenship quiz by his summation of treaty law. "When two nations shake hands on paper," he wrote, "little nation has to keep his word. Big nation can do what he likes."

In the compulsory first-year course in hygiene he drew the conclusion that "sanitation is a method by which many people may live together, although not healthy."

"Teachers very smart men," he confided to Scud. "They don't tell me nothing I don't already know is true."

It had been Scud's idea that Red

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Simply Brushing Hair *Now* Ends Gray Hair

Now Her Friends Say "She Never Had a Gray Hair" Because It Does Not Have That Dull, Flat, "Dyed" Look . . . .

YOU, too, can quickly, easily and surely end those gray hair handicaps by sprinkling a few drops of Kolor-Bak, a clean, colorless liquid, on your brush before brushing your hair.

If your hair is now gray, Kolor-Bak will impart a youth-like color again. If beginning to gray, Kolor-Bak will banish the invading grayness and keep your hair looking young.

Method Defies Detection

No one need ever know you use Kolor-Bak; no one can ever tell. Your hair will never have that harsh, flat, dull, "dyed" look, so all-revealing. There will be no tell-tale streaks. You cannot tell which hairs once were gray if you use Kolor-Bak a few mornings. Your friends will never think you ever had a gray hair; they will look upon you as years younger than you really are.

Applied as You Brush Your Hair

All you have to do to get rid of gray hair is to sprinkle a few drops of Kolor-Bak on your brush a few mornings and brush your hair. No muss; no stickiness; Kolor-Bak is as clear and pleasant to use as water.

End Those Gray Hair Handicaps!

Don't let gray hairs, which are so unnecessary, cause you heartaches, loss of positions or promotions! Give yourself every chance for prosperity and happiness! Get rid of those gray hairs the sure, easy, indetectable Kolor-Bak way.

Start today. Test Kolor-Bak now. If not joyfully satisfied your money will be paid back for the asking. You can get Kolor-Bak at any drug or department store. Insist on the genuine Kolor-Bak and refuse all imitations or substitutes.

FREE—50c BOX KUBAK SHAMPOO

Get a bottle of Kolor-Bak—send the top flap of the carton in which it comes to Kolor-Bak Co., Dept. 512A, 365 E. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill. You will be sent a full size 50c box of Kubak Shampoo, free and postpaid.

AMERICA'S *BEST READ* WEEKLY

Huge circulation—concentration in profit-making city markets—great reader interest—low advertising cost—these are the factors that can make a Liberty advertisement profitable for your business!

EARACHE!

Stop earache with Earakine. Applied in outer ear it—

(1) Stops the pain quickly.
(2) Relieves congestion—helps running ears,
(3) Softens wax. (Hardened wax is a frequent cause of temporary deafness.)

Earakine is a safe, reliable and effective remedy. Used by many physicians in their practice. Sold at all drug stores or by mail—50¢. C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.

USE EARAKINE

Play GUITAR Mandolin-Ukulele

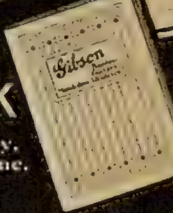
this FREE BOOK

shows the way to Popularity, Pleasure, Increased Income.

Send for your copy now.

Gibson Inc.

1223 Parsons Street, KALAMAZOO, MICH.



MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Sensible way to lose FAT

Woman Loses 15½ pounds in 2 Weeks!

A half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast and going a little lighter on potatoes, fatty meats and pastry, provides a GUARANTEED safe, quick and pleasant way to obtain slenderness.

Mrs. M. C. Taylor of Lewisburg, W. Va., writes: "I'm not quite 5 feet tall and weighed 175 lbs. I've been taking Kruschen 2 weeks and now weigh 159½ lbs. and never before felt so strong and energetic".

Kruschen is a superb combination of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—that's why health improves while ugly fat disappears. An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and is sold in every drugstore in the world.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

"It's the Little Daily Dose That Does It"

Mothers . . . Watch Children's COLDS

COMMON head colds often "settle" in throat and chest where they may become dangerous. *Don't take a chance*—at the first sniffle rub on Children's Musterole *once every hour for five hours.*

Children's Musterole is just good old Musterole, you have known so long, in milder form. This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. Musterole gets action because it is a scientific *"counter-irritant"*—not just a salve—it penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain.

Keep full strength Musterole on hand, for adults and the milder—Children's Musterole for little tots. All druggists.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. MILD

Do YOU Sell through Drug Stores?

Since 1926 Liberty has carried more advertising of drug store merchandise than any other major magazine—another proof of the selling power of Liberty advertising!

[ANOTHER THORPE
Continued from page sixty-one]

Wolf could pick up some expense money by teaching woodcraft to the sons of such local alumni who had a particular interest in athletics. The fee was fifty cents per week per boy, payable strictly in advance.

And the Indian had two new suits, a topcoat, a dozen loud shirts and neckties before the boys' mothers stopped him.

The woodcraft course had run more to war whoops and war dances than to song birds; the Indian lore had been, it was whispered, the eating of raw muskrat meat and the toasting of live snakes, which is a part of the Beaver clan ceremonial.

The loss of his pupils, who cried after he was dismissed, puzzled Red Wolf.

“Fat woman tell me she want her boy to learn to live just like Indian,” he complained to Scud. “I show him just a little bit and she say she have me arrested.”

The week that final examinations and commencement emptied the dormitories and fraternity houses, Scud had a final serious talk with his athlete.

“Lexington's goin' to be on your trail this summer,” he explained. “A smooth guy is going to be up to the reservation to see you. He'll want to give you money.”

Red Wolf's face was impassive. He waited. He could listen just as long as Scud could talk, which was quite a while.

“Don't take any money from anybody. Not for playing ball. Not for running. Or jumping. Or anything. Not one cent. If you do, you'll be a professional and you can't go on trips or have your picture in the paper like Jim Thorpe. Don't take a cent unless I give it to you. Understand?”

The Indian nodded.

“Promise?”

The bronze-skinned man shook hands with a grip that made Scud wince. His word was passed. The ground keeper was satisfied. Lexington College could not harm his champion.

HOT July days baked the campus turf.

Hordes of messy summer-school students threw empty pop bottles into the barberry hedge behind the Administration Building. Scud did not care. The calendar of his mind was already turned to the third Saturday of October, at two o'clock, when Lexington would stand face to face against Red Wolf. Starting from his troubled sleep, the little man would wake clutching the head of his iron cot as if it were the guard rail of the stadium wall. And he would find himself muttering, “First down and goal to go. Give it to the Indian. Give it to Red Wolf. . . .”

The muggy dog days of early August found the ground keeper hidden away for long hours in the gymnasium basement. He was performing his annual labor of love—greasing eighty pairs of football shoes, softening hip and shoulder pads with saddle soap, laboriously sewing felt kidney pads on canvas pants.

He sang as he worked. His voice was cracked and his throat was tuneless.

He was singing when President Cameron came slowly down the basement stairs.

The older man was feeling his way through the shadows with the gold-headed cane presented to him by the trustees upon the dedication of Cameron Hall. “Oh, Mr. Teel.”

The song stopped. “Prexy?”

Only one man on the campus called Scud “Mr. Teel.” And, conversely, only one man called Dr. Cameron “prexy”—at least, to his face.

“Wait a minute. Right there. Lemme give you a light.” He snapped on a switch. “You should have phoned me over. You might of broke your neck on them steps.” The ground keeper paused. “What's wrong?” he asked in a different tone.

PRESIDENT CAMERON looked at the floor. He hated to deliver this message; but, on the other hand, he would not let Scud hear it from anyone else.

“I have just received a protest—a formal protest about the eligibility of a football player, Mr. Teel.”

“Not Red Wolf, prexy. Don't say it's Red Wolf!”

Dr. Cameron was silent.

“But they can't protest him. He's eligible. It's in the charter.”

There was another silence.

“I betcha it come from Lexington.”

“Yes, Mr. Teel. The protest came from Lexington College.”

Scud spat. “I knew it,” he affirmed. “But they can't do anything to us, can they, prexy? They can't monkey with our charter! We was a college here before Lexington was a district school. Listen. You write 'em a hot letter an' tell 'em about the ideals of the founders of Bristol; of the sacrifices that was made by a war-torn state to establish this institution of higher learnin' for its sons and”—Scud expanded his chest—“an' the sons of its Indian allies.”

The president made no reply.

“Have they got us, the blackguards?”

“Yes, Mr. Teel. I'm afraid the blackguards have got us.” Perhaps once a year Dr. Cameron lost his temper. He rapped his cane upon the cement floor. “This is not to be repeated, Mr. Teel. But it is my opinion that Lexington has sunk to the level of a group of professional athletes, presided over and exploited by a few exhibitionists and showmen for their own aggrandizement.”

Awed by this outburst, Scud could but agree. “That,” said he approvingly, “is just what they are.”

“Lexington College investigated Mr. Red Wolf,” continued Dr. Cameron. “Then they requested me to forward a copy of his entrance qualifications. They assert, and I fear that they have proved, that Mr. Red

Wolf falsified the data upon his entrance card, thereby making him ineligible for intercollegiate contests."

The head of Bristol University looked at the letter in his hand. "Instead of being about twenty-five years old, more or less, Mr. Red Wolf is actually proved to be thirty-nine. Although he has the physical appearance of a young man in the early twenties, he is actually a grandfather, with a wife and children residing as wards of the government upon the Canadia Reservation."

"I wish," said Scud Teel suddenly, remembering who filled out the entrance card, "that you'd take me out and kick me across the quadrangle at high noon." Then a thought struck him. "Say," he pleaded, "if a man can still stand the pounding, does being a grandfather hurt him for playing football?"

Dr. Cameron nodded. "In this case, I fear so. You see, Mr. Teel, in the original charter of Bristol University from which you quoted so pertinently to secure the Indian's admission, the legislature expressly provided that the marriage of an undergraduate, unless declared in writing before his entrance, automatically expelled him from the school. Just as a marriage secretly contracted during the school year would result in a student's dismissal."

"And the charter says that Indian students are—"

"Subject to the same general rules and regulations as other students," added the president.

"Well." The ground keeper shrugged his shoulders. He looked twenty years older. "That's that, I suppose. And Lexington's even got the satisfaction of knowing just how much she cost us." He fumbled for his chewing tobacco, and then forgot to shake out a handful of scrap from the paper. "I don't figure it was very honest of Red Wolf not to tell me. It wasn't honest, prexy. He tricked me." The villainy of the Indian's offense grew rapidly in his mind. "And if you'll give me leave of absence for a couple of days, I'm goin' right up to the reservation and tell him so."

SCUD, ignoring the red man's peace offering of sixty fresh brook trout and a dozen brace of partridges and woodcock piled at his feet, sat on a split log outside Red Wolf's cabin.

"If you'd only told me about your wife and kids," Scud scolded for the hundredth time, waving his hand at the half dozen children who surrounded him. "If you'd only told me, everything could have been fixed."

"And I could have gone places with the teams?"

"Yes; you could have gone everywhere."

"I wish I'd told you."

"Yes. But why didn't you?"

A crafty expression touched the corners of Red Wolf's mouth. "I was afraid you would find out about my boy."

"What boy?"

"My oldest boy. You would have taken him to college instead of me."

Scud rose like the tribal sachem. "Let's see this boy," he ordered. "Where is he now?"

"He gets ready to go away."

"Going where?"

"Lexington High School. Nice man come up here. He try me out against my boy. My boy outrun me. Outjump me. Out me in everything. So the man said that he would send my boy to high school, so he would go to college—"

FOR the first time in three days, Scud Teel smiled.

"You let him come with me, Red Wolf. If he comes with me—because Bristol University and the Canadias are good friends, understand—he won't have to go to high school before he goes to college."

"Very good idea," agreed Red Wolf.

"Hold on a minute. I hear you're a grandfather."

Another crafty expression passed over the Indian's face. "Maybe so. Maybe no. But I give you my word that my boy is not married."

"Good," said Scud heartily. "That's all we need for the records."

"And you'll be good to the boy, like you was to me?"

Scud replied with the tone of a philanthropist: "If he's better than you are playing football, I can promise you that we'll be better to him than we was to you."

The Indian's tone was colored with a vague regret. "I wish I was going back with you, instead of the boy."

"It's too bad you can't," Scud agreed. "No, if you'd been honest with me, we might have had you for three years of varsity competition. And when you were through we could have trotted out the boy for three more years. But then, looking at it another way, it doesn't pay to be hoggish. We've got another Thorpe. Perhaps two other Thorpes would be too many!"

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 12

1—Denver.
2—General Sir Robert S. S. Baden-Powell.
3—A small half-wild horse of Texas, New Mexico, etc.
4—Quebec.
5—The masses; the populace.
6—A slaughterhouse.
7—James G. Blaine.
8—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
9—A thousand millions.
10—A secretary.
11—Three hundred and twenty.
12—Nineteen hundred and fourteen.
13—One running in the same direction that the wind blows.
14—Archimedes.
15—Lime.
16—Shakespeare's King Henry IV.
17—Grover Cleveland.
18—A species of bat.
19—Of rare quality or attractiveness.
20—One who has forsaken his religion for another.

Sea Moss
Makes Hands
Soft and White

An excellent way to restore your skin and make it soft, smooth and white is to rub into your hands and face after each washing, a few drops of lotion containing sea moss. Sea Moss is a noted skin-whitener and softener and a splendid balm. Nepto Lotion combines sea moss with other soothing ingredients in just the right proportion and costs only fifty cents a bottle.

It makes the reddest and roughest hands beautiful, soft and white. Women who do their own housework find Nepto Lotion an excellent way to keep their hands from showing it. It also relieves chapping, chafing and windburn. Contains no grease to clog the pores—is not sticky—rubs in quickly and smoothly, so you can powder right over it. At all drug and department stores 50c, or send coupon for free trial size.

NEPTO LOTION

Made of Sea Moss and Glycerin.. Soothes... Smooths... and Softens the Skin...
NEPTO LOTION

E. L. Patch Co., Dept. 22, L-1212
Stoneham P. O., Boston, Mass.
Send free trial size bottle of NEPTO LOTION.
Name..........
Address..........
Town..........*State*..........

FREE TRIAL

NEW! Nepto Cream—50c—reduces large pores. Nepto Face Powder—50c—finer texture—clings hours longer.

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1231-H. Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,100 C. P. A.'s

LUCKY TIGER
A Proven Germicide!

For a clean, healthy scalp use Lucky Tiger. Destroys germs—gives to thin, falling hair a new life and lustre. Delicately perfumed and world's largest seller at Druggists, Barber Shops and Beauty Parlors.
TRY IT TODAY!

To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 50 seconds.)

SHALL we eat standing up or lying down? Josiah Oldfield, English diet doctor, says: "If I had my way I would abolish chairs and tables in restaurants. I would make people take their meals reclining on the floor as the Romans used to. Man should take his food lying down."

Dr. Oldfield's dictum follows the discovery that hundreds of London office clerks now eat lunch standing up. They do it on purpose. They say it keeps them from feeling sleepy when they get back to the office.

All nonsense, according to Oldfield. But the famous dietitian, Sir Arbuthnot Lane, is not so sure. Says Sir Arbuthnot:

"The digestive organs operate best when a man sits down to eat. However, the stand-up habit may be good if it does away with heavy lunches. Office workers should eat a light midday meal."

THE long reach of a strangely cruel will was recently revealed to me.

Two brothers, heirs to their uncle's fortune, found a hateful ban imposed upon their inheritance. Never, ruled the dead man's testament, might his young nephews marry. Never might they live apart. If either should break these conditions, both would lose all.

The fortune was big enough to gratify anyone, so the brothers set up housekeeping together in the small town where they lived, and resolved to abide by the terms of the will. They got along nicely together; but they were both normal men, and inevitably they fell in love.

Up, then, rose the ghost of their departed benefactor. If they married they'd be penniless. Of course they would have renounced money for love's sake had they been supermen, but they were just ordinary humans—they wanted to have the love and keep the money too.

The girls agreed. Each brother acquired a cottage apart from their mutual home and embarked upon a double life. By maintaining their legal residence together, and their legal bachelorhood, they fulfilled the terms of their uncle's will. Yet in their separate cottages they enjoyed conjugal bliss without benefit of clergy.

But what about the neighbors? The whole town knew the circumstances, but conventional morality must be upheld in small towns.

Result? The two girls were cut, frozen, ostracized. And the years passed.

Finally one brother died. That released the other, who at once married his "fiancée." They were nearly middle-aged, a quiet, domesticated couple. Still the town refused to accept her. When her husband died, leaving her his entire fortune, she built a beautiful home and hoped at last to find some forbearance.

Her home is now for sale. The town never relented. She vanished one day without a word of farewell. It is rumored that she lives in Europe—just another of those expatriates we love to condemn.

AS big as a door knob was the jumbo emerald that ran away with this year's opening of the Metropolitan Opera. It glorified the brand-new bride of a millionaire. Music fell upon deaf ears while society pushed and hauled to get a close look at the whopper jewel.

I was reminded of a scene I witnessed during the old days in Russia. Some of the Volga peasants had become fantastically rich selling wheat, and many of them had gone in strong for gems of outlandish size but doubtful elegance. One day at a jeweler's I saw the wife of a peasant-Crœsus try to sell her diamond earrings.

The Volga dame sat with huge legs well apart, fists planted on knees, her two hundred pounds overflowing the fragile chair. The enormous earrings dangled impressively as she named her price.

"Impossible," said the expert. "The stones are not a good color."

"Color!" barked the giantess. "What are you talking about? Just look at the size of them! Why, man, they're like lamps!"

It's not so far, is it, from Manhattan to the Volga?

EVENING dresses seem to be getting more and more modest in front, less and less modest in back.

One of the latest Paris models has a décolletage exposing the wearer's spine all the way to the waist, while the demure V front adds extra modesty by means of revers attached to a narrow roll collar slung around the neck. On a white evening gown Patou puts a high cowl drapery in front, then attaches two broad scarf ends to the shoulder seams and pins them to the middle of the waistline with a large paste brooch. The scarfs hang in two short loops ending below the waist.

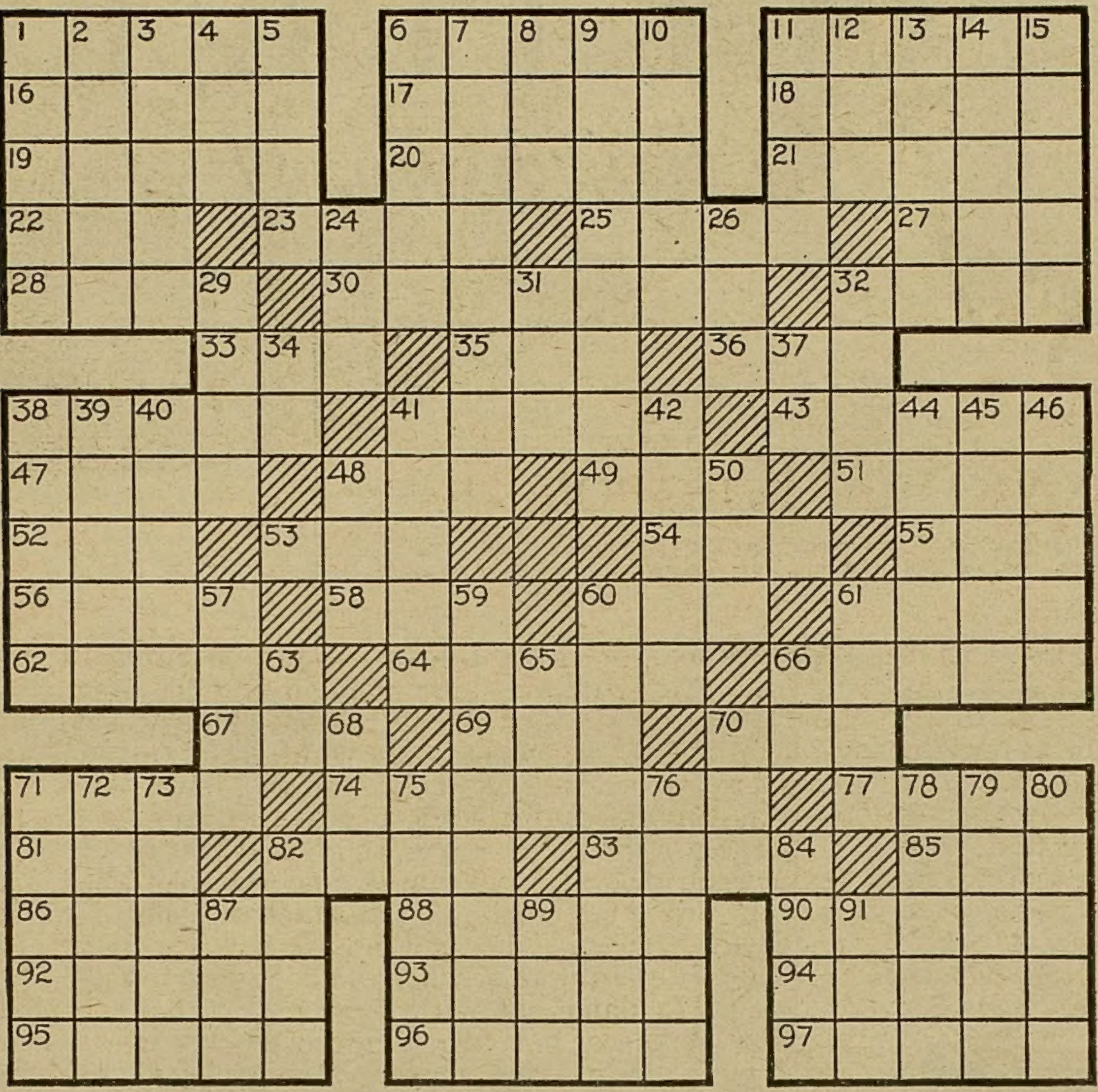
How to keep these dresses on is quite a problem. A new French trick does it by fixing an inch-wide strip of the dress material just below the left shoulder blade, then drawing it across to the right side of the décolletage, where it terminates in a jaunty little bow.

SHRIMPS fried in the Japanese style are delicious—a real addition to your table. And they're easy to do. Use cooked shelled shrimps. Split them lengthwise, like lobsters. Soak them for five hours in Japanese soy sauce. You can get this at any grocery store.

Drain the shrimps thoroughly and toss in flour, then sprinkle with water and toss again in dry flour until they are well coated. Fry in deep fat, smoking hot, until they are crisp and brown. Drain on paper before serving. A few short sticks of fresh celery fried the same way go well with the shrimps. Serve very hot. Eat with horseradish.

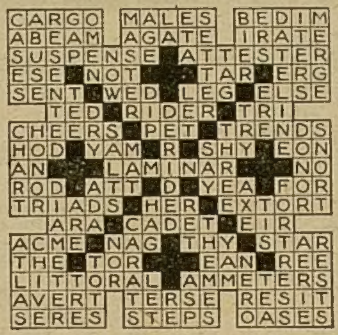
RETURN I Dare Not, by Margaret Kennedy (author of The Constant Nymph), is the story of a popular young author on a holiday. Entertaining, particularly if you recognize the hero. (Doubleday, Doran.)

Cross Words A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Heating apparatus
6 Ties
11 Forest in England
16 To trail; drag
17 Worship
18 Watered silk
19 Ventilated
20 Measure of weight
21 Rends asunder
22 Teamster's command
23 Store
25 Departs
27 No
28 Whirlpool
30 Man's name
32 Part of the head (plural)
33 Corrode
35 An eternity
36 Bear young
38 Visible vapor
41 Liberated
43 Protein in the castor-oil bean
47 Heed
48 A pronoun
49 Cardinal number
51 Risk
52 Cereal grain
53 Kind of bread
54 To cut grass, etc.
55 Unrefined
56 Employed
58 Confronted
60 Surrounded by
61 To measure
62 Import
64 Charge
66 One of the Apostles
67 Grassland
69 Humanity in general
70 Suffer illness
71 Overmastering wrath



```
CARGO MALES BEDIM
ABEAM AGATE IRATE
SUSPENSE#ATTESTER
ESE#NOT###TAR#ERG
SENT#WED#LEG#ELSE
  TED#RIDER#TRI  
CHEERS#PET#TRENDS
HOD#YAM#R#SHY#EON
AN###LAMINAR###NO
ROD#ATT#D#YEA#FOR
TRIADS#HER#EXTORT
  ARA#CADET#EIR  
ACME#NAG#THY#STAR
THE#TOR###EAN#REE
LITTORAL#AMMETERS
AVERT TERSE RESIT
SERES STEPS OASES
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

74 Opposes manfully
77 To drivel
81 Ailing
82 An animal
83 Trial
85 A brawl
86 Thin dress material
88 Head ornament
90 Lessen
92 Terminated
93 Ethyl oxide
94 Bishop's headdress
95 Requirements
96 Former English coins
97 Stalks

VERTICAL

1 Platform
2 Essayed
3 Rowed
4 Contend against
5 Concludes
6 English philosopher
7 Camera attachments
8 And not
9 Small fish
10 An issue (surgery)
11 Division of territory in Denmark
12 A deer
13 The moon
14 Mistake
15 Cozy abodes
24 Head covering
26 Gaze steadily
29 Measure of time
31 Garden implement
32 Woman's name
34 Exist
37 Measure of area
38 Vehement outcry
39 Annoy
40 Consumed
41 Mulcted
42 Resign
44 Proof reader's mark
45 Angry
46 Fresher
48 Ahem!
50 Slight bow
57 Deal out scantily
59 Rashness
60 Medieval musical entertainer
61 Pinochle term
63 Note of the scale
65 Bleat of a sheep
66 Greek letter
68 Man's nickname
70 An equine
71 Split
72 Solitary
73 Move smoothly
75 Classifier
76 Rends
78 Declaim
79 Tribal symbol
80 Pitchers
82 Small plots of cultivated ground
84 Caps
87 Conducted
89 Exclamation
91 Small portion

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

COLDS

Quick relief
with a Harmless Tablet

DOCTORS prescribe Salicon in place of the more common remedies, because it works quickly and surely and without any harmful effects.

It quickly breaks up colds and relieves muscular and nerve pains and aches. At the first sign of any cold or pain or ache, take a couple of Salicon tablets.

Salicon does not affect the heart; does not upset the stomach nor establish a habit—25c, 50c, and $1.25 at all good drug stores.

K. A. Hughes Co., Dept. 25, L-1212
22 Yeoman Street,
Boston, Mass.

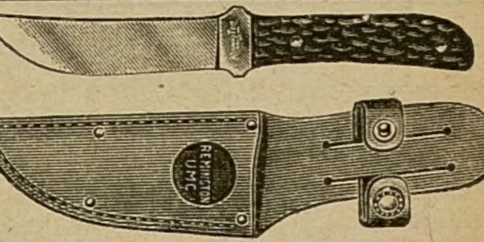
FREE TRIAL

Kindly send **free trial** size of Salicon

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... State..........



This Remington Sheath Knife

is just what yon need for hunting, fishing or camping trips. It has a 4¼-inch forged blade with strong, durable, keen-cutting edge. Bone Stag handle and leather sheath. We will send you this knife

FREE

on receipt of only $1 for a two-year subscription to Hunting & Fishing, a 52-page monthly magazine full of hunting, fishing, camping, trapping stories and pictures, valuable information about guns, fishing tackle, game laws, best places to get fish and game, etc.

Clip this adv. and mail today with $1.00 bill to

HUNTING & FISHING,
140 Transit Bldg., Boston. Mass.

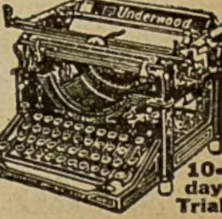
HUNTING AND FISHING
5¢

THE KEY TO LIFE

Rosicrucian Mysteries
FREE Introductory Book

explains the practical, useful modern teachings of the Rosicrucians. Dignified, uplifting mental and metaphysical principles easily used to overcome life's obstacles. Send for free book, "Light of Egypt."

Librarian B.Z.I., AMORC LIBRARY, San Jose, California



TYPEWRITER ½ Price

Save over ½-Rock Bottom Price on all standard office models—Underwood, Remington, Royal, etc.—Easiest terms ever offered. Also Portables at reduced prices.

SEND NO MONEY

All late models completely refinished like brand new. *Fully Guaranteed.* Sent on 10 days' trial. Send No Money. Big Free Catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Greatest bargains ever offered. Send at once!!

10-day Trial

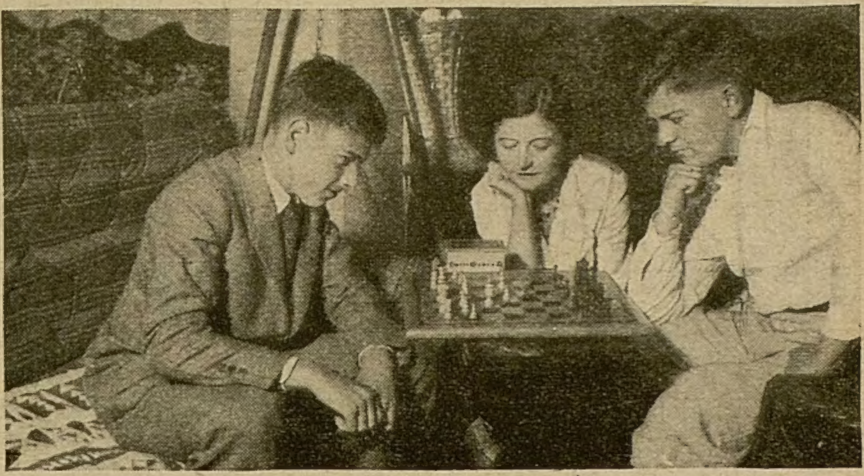
International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept 1277, Chicago

LIBERTY OFFERS
$5,000 CASH PRIZES
for Home Life Snapshots!

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize (Every Week)	$100
10 Second Prizes (Every Week) Each $10	100
40 Third Prizes (Every Week) Each $5	200
51 Prizes Weekly	$400
TOTAL FOR 10 WEEKS	$4,000
Extra, Grand Prize for best snapshot of entire contest	$1,000
TOTAL PRIZES	$5,000

Take your camera into the library where everyone is perfectly at home.



No matter who wins the game, your snapshot of it may win a cash prize.

JUST picture this! Liberty's Home Life Contest this week offers you another opportunity to win a $100 cash prize or any one of the fifty other substantial awards scheduled above. Just for a single snapshot! And in addition, should your entry prove the best submitted during the entire series of weeks, the grand prize of $1,000 will be awarded for it as well as the $100 weekly prize.

To win, it is not necessary for you to go far afield. This contest is for photographs of home life subjects: portraits of the folks who live under your roof, snapshots of interesting nooks and corners, the children's party, the kitten or the pup—but you know better than we where to aim your lens. It's your home and your camera. Your home will furnish the background and your camera will record the picture.

As your guest in your home it is Liberty's privilege to bring this opportunity to you and to urge you, in the friendliest spirit, to take advantage of it.

This week's contest closes at 12 noon, Saturday, December 19. This gives you ample time to select your subject, make a snapshot, obtain a good print of it, and send it in. Get out your camera now while you are thinking about it.

And watch for another cash prize offer next week.

What a prize-winning snapshot subject the children's hour presents.

CONTEST RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks LIBERTY will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home life photographs submitted by non-professional photographers.

2—Anyone, anywhere, may compete except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3—There is no restriction as regards size of prints to be submitted. Enlargements are permissible, but in the case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4—Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 19, 1931, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you automatically agree that in case of a photograph submitted by you being considered for a prize you will, upon request, supply LIBERTY Weekly with the negative from which the print was made. Such negatives will be returned if so desired.

5—Submit as many prints as you wish. Write full name and address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of LIBERTY Weekly for reproduction wherever desired.

6—The first week's contest closes at 12 noon, Saturday, December 5, and succeeding contests will close at noon each Saturday following until February 6, the closing date of the final contest.

7—Quality of photography does not count, except that any photograph, to be awarded a prize, must be of sufficient clearness, in the opinion of the judges, to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person sending in the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the prize schedule appearing elsewhere on this page. In addition, a grand prize of $1,000 will be awarded to the best photograph submitted during the entire ten weeks of the contest series.

8—Announcement of winners of each contest will be published in the earliest issue of Liberty consistent with careful judging.

9—Address all entries to Home Life Contest, LIBERTY Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York City.

29
diseases may enter the body through the MOUTH
▪
Keep it clean!

For colds
and irritated
throats

Gargle with the SAFE antiseptic

Make sure that the mouth wash you use kills germs. But make doubly sure that it does not irritate tender tissues with which it comes in contact. Mouth washes so harsh as to require dilution may irritate tissue and thereby make it easier for germs to gain entrance to the body. Such irritation also slows up nature's processes of recovery.

Safety wins acclaim

There can be no question of Listerine's safety and its germicidal power. Both have won the commendation of the medical profession. Its entire reputation as an aid in preventing and remedying colds and associated sore throats is based upon these two properties.

If you compare the product itself and its results with ordinary mouth washes and their results, its superiority is at once apparent.

TASTES
PLEASANT

Aid in preventing colds

To keep the mouth healthy, gargle with Listerine twice a day at least. Used thus it is a precaution against colds, other mouth infections and bad breath. When you feel a cold coming on increase the frequency of the gargle to from three to five times a day. That often nips the cold at the outset or checks its severity. Millions realize this.

Half as many colds for garglers

Controlled laboratory tests contribute further proof of Listerine's ability to prevent infection.

Of 102 persons under medical supervision for a period of sixty days, one-third, called "controls" did not gargle Listerine; one-third gargled twice a day; one-third gargled five times a day. Note these amazing results:

Colds less severe

The group that gargled twice a day contracted only half as many colds as those who did not gargle at all. The group that gargled five times a day contracted one-third as many. And in both groups the colds contracted were less severe and of shorter duration than in the group that did not gargle.

These scientifically controlled tests, performed on average people under average conditions, definitely indicate the high value of Listerine in arresting infection.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Gargle with it twice a day at least. It keeps not only your mouth but your breath clean. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

..Reduces Risk of Colds 50%, Tests Show

This year you can give FRESH cigarettes

NEVER before at Christmas could you give what you can send to friends this year—because this is the first Christmas of Camel Cigarettes in the Camel Humidor Pack.

That means you can give the unmatched flavor of fine, clean, dust-free, fragrant tobacco—in cigarettes which *stay fresh* till the last Camel in the last package has been enjoyed.

Contrast that with the bite-and-burn of dried-out or parched dry tobaccos, and you'll know why Camels make such a welcome gift.

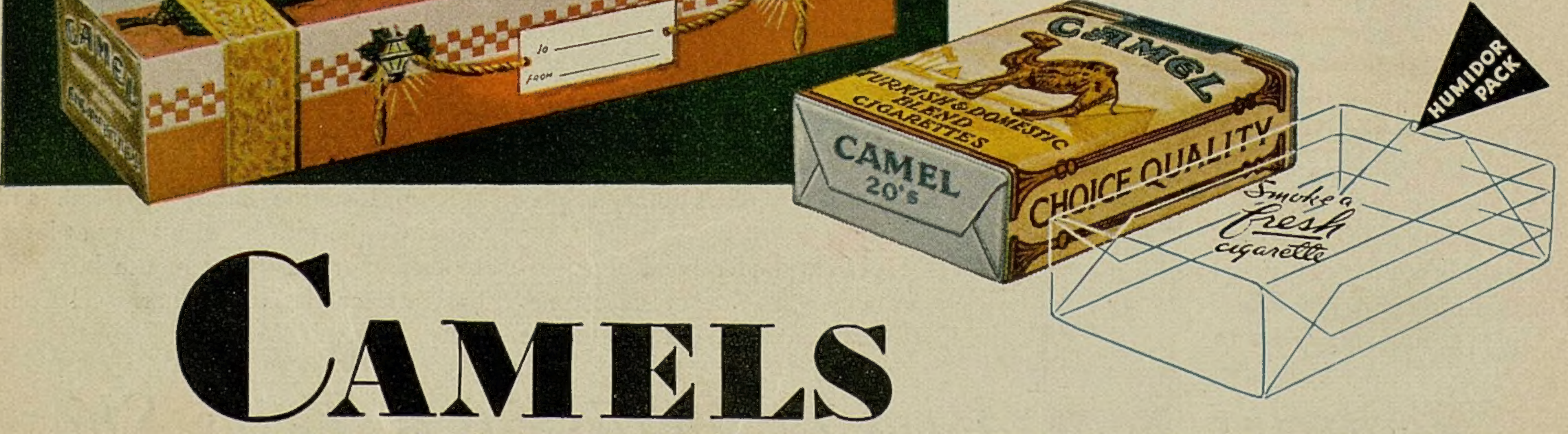
No matter how many miles you send them, no matter if someone else happens to send Camels too—the fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos in Camels will keep mild and cool and throat-easy, thanks to the *moisture-proof* wrapping which seals Camel flavor in the Camel Humidor Pack.

Be smart this Christmas. Make your shopping easy — and your gifts welcome by sending Camels straight through the list.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard — Columbia System — every night except Sunday

---

● *Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked*


Smoke a FRESH cigarette
SEASON'S GREETINGS
Smoke a fresh cigarette
To
FROM
CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
CAMEL 20's
HUMIDOR PACK
Smoke a fresh cigarette

CAMELS

Mild . . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE

©1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.